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THE NEW YORKER

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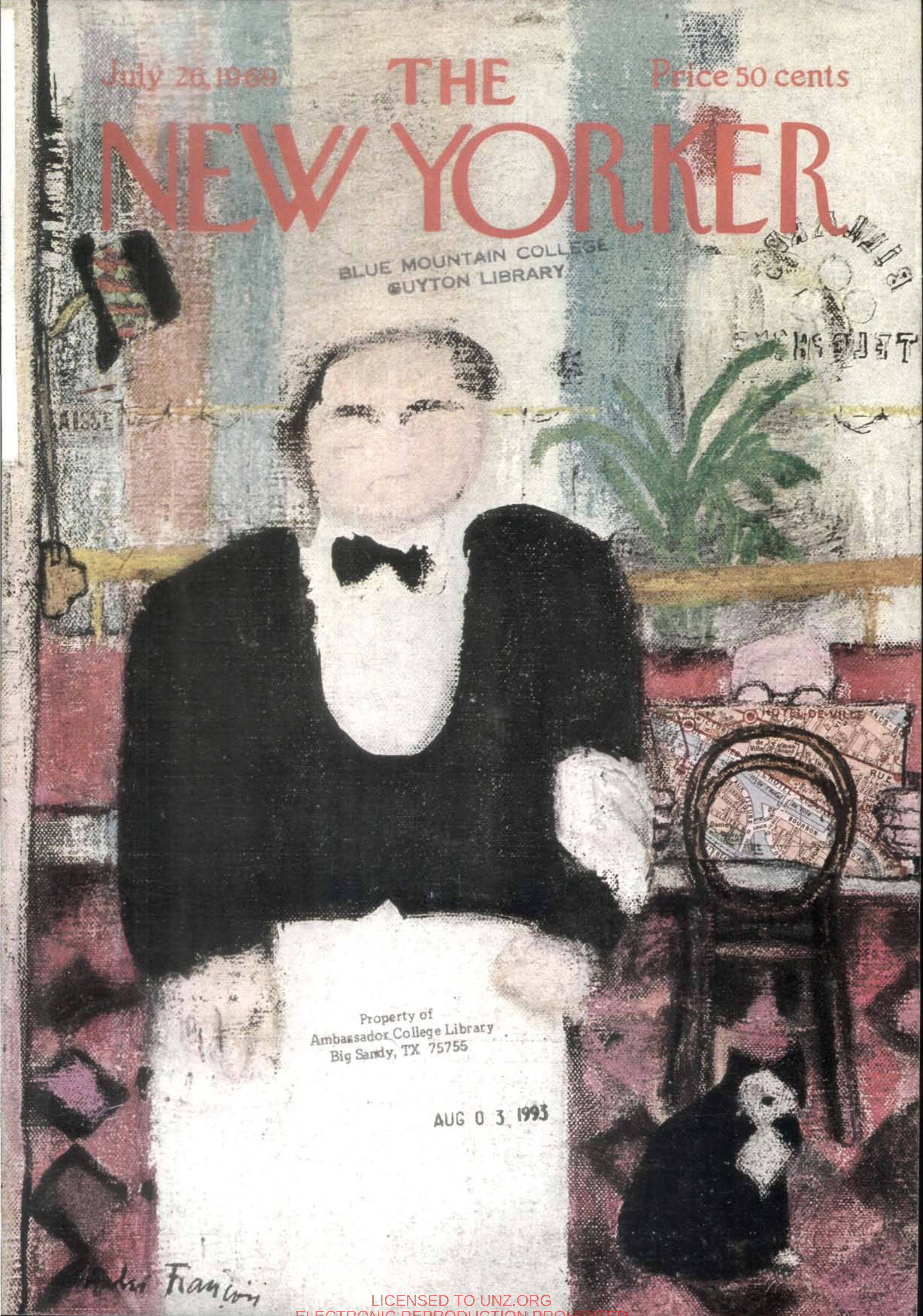
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TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Forty Carats—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hadrian VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 9.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** An account by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Korn-

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DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, J. B. Handelsman, Charles Barsotti, Dana Fradon, Whitney Darrow, Jr., William Steig, Mischa Richter, George Price, William Hamilton, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, Eldon Dedini*

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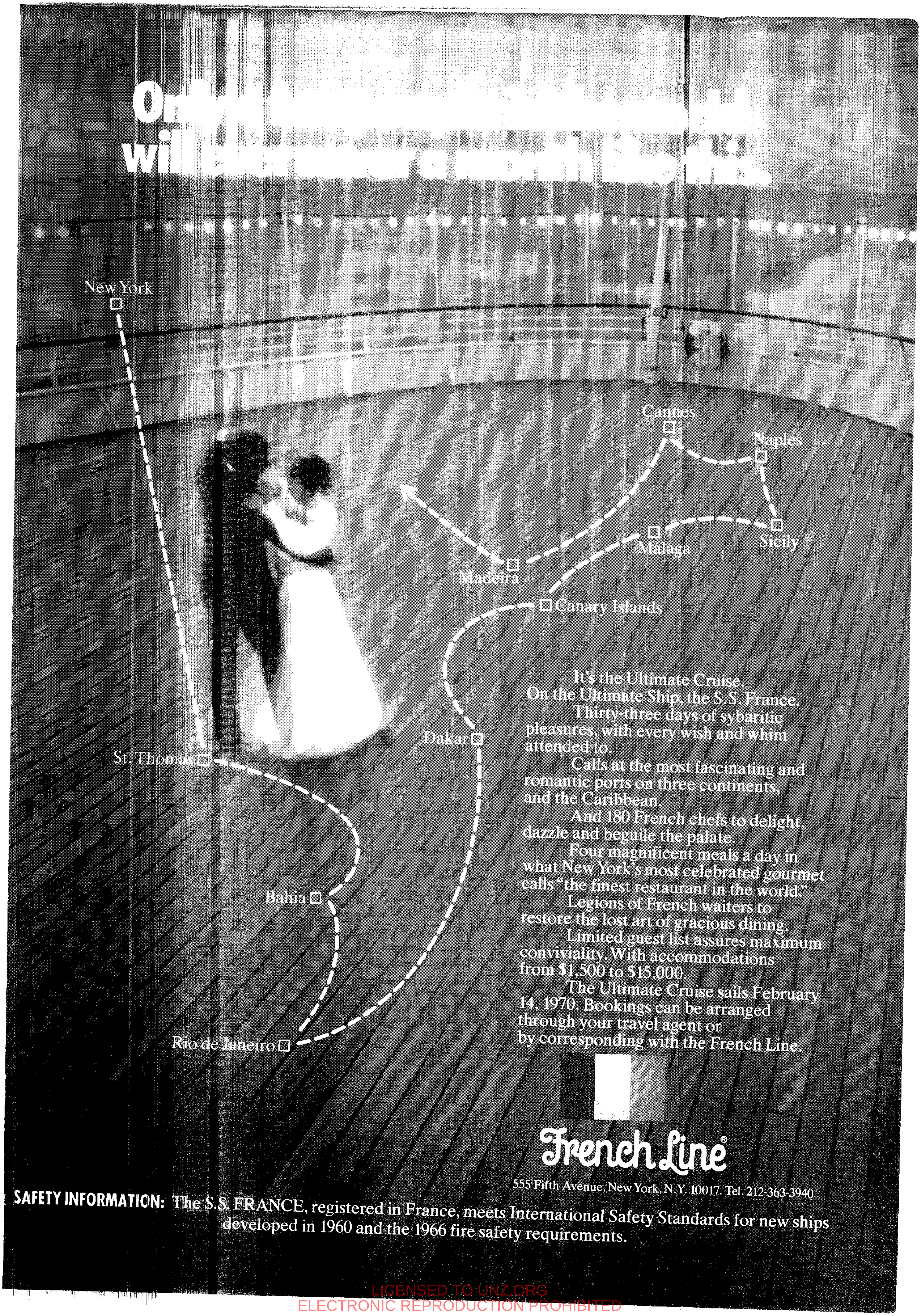
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feld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

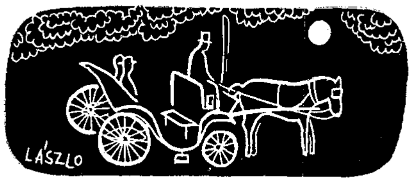
Promises, Promises—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Whores, Wars & Tin Pan Alley—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30, Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Tandy Cronyn and George Voskovec. Starting Monday, July 28, Melissa Hart will replace Miss Cronyn. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Jerry Jarrett. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Ann Miller is Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Bob Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Among the assets of this free production of Ibsen's PEER GYNT are Stacy Keach's good performance as wicked old Peer in the second half (his rascally young Peer in the first half is only fair), the dancing, setting, costumes, and a few startling and entertaining visual effects; among the liabilities are a lot of poor or non-acting, too many distracting stunts, and the interminable (and intolerable) script. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 2. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of SOUTH PACIFIC, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Hangups, mores, and various social afflictions are being examined by a nimble improvisational troupe called the Ace Trucking Company, through Monday, July 28. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A downstairs coffeehouse where metallic paper glitters and amplifiers are turned up as far as they can go. Rock and blues performers occupy the bulk of the evening, with shows at eight-thirty and eleven. On Sundays, at three and eight-thirty, a rock outfit called the Theatre plays. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Beginning at about nine-thirty, some supple, easy-flowing jazz comes from the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet and the Ross Tompkins trio. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Zutty Singleton, Joe Muranyi, and Marshall Brown play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine (at about seven on Sunday), music by the Pharoah Sanders quintet. On Tuesday, July 29, a combo headed by Lee Morgan will take the stand. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about ten-thirty, Junior Mance's well-managed trio plays for drinking and dining. On Friday, July 25, Walter Bishop, Jr.'s, trio will take over, only to give way on Tuesday, July 29, to Les McCann's trio. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Dizzy Gillespie's strong quintet, made stronger by James Moody on reeds, takes turns with a thoughtful bunch led by Herbie Mann. On Friday, July 25, Buddy Rich's big band will be here too. On Tuesday, July 29, the Miles Davis quintet and the Thelonious Monk quartet will move in. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Through Sunday, July 27, the Roland Kirk quartet makes some wild, some soft, and some confounding sounds. On Tuesday, July 29, Herbie Hancock's sextet will replace the Kirk group. On Saturday, July 26, from five to nine, the Gary Bartz quartet will play before the evening session, and on Sunday, July 27, from five to nine, Warren Smith's Composers Workshop Ensemble will do the same. Mondays are reserved for the large and penetrating Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Listening through Sunday, July 27. On Tuesday, July 29, Boffalongo starts a gig. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in

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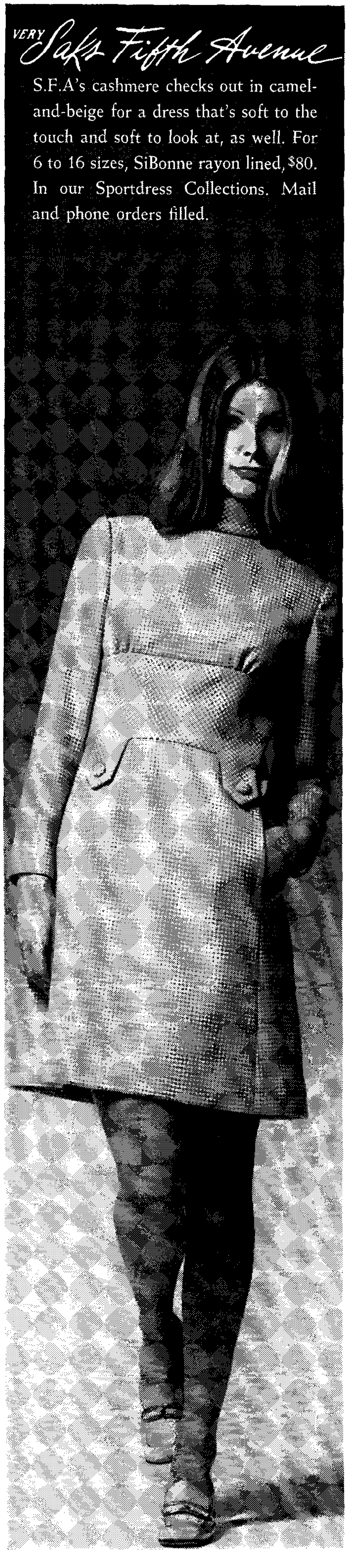
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

merry old Egypt. The records will make you realize you're in America. Every so often, a well-intentioned group called the Faculty plays and sings. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees awhile, you might. Dancing to records from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Elephant's Memory until Thursday, July 24, when the Credibility Gap arrives. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St (PL 3-4500): You may leave your conversation pieces at home in the wall safe, for the bands of Joseph Sudy and Quintero occupy, and firmly, every minute of the evening. Now and then, they persuade Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann into the sort of ballroom dancing that is now almost a lost art. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A fine way to run a dinner-through-supper *dansant* is how the Café Pierre looks and sounds all the time. Music—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that persists until well past the theatre. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The sporting life is always under wraps in the restaurant, even though it keeps up as late as one or two. The music comes from Ernie Warren's light cavalry. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Thursdays run from two until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Our best supply of inner space, viewed from the terrace of this country house, where Phil Wayne's blithe band and other musicologists ply their trade from seven-thirty on every evening.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The hot-weather edition of "Free Fall," the miniature revue that bears the serpent's-tooth mark of Ronny Graham, goes about its funny business twice every night but Sunday.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian; one solemn damsel or another offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre;* and Hedva and David provide Israeli boondock ballads that are more modern than what Bathsheba and David used to sing. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, the preliminary bout during dinner and supper is put on by What Four, a modest though Mod clutch of boy and girl choristers who are neat as pins, bright as buttons; the main bout (and a heavyweight one it is) involves Steve Rossi and Slappy White, whose dialogues can hardly be of concern to anyone else. The Lee Evans orchestra thoughtfully goes right on sounding the way all dance bands should. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Nothing but burning issues are ever dealt with by the flamenco troupes that make this place their headquarters, and so the Emilia Rivas galaxy dutifully burns to the ground at least twice every evening. This set of Iberians is counterbalanced by Carlos Lico, who has blown in from Mexico to discuss, in tenor tones, the state of lovemaking back home. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado, who bemoans the fate of all Lusitanian lovers with equally touching flamencan fervor, is in the theatre-in-the-round Flamenco Room, where he shares the podium night after night with the guitar of Emilio Prados.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The next event of moment in this hardy, hardened perennial is the arrival, on Thursday, July 24, of Little Anthony and the Imperials, who bay at moons the rest of us have never known. No dark nights, ever. . . . ¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pace-setters, who take no nights off.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Wild Bill Davison's cataclysmic horn (along with his Jazz Giants), the threesome belonging to the everlasting (*Gott sei Dank*) Teddy Wilson, and Muriel Roberts, who gives her piano many a first-class passage, check out on Thursday, July 24, but the gap will be filled next evening by the advent of the Jimmy McPartland Jazz Band (Annette Sanders will be the band chick) and the Junior Mance trio. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is old and experienced enough to be out on its own at night, needing nothing more than the ministrations of the bands run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte to make an evening replete; the addition of songs by the Parker Sisters, two girls wholly lost in this great big city, is a form of supererogation. Anyway, they will be replaced, at ten o'clock or Monday, July 28, by Ann Hilton, another American songbird. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz**—On Sunday, July 27, Joe Bushkin, one of the wise men of his generation of pianists, moves his threesome from the premises; on Tuesday, July 29, Chico Hamilton moves his sextet in. The triad headed by Mousie Alexander stays on. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room Mondays through Thursdays from seven until nine.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room at the top. Helen O'Connell, whose innocent conceit it is to sing ballads the way they were written, does them all credit during both dinner and supper. Her last night is Saturday, July 26. On Monday, July 28, Edward Kennedy Ellington, now officially not only the Duke but the King of Jazz, comes aboard with his collection of co- and miracle-workers, not to mention Joya Sherrill as singer. Dancing begins at seven. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There is no summer-replacement nonsense here, for Wayne Sanders, half of the wintertime double-piano team of Sanders & Hawkins, is on hand from eight until no matter. Open Mondays through Thursdays every

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

week. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a night school devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): You wouldn't want to live here, but you can pay it a visit to hear Charles De Forest embellish the larksome and/or languishing songs of the demimonde. He is absent Sundays. Most of the other players might as well be absent all the time. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fashionable watering place, even though most of the guests go there to take the rums instead of the waters. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, one can brush up on cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of peripatetic minstrels, who commence at eight or nine and float about until one or two. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, where Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): *Toujours la politesse.* From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their benevolent way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, who knows all there is to know about Havana night life of another day, has the piano in the Rembrandt Room at his fingertips. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Bob Kail's properly groomed piano is at work, six until midnight, in this properly groomed salon every evening but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays; no music Saturdays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): The open-air basement of Rockefeller Center has music, as well as provenders, practically every minute from noon to midnight. Sundays are the sole exceptions.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

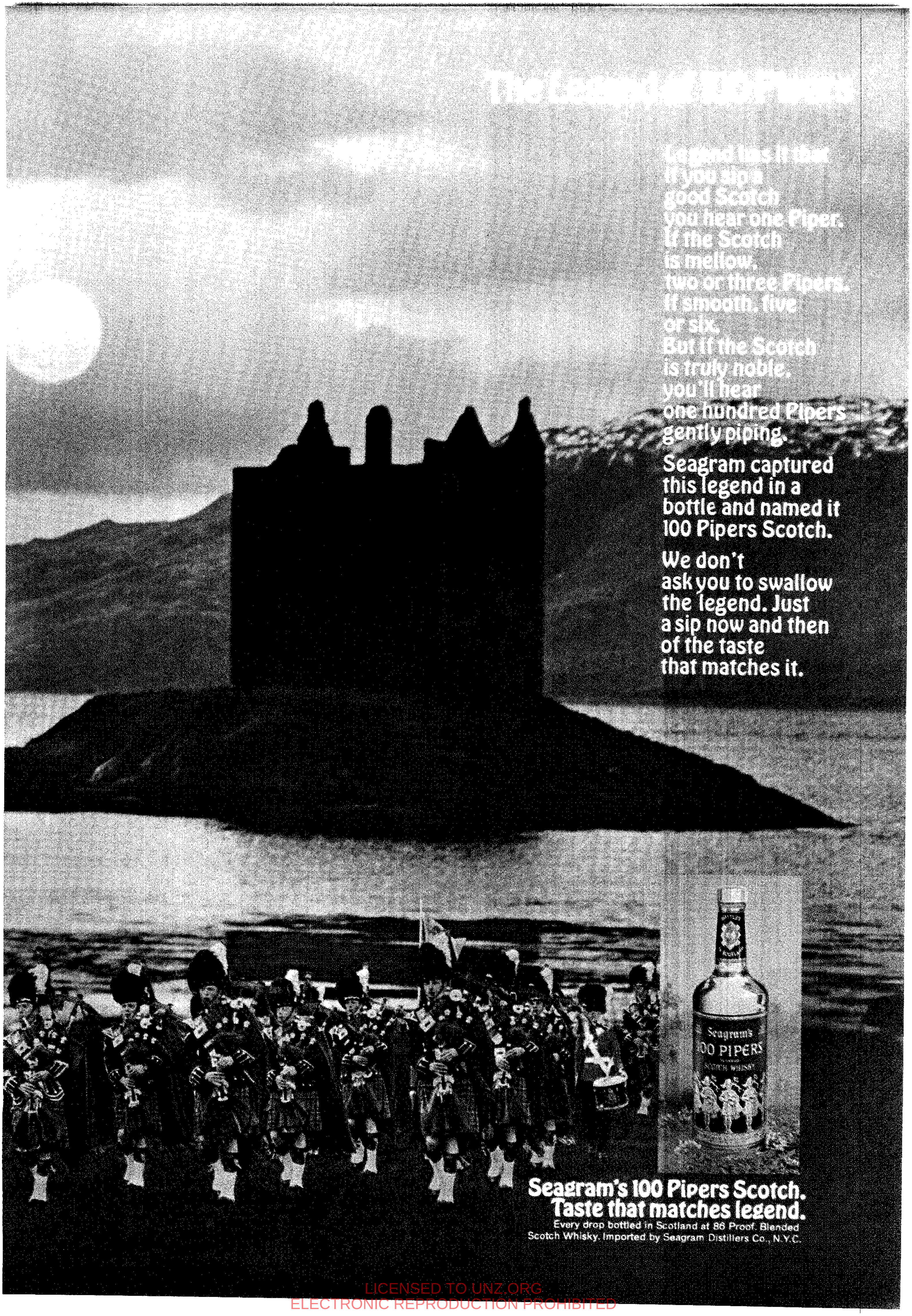
GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REGINALD MARSH (1898-1954)—New York City scenes in oils, watercolors, and other mediums; starting Tuesday, July 29. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A wide assortment of artists, among them Don David, Ernest Briggs, and Martin Hurtig; through Thursday, July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff are some of the gallery artists represented in an exhibition of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Thursday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Sept. 14. (Closed mornings.). . . **COLOMBIAN CENTER**, 140 E. 57th St.: Colonial and modern paintings, carvings, and sculptures from Colombia; through Sept. 30. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Jack Beal, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley; through Thursday, July 31. (Closed mornings.). . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Boxer, Manning, Martin, Massey, Rabinowitz, and Vivona; through Wednesday, July 30. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A few of the artists in a show of paintings by leading Americans of the first half of this century are Homer, Hopper, Dove, Henri, and Max Weber; through Friday, July 25. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes and still-lifes stressing the theme of summertime; through Aug. 15. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Joe Brainard, Carroll Cloar, Jack Squier, and Paul Wonner; through Thursday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by De Chirico, Schiele, Pascin, Giacometti, Picasso, Morandi, and other twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 29. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by German Expressionists; through Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists (for example, Cavallon, Brandt, Baber, and Boardman) and a few invited ones; through Thursday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 4.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Gallery painters and sculptors; through Sept. 12. . . . **WADDELL**, 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicolas Schöffer; through Sept. 30. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works consisting of reflections in motion, by gallery regulars (LeParc, Piene, Mack, and such) and newcomers; through Thursday, July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays,



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10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)...¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)... ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. ...¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28....¶ Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Earth History offers a variety of displays that examine the mysteries of our planet's history and evolution. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Fifty-two works by twenty-eight leading Japanese poster artists, who deal with such themes as politics, tea ceremonies, travel, and sports; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle (now called the New York Cultural Center)—Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Sept. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; through Sept. 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through Thursday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue

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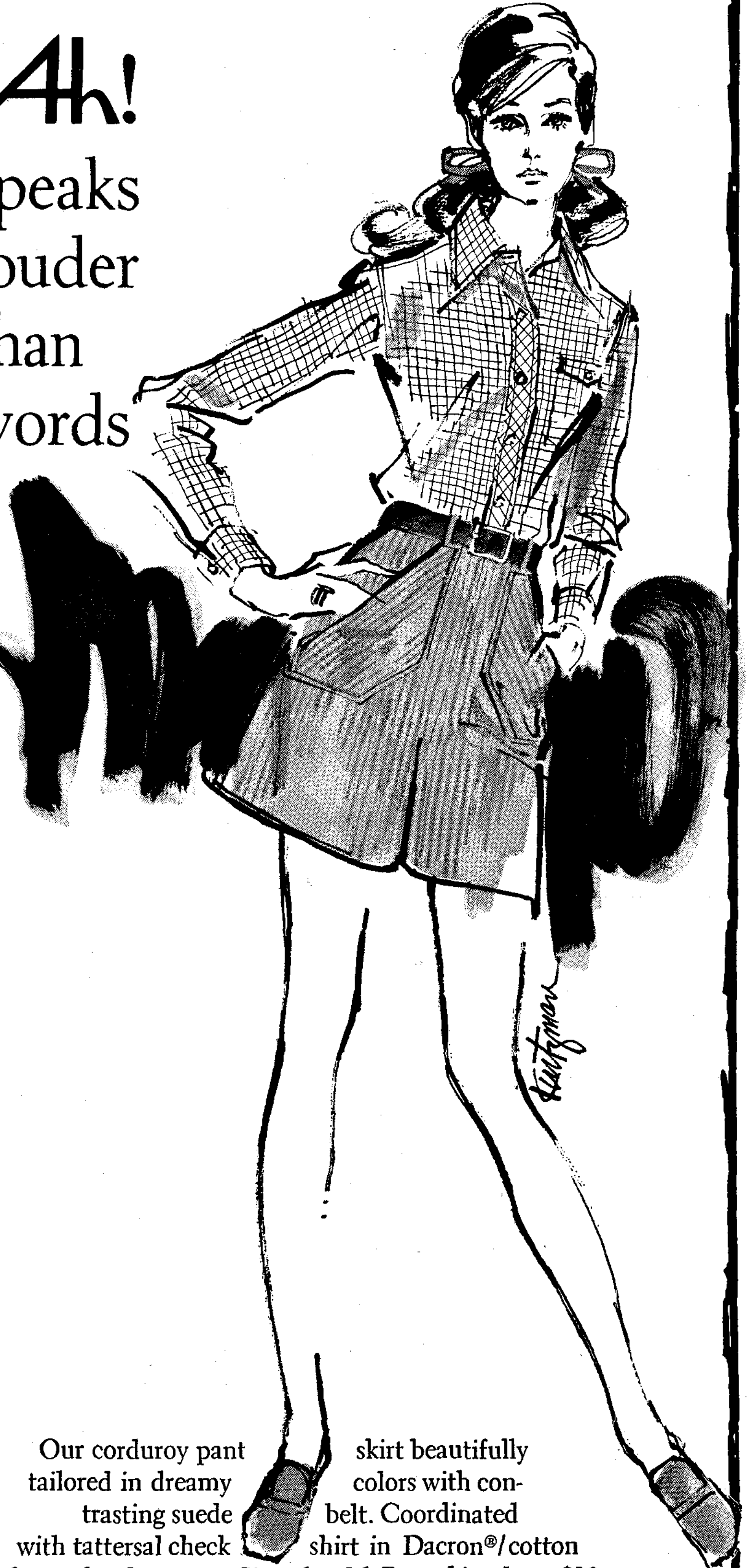

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may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Drawings by George Catlin of early-nineteenth-century North American Indians; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of paintings by artists who have been associated with Harlem in one way or another; through Sept. 7. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

RECITALS

Chamber Music with Alexander Schneider—The last in a series of recitals performed by Mr. Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Murray Perahia, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Muddy Waters Blues Band—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 24, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Three Dog Night, Fleetwood Mac, and Sea Train—Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, at 8:30.

Orpheus—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, July 31, at 8:30.

Canned Heat, Three Dog Night, and Santana—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8 and 11:30.

Charles McPherson's All-Stars—South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at South and Fulton Sts. Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on Sunday.

Rhinoceros, Nice, and Spooky Tooth—Pavilion. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:30.

Steppenwolf, Procol Harum, Moody Blues, and NRBQ—Singer Bowl, Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30.

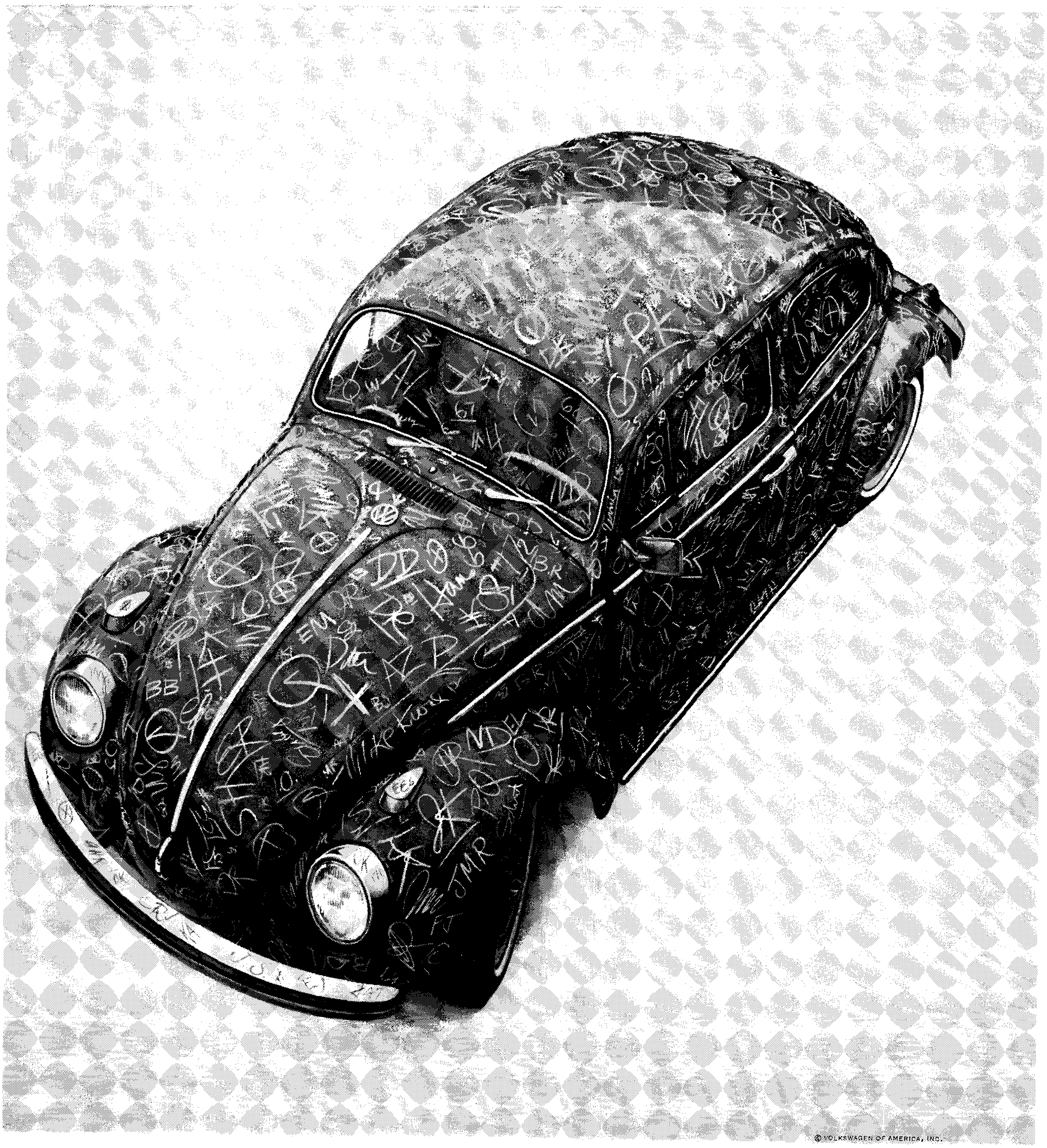
MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

New York Philharmonic—Josef Krips conducting, with John Browning, piano—**central park's sheep meadow:** The first in a series of three concerts. (Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30.) . . . **prospect park,** Brooklyn: The first in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, July 31, at 8:30.) . . . **botanical garden's daffodil hill,** Bronx: The first of two concerts. (Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays, except July 31, and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 17. Robert Lawrence will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 27, and Colonel George S. Howard on Sunday, Aug. 3.) . . . ¶ Martin Rich conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Zvi Zeitlin, violin. (Thursday, July 31, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 23, at 7 and 9:30: Joni Mitchell and Tim Hardin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8 and 10:30: Cal Tjader, Ray Barretto, and Mongo Santamaria. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8 and 10:30: Sly and the Family Stone and Slim Harpo. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 6: Carlos Montoya and the Paul Winter Consort. . . . ¶ Monday, July 28, at 7 and 9:30: Butter-



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JULY 26, 1969

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

field Blues Band and Jethro Tull. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30, at 7 and 9:30: Buddy Rich and his orchestra and Procol Harum. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8 and 10:30: Beach Boys and Lonnie Mack. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8 and 10:30: Mothers of Invention and Buddy Guy. (Through Saturday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in a series of concerts. (Fridays and Thursday, July 31, at 8:30; through Aug. 15.)

RANDALLS ISLAND—A Latin-American music festival, with José Feliciano, Mongo Santamaria, and others, including (on Saturday) Ricardo Ray and Chucho Avellanet and (on Sunday) Tito Puente. (Saturday, July 26, at 7:30, and Sunday, July 27, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 759-2734.)

IN THE COUNTRY

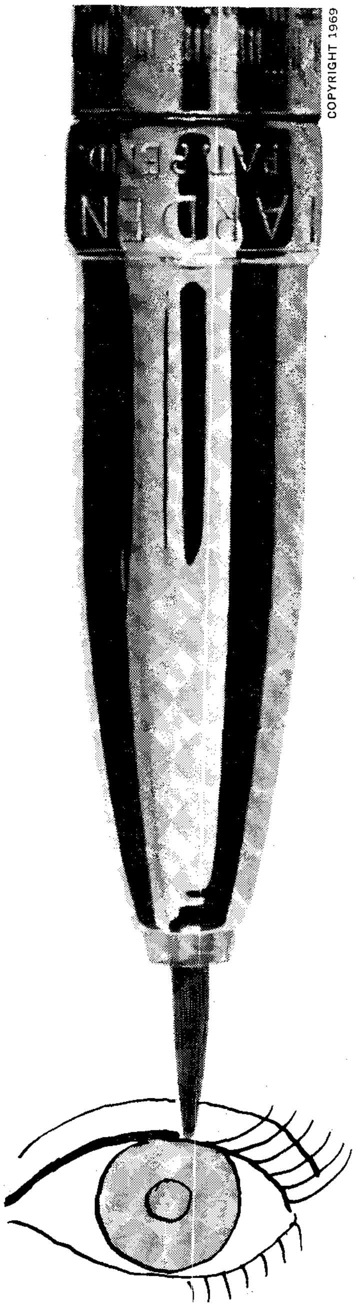
BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 25, at 7: A recital by Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Verdi's opera "Otello" in concert form, with Maralin Niska, soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; the Berkshire Chorus; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Charles Wilson conducting, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29, at 8: a concert by Mahalia Jackson, Ornette Coleman, and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: A chamber-music program by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: Pierre Boulez conducting the Boston Symphony, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Sherman Walt, bassoon; and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET:** Wednesday, July 23, at 8:30: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Prodigal Son," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:30: "Stars and Stripes," "Bugaku," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Prodigal Son," and "La Valse. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 3:30: "Serenade," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by Peter, Paul & Mary on Monday, July 28, at 8:30, and by the Cowsills and Checkmates, Ltd., on Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30.] . . . **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, Aug. 24. Thursday, July 31, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Russian music, with Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Istvan Kertesz conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Istvan Kertesz conducting another varied program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 3:30: Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program of French music, with Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 759-2734, in New York.)

WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Newell Jenkins conducting the Clarion Orchestra, with Roberta Peters, soprano, and Jan Peerce, tenor. The fourth in a series of six concerts. (Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 26: Maria Alba's Spanish Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2: Gruppe Motion Berlin and Teresa with her Spanish Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—



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Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: The Paul Taylor Dance Company.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Al Huang and James Cunningham and their companies.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday and Friday, July 24-25, at 8:05; Saturday, July 26, at 4:05; and Sunday, July 27, at 2:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Tuesday, July 29, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, July 30, at 2:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:05.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3.)... ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City. Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 2.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26.... **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2, from Monday, July 28, through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Flash, Monday, July 28; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 30; the Test, Thursday, July 31; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 2.... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. The Sorority, Saturday, July 26, and the Monmouth Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 2. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 3.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Thursday, July 24.... **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, July 25, through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 26.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Outdoor Poetry Readings—Allen Ginsberg reading from his own works. (*Washington Square* Park. Monday, July 28, at 8. In the event of rain, call 598-3131 for news.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—July 23 at 2 and 5:30: "King Kong" (1933), with Fay Wray.... ¶ July 24 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Mambo" (1954), with Silvana Mangano and Vittorio Gassman.... ¶ July 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Island in the Sun" (1957), with James Mason and Joan Fontaine.... ¶ July 26 at 11:30: "Strangers, Voyage to Italy" (1954), directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman.... ¶ July 26 at 3 and 5:30: "Lilith" (1964), with Warren Beatty and Jean Seberg.... ¶ July 27 at 2 and 5:30: "The Hustler" (1961), with Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason.... ¶ July 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Destination Moon" (1950), with John Archer.... ¶ July 29 at 2: "Flash Gordon: Chapters 1-6" (1936), with Buster Crabbe.... ¶ July 29 at 5:30: "Flash Gordon: Chapters 7-13" (1936), with Buster Crabbe.... ¶ July 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, with Louis Jouvet.... ¶ July 31 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Voyage to the End of the Universe" (1962), with Dennis Stephans. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

Barefoot in the Park (1967)—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's adaptation of his Broadway comedy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 30.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 24-30.)

The Blue Angel (1920)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 23.)

Devi (1962)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1965)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 31.)

Don Quixote (1957)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkassov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

Easy Rider—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. Stanzas of encounters with a gradually hardening country, and reprise lines of lyric motorcycle riding by the two heroes who are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, high-born Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The old sport himself in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 24-28.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time interpreting life on the wild plains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 24-30.)

The Graduate (1967)—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 24-28.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

If . . .—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 29. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 30.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 29. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 30.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty aboard. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 29-31.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 29-31.)

Midnight Cowboy—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselaughs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. Playing with it is a basilisk-eyed short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday in Honolulu chatting about riot control. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls made this wonderful film in 1955. It was hacked down to three-fourths of its length by the backers, destroying its structure and gaiety, and he died (in 1957) without ever witnessing a public run of the film he had actually made. This is the first New York release in its true form. The story is set in a circus, but the movie is about more than that. Peter Ustinov plays the ringmaster. Anton Walbrook a deaf Bavarian king. Martine Carol a famous courtesan declined into a trapeze artist. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 31.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—The parodies of the old burlesque routines are so affectionate and so funny that one can forgive the general disorganization. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Britt Ekland, Elliott Gould, and, memorably, Joseph Wiseman in a classic comedy performance. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 29.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist." (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

Popi—Alan Arkin in a rich part that includes a scene as a Puerto Rican busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through July 29.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A psychological thriller, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. Directed by Noel Black. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz' Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as Miss Brodie's quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 30.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 31.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

The Silence (1964)—A chapter in Ingmar Bergman's study of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 23.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1957)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson and Eva Dahlbeck. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 23.)

Stolen Kisses—A pleasant romantic comedy by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 23.)

La Strada (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 24-30.)

The Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

The Wild Bunch—A fine Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, with a violent gutter poetry and social bite that would have pleased Brecht. Good performances by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and especially by Robert Ryan. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 29.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. (AL 4-4060)

Through July 25: "The Merry Widow" (1934), Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier; and "Bitter Sweet" (1940), Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

July 26-28: "Naughty Marietta" (1935) and "Maytime" (1937), both with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

July 29-31: "Sweethearts" (1938), Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Chocolate Soldier" (1941), Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) "Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325) "I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363) "Salesman," a documentary film.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)

Through July 29: "Succubus" (in German); and "Live for Life" (1967; in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

From July 30: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**; and **PRETTY POISON**.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through July 29: **IF . . .** ; and **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**

From July 30: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**; and **PRETTY POISON**.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) **MONTEREY POP**.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652) "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255) **POPI**.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262) **THE WILD BUNCH**.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030) "Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) "3 Into 2 Won't Go," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) "Run Wild, Run Free," John Mills, Sylvia Syms.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663) **MIDNIGHT COWBOY**.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750) "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

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27	28	29	30	31		

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717) **THE GRADUATE**.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022) "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774) "Putney Swope," a Robert Downey film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **EASY RIDER**.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) "Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS**.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) "Marry Me! Marry Me!" (in French), Claude Berri.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) "Castle Keep," Burt Lancaster, Patrick O'Neal.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

Through July 29: "The Oblong Box," Vincent Price, Christopher Lee.

From July 30: "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through July 29: **POPI**.

From July 30: "The Bridge at Remagen," George Segal, Ben Gazzara.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)

July 23: **STOLEN KISSES** and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (both in French).

July 24-30: **THE BIG STORE**; and **GO WEST**.

From July 31: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH**; and "The Firemen's Ball" (1968), a Czechoslovakian film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

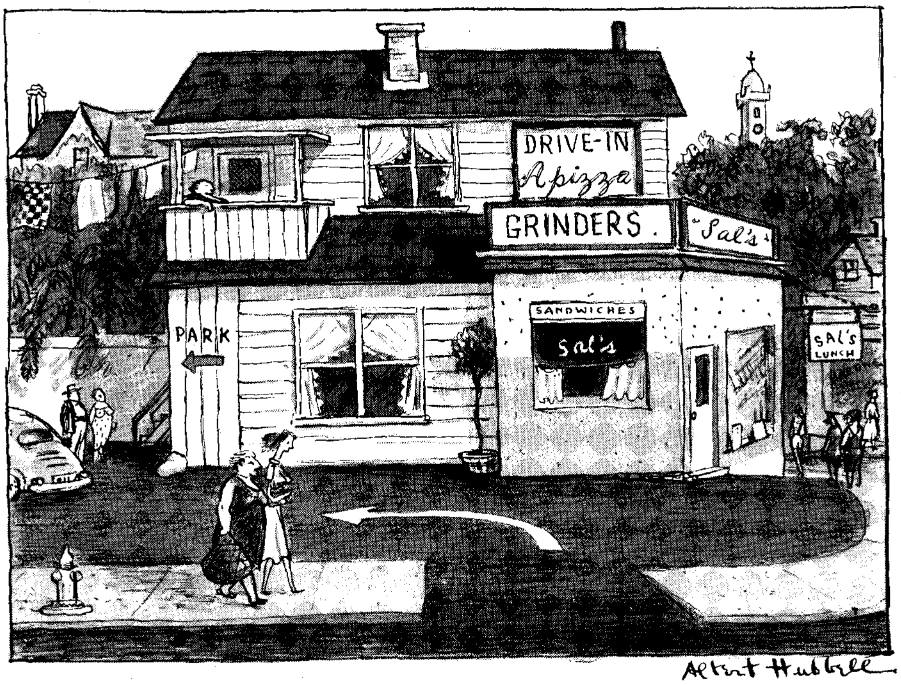
Through July 29: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

From July 30: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through July 29: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

From July 30: **IF . . .** ; and **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**



Albert Hubbell

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) **LA STRADA** (in Italian).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350) **ROMEO AND JULIET**.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

July 23: **SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT** and **THE SILENCE** (both in Swedish).

July 24-28: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French).

July 29-31: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**; and **THE LADY VANISHES**.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050) "What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice?," Geraldine Page, Ruth Gordon.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) **FUNNY GIRL**.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060) **OLIVER!**

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711) "Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633) "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY**.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100) "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

Through July 26: "The Devil by the Tail" (in French), Yves Montand, Maria Schell.

From July 27: "La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

Through July 29: "That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

From July 30: "The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333) **THE LION IN WINTER**.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013) **ROMEO AND JULIET**.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)

Through July 29: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

From July 30: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700) "The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

July 23: **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German).

July 24-30: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent).

From July 31: **LOLA MONTÈS** and **THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through July 29: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

From July 30: **IF . . .**; and **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

July 23: A program of nine short films on the dance—"Graduation Ball," "Death and the Maiden," "Afternoon of a Faun," and others.

July 24: **DON QUIXOTE** (in Russian); and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (1960; in Russian).

July 25: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

July 26: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**; and **MOROCCO**.

July 27: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French); and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).

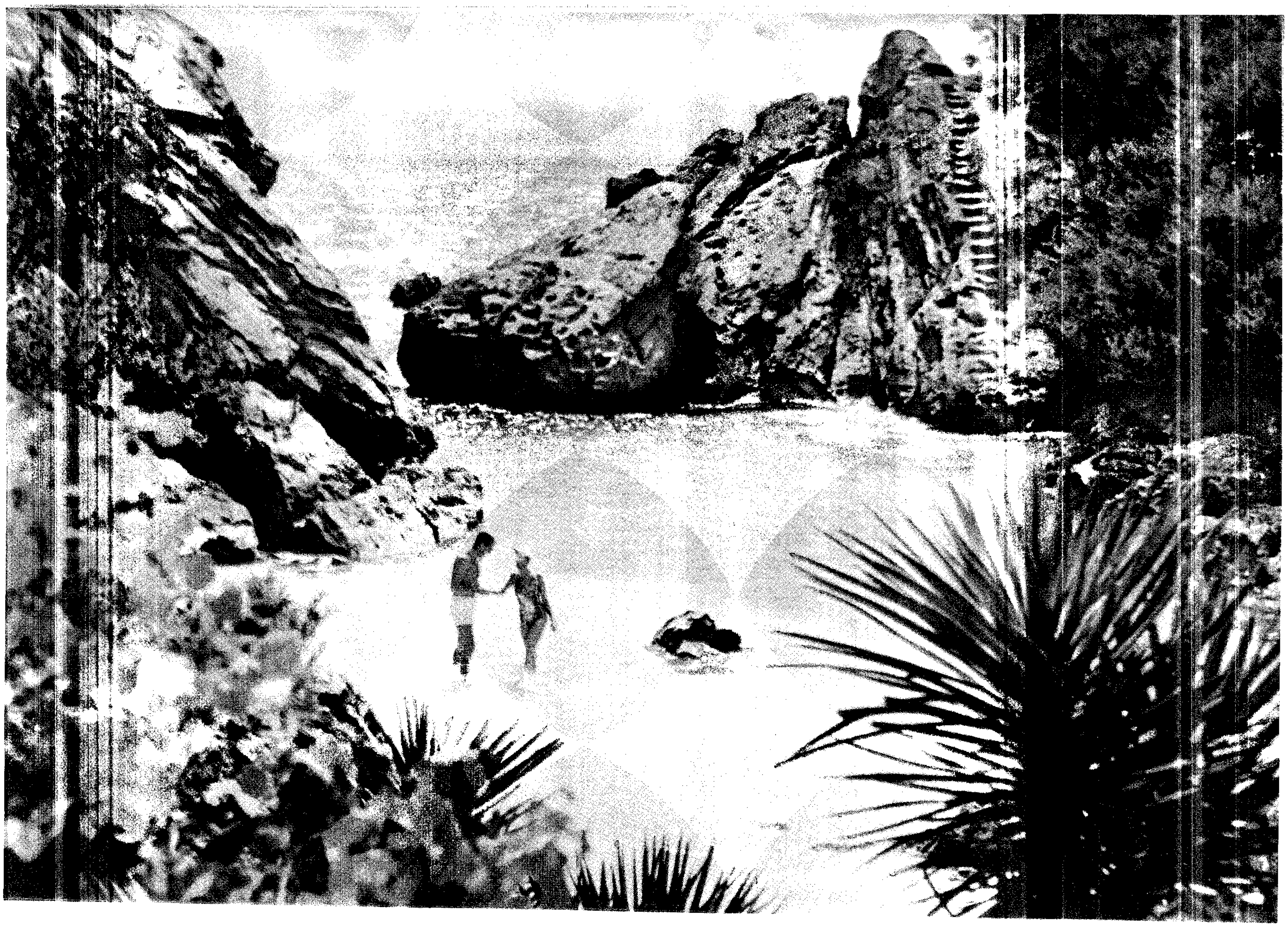
July 28: **AMERICA AMERICA**.

July 29: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish).

July 30: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **POINT OF ORDER!**

July 31: **THE WORLD OF APU** and **DEVI** (both in Bengali).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200) **ROMEO AND JULIET**.



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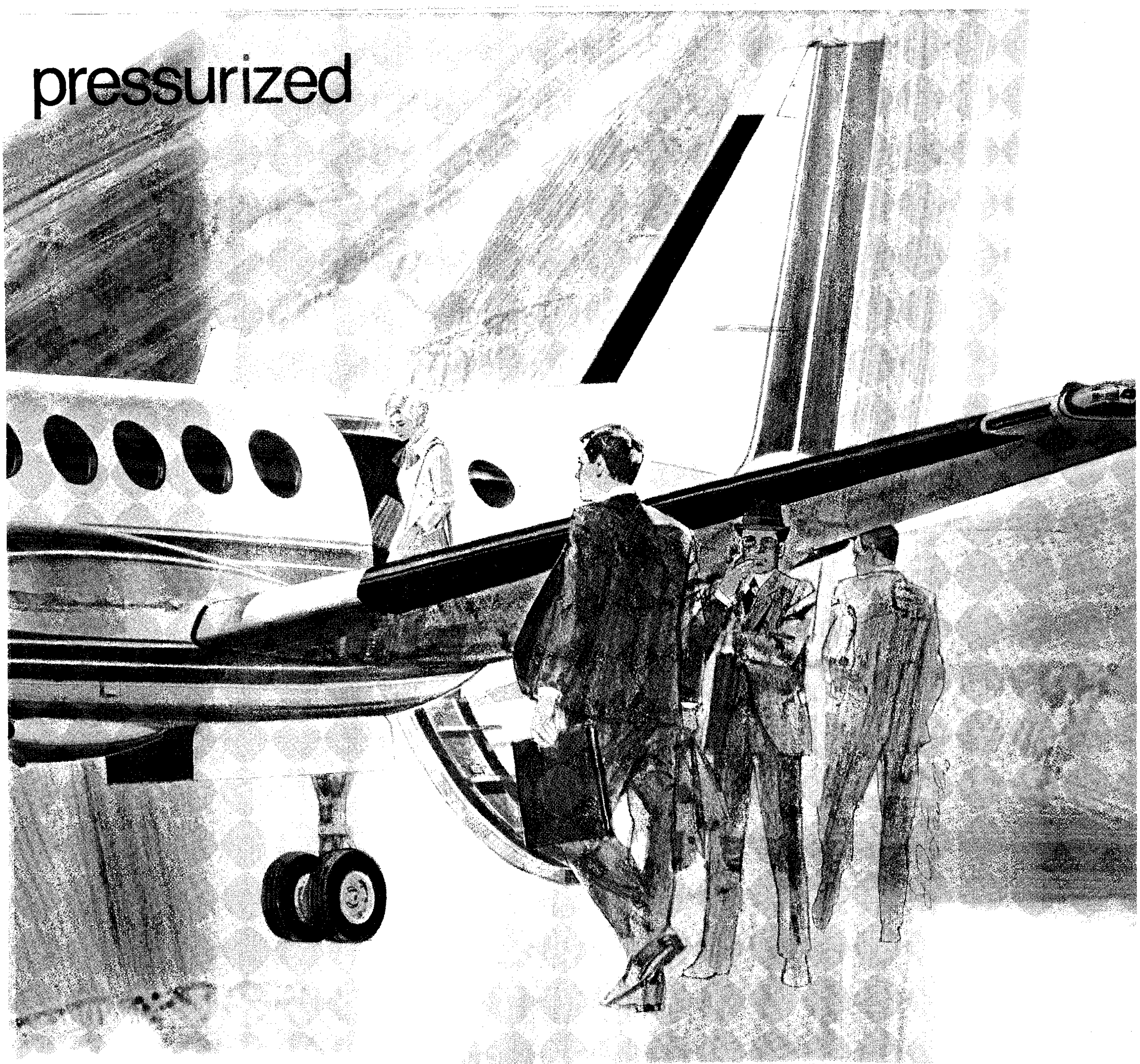

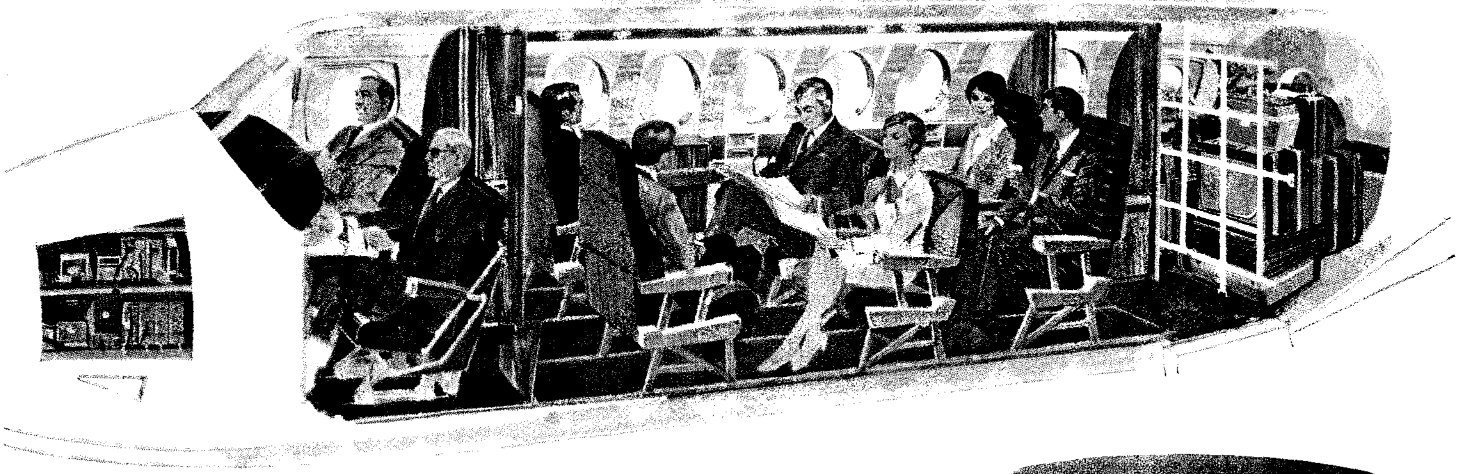

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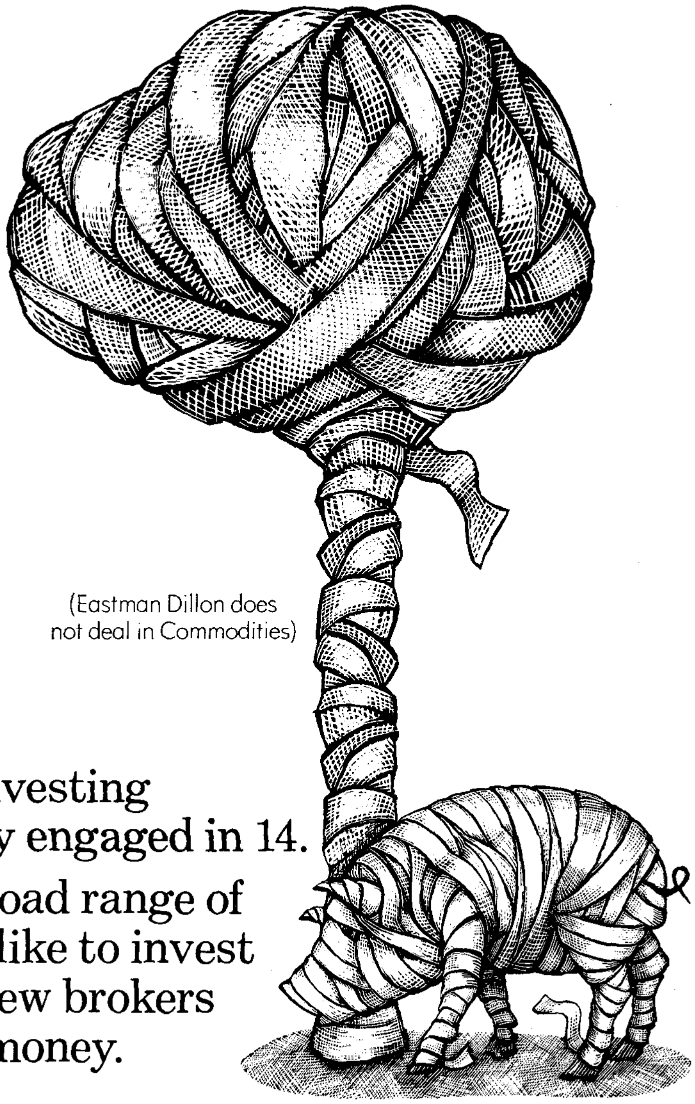

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE moon, it turns out, is a great place for men. One-sixth gravity must be a lot of fun, and when Armstrong and Aldrin went into their bouncy little dance, like two happy children, it was a moment not only of triumph but of gaiety. The moon, on the other hand, is a poor place for flags. Ours looked stiff and awkward, trying to float on the breeze that does not blow. (There must be a lesson here somewhere.) It is traditional, of course, for explorers to plant the flag, but it struck us, as we watched with awe and admiration and pride, that our two fellows were universal men, not national men, and should have been equipped accordingly. Like every great river and every great sea, the moon belongs to none and belongs to all. It still holds the key to madness, still controls the tides that lap on shores everywhere, still guards the lovers who kiss in every land under no banner but the sky. What a pity that in our moment of triumph we did not forswear the familiar Iwo Jima scene and plant instead a device acceptable to all: a limp white handkerchief, perhaps, symbol of the common cold, which, like the moon, affects us all, unites us all.

The Moon Hours

BY 10 P.M. Sunday, twelve hundred people had gathered at the intersection of Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, between Radio City Music Hall and the Time-Life Plaza. Rain had been falling since 7:30, and umbrellas shifted from side to side and poked up above heads, obscuring some people's view of the thing everyone was trying to watch—a fifteen-by-fifteen-foot screen, on the west side of the intersection, on which N.B.C.'s coverage of the moon landing was being shown in color. A large sign read "Life and NASA Present Apollo: Man to the Moon," and huge photographs of the three Apollo astronauts stood in windows of the Time & Life Building. To the north of the television screen, a full-scale model of the lunar module was shielded from the rain by a plastic canopy, and other equipment had been given protective covers. The intersection was brightly lighted—two searchlights played on nearby buildings—and at this hour the area was extremely noisy. The noise was a constant, high-level mixture of automobile engines, horns, police whistles (twenty policemen were patrolling the area), the shouts of venders (they moved through the crowd selling pennants, souvenir buttons, pretzels, and ice cream), the voices and beeps from the TV audio system, and the chatter of the people crowded on the sidewalks behind police barricades. But as the time for the astronauts' exit from the LM drew near, the crowd began to grow quiet. Anticipation was obvious in people's faces, and the talk became a sort of nervous undertone. At ten-fifteen, a newcomer—a young man carrying a pack on his back—approached a man in a blue jacket and said, "I presume they've got to the moon."

"You don't know?" the man in blue asked. "Where have you been all day?"

"Just flown in. English," said the young man.

"Well, they're about ready to step out any second now," the man in blue said.

The young man said, "Stone me! They must be way ahead of schedule. Oh, great! This is fantastic!"

At 10:54, when the first shot of the LM—the lower part—appeared on the screen, in black-and-white, a cheer went up. When Neil Armstrong's foot was seen to touch the lunar surface, another cheer went up. When he stood with both feet on the moon, the people cheered and applauded a third time. Meanwhile, cars continued to roll by, and the police moved incessantly in their attempt to keep the crowd behind the sidewalk barricades.

At 12:33 A.M. Monday, a No. 6 bus, without passengers, rolled silently down Seventh Avenue. A good number of people were walking west on Fiftieth Street—away from the Time-Life Plaza—and by this time only about three hundred people were left watching the big screen. The screen still showed the LM, whose legs looked bright in the sunlight. The rain, which had stopped for a while, had begun again, and people stood beneath umbrellas or improvised shelters of paper or plastic. At 12:41, a voice from Mission Control said, "This is Houston. You've got about ten minutes left now prior to commencing your E.V.A. termination activities. Over." A young couple turned to each other and kissed. Working among the people, a man in coveralls began to sweep the plaza with a broom.

IN the Eighteenth Precinct, on Fifty-fourth Street west of Eighth Avenue, two patrolmen brought in a young man and a young woman in handcuffs. The couple were booked on suspicion of having mugged a man on West Forty-fourth Street at about eleven o'clock—or at just about the time Armstrong was setting foot on the moon. Both suspects looked frightened and tired. Four police officers sat or stood in the main room. In an adjoining office, nine policemen—some in uniform and some in civilian clothes—sat relaxed in front of a television set that showed the lunar module. One man sat back with his feet on a desk, and the others lounged on chairs or desks, watching the screen. They talked little, but from time to time someone spoke or laughed, and one young officer made a joke about having seen the whole thing before on “The Late Show.”

INSIDE the Chess & Checker Club of New York, which is upstairs at 212 West Forty-second Street, eighteen men sat at small tables over game boards in a silence that was broken only occasionally, by desultory remarks. The Times Square Bowling Lanes, upstairs at 1482 Broadway, were similarly devoted to recreation—twenty-five people were bowling—but four people sat in the establishment’s bar watching a television set, from which an announcer’s voice was saying, “Heart rates of the crewmen are averaging between ninety and one hundred. The flight surgeon reports they’re right on the predicted number of the B.T.U. units expended. . . . And he thinks they’re in great shape.”

TO the customers in the Lincoln Bar, at the corner of Lenox Avenue and 135th Street, in Harlem, man’s first step onto the face of the moon was greeted more with a whimper than a bang. Scarcely anyone was looking or listening when Armstrong placed his foot on the moon. A jukebox, in a dark corner, was blaring “What the World Needs Now,” by the Sweet Inspirations, and a man with his back to the television set and a highball in his hand was telling a group of his friends about a girl he had just treated to a huge Chinese dinner who had declared on their way out of the restaurant that she now wanted a barbecue supper. “Man, I had to unload her,” he said. “I didn’t have enough left to put gas in my car.” One of the customers reached out, touched him, and said, “Hey, buddy, they walking on the moon.” The man with the highball put down his drink and walked out of the bar.

When Colonel Edwin Aldrin climbed down to join Armstrong, the conversations along the bar were louder than the conversation between moon and earth coming from the television set, and the jukebox in the corner had shifted to “I’m Going to Chicago, Sorry I Can’t Take You.” The bartender—a short, amiable white man with a bald head and a clip-on bow tie, who took care of one end of the bar while a black barmaid took care of the other—went and turned off the jukebox.

“Hey, leave that thing on, man!” a male voice yelled. “We ain’t care nothin’ ’bout no moon.”

“I do,” the bartender said. “And there’s a few other people here that do, too.”

“Damn!” the same voice said. “I hope those Whiteys never come back. They might just decide to stay there, too.”

“Nah,” a female voice said. “You can be sure the white man don’t want to live up there. It’s got no gold, it’s got no silver, it’s got no oil. And ain’t that what Whitey wants? He don’t want no part of all that rock up there.”

At this point, the man whose girl had demanded the barbecue came back and started telling another group the story.

“Be quiet,” the barmaid, a buxom, masterful-looking woman, said. “You full of nothin’ but Seagram’s gin. I want to see the men walking on the moon.”

“Hush with your moon,” he replied. “You believe any of that wild stuff?”

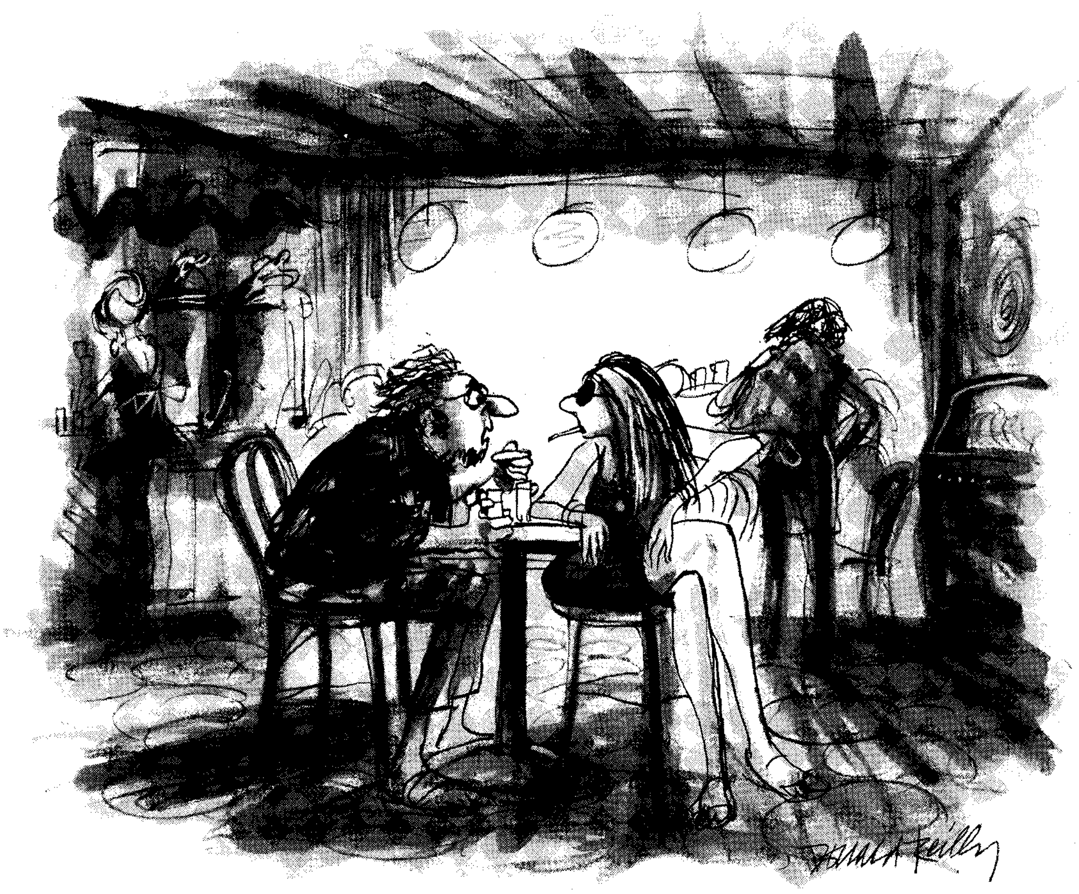
“You don’t really believe they walking on the moon?” the barmaid said. “I can see you ain’t ready for the moon yet. You still in another age, with the cotton-pickin’ machine. Or maybe you just in another orbit, with your Seagram’s.”

“Hell!” he said. “Where *you* at?”

“I’m a moon maid, baby.”

AT the headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company, in Rockefeller Center, the Central Control Room, from which N.B.C. coverage of the lunar landing was governed, was hot and stuffy, being packed with people in shirtsleeves. The controllers worked at two tiers of equipment-laden consoles, facing a wall covered with a formidable array of monitors that bore such legends as “HOUSTON,” “HOUSTON POOL,” “VIDEOGRAPH,” “CAMERA 1,” “CAMERA 2,” and “CAMERA 6.” The front, and lower, tier of consoles was occupied by technicians, and in the center of it sat the director—Tony Messuri, a bald man wearing a headset and a pink shirt. To right and left of this tier were small rooms that were also packed with technicians. Executives of the N.B.C. News Division occupied the second tier in Central Control, and the center of this tier was occupied by the executive producer of the N.B.C. Space Unit—James Kitchell, a bushy-haired, young-looking man wearing a short-sleeved black shirt. Kitchell, too, had a headset on, and directly in front of him, within a few inches of his right hand, there was a box equipped with a row of spring-loaded switches. These switches gave Kitchell immediate access to the N.B.C. studios—to a so-called Huntley-Brinkley Deck, which was a mezzanine arrangement a few doors away from Central Control, and in which at the moment David Brinkley and Frank McGee were occupying the anchor desk, and also to Studio 8-H, a very large area that was originally designed for broadcasting performances by Arturo Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony. Just then Studio 8-H had no traces of the concert hall about it. On one wall, above a raised platform, there was a twelve-foot-wide blowup of a photographic mosaic showing at least the major craters of Apollo 11’s Landing Site 2, the target area being marked off with a long elliptical line. Along the wall to the right, there was a three-dimensional model of the moon, about six feet across, set against a blue-white-and-gray backdrop presumably representing the Milky Way, and, beside this, a twenty-foot-long map of the central portion of the moon’s equatorial region, showing the flight path taken by the LM and its approximate position on the lunar surface. A third section of Studio 8-H contained a twenty-two-foot-high mockup—the actual size—of the LM. It had detailed representations of the cabin and instrument facilities, of the shiny Mylar insulation covering the descent stage, and of the porch, the exit ladder, the foot pads, and the equipment-stowage area. Then, there were full-scale models of the command module and of the combined command and service modules. But Kitchell’s spring-loaded switches gave him access to a great deal more than this. It was less than twenty years ago that N.B.C. was able to boast of having accomplished the feat of showing simultaneously, in split-screen images, the East and West Coasts of the United States. Now Kitchell was able to switch in instantaneously—through commercial-satellite communication—images of N.B.C. correspondents and people *they* had access to in London, Cologne, and Tokyo. And already during the Apollo 11 mission he had been able to relay television shots of the earth itself made from space, and of portions of the moon as the command module orbited it.

Now, a few seconds after the voice of Frank McGee said, on the air, “Neil Armstrong’s on his stomach, feet first, coming out,” Messuri shouted to a technician responsible for the superimposition of titles on the screen, “Set me up ‘First Live Pictures from the Moon,’ baby!”



“I was spitting on society years before it was de rigueur.”

“Go to Houston!” Kitchell said loudly.

“And *take it!*” Messuri cried.

“Here it comes!” Kitchell shouted.

On the monitor marked “PROGRAM” there appeared a ghostly, unclear, yet unmistakable black-and-white image of the lower portion of a heavily suited astronaut descending the LM ladder. The control room was filled with cheers and clapping.

“The foot!” Messuri cried.

Armstrong’s foot descended.

“Put ‘First Step on the Moon,’ ” Kitchell ordered, and then he said, “Wait! He’s not on the moon yet. So far, he’s just on the foot pad.”

“That’s O.K.,” Messuri objected. He added, “After all, what’s the foot pad connected to?”

“The shin bone,” someone said, and there was some technician laughter.

Armstrong’s foot could now be seen raised as he tried mounting the lowest rung of the LM ladder, and then his voice could be heard: “I’m at the foot of the ladder. . . . The surface appears to be very, very fine-grained. . . . It’s one small step . . .”

“Take it! ‘First Step on the Moon.’ ”

Everything became very quiet in the control room as the ghostly figure, white on a white ground, against a dark sky, touched what seemed like white rigging. It all looked like an old, grained, scratchy movie showing some hooded, frost-shrouded early polar explorer standing by the bulwark of an icebound ship.

“O.K., now let’s get ready for Nixon’s talk with the astronauts,” Kitchell said. “Better start setting up a split screen with the White House and the lunar shots.” After a pause, he added, looking at the shot on the air, “It’s unbelievable. Unbelievable!”

Armstrong’s figure could be seen moving about the lunar surface as he tested his walk. He began walking with long, loping steps.

“Look at that!” Kitchell said, enthralled. “Look at him! Galloping across the moon!”

“The White Knight!” a technician said.

On one of the monitors, a shot of President Nixon appeared. He was not on the air, and obviously realized that he wasn’t. He was gesturing toward someone out of range, holding out a hand and waggling it as though saying no. After a while, the technicians began to rearrange the image of the President so that it fitted into the upper left-hand corner of the screen; it was to be superimposed on pictures from the moon. While this was going on, Colonel Aldrin also descended from the LM, and then it became apparent, from the blurring and heaving, that Armstrong had taken the television camera from the equipment bay and was walking with it away from the LM. On one of the monitors, the image of the President, sitting at his desk, appeared in the corner of this heaving scene; he looked as though ocean waves were sweeping and swirling against him. Then the lunar camera was trained on the LM from about forty feet away, and Messuri began to complain that now the left-hand-corner picture of the President was impinging on the shot of the LM, which also stood to the left of the screen.

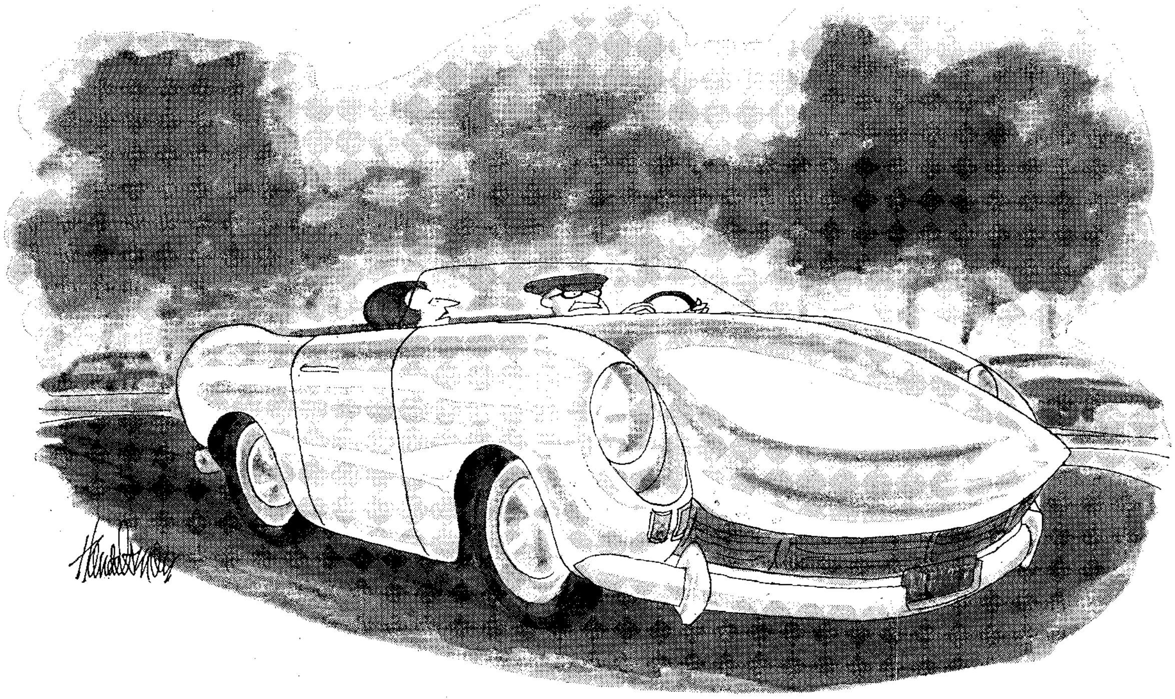
“I’m lousing up my moon picture,” Messuri said.

Eventually, Armstrong centered the LM in his camera, and Messuri arranged the shot of the President so that the split-screen image of him did not unduly cover the image of the LM.

Then the President made his telephone call to the astronauts, the interchange went off the air, and for a few moments, before the television lights in the White House were extinguished, Mr. Nixon could be seen on the monitor, disengaging, with the help of a technician, a microphone he had had about his neck.

As the lunar broadcast proceeded, Donald Meaney, a vice-president of the N.B.C. News Division, who was sitting immediately to Kitchell’s right, left the control room for a few minutes, and then returned to remark, “One thing I think this is doing is to bring people together. The picture is going everywhere in the world by satellite. I hear they’re getting a great picture in Bucharest. And in *Belgrade*. And, you know, nobody has the inside track on seeing these pictures. The scientists in Houston, the President of the United States, all of us in this room, perhaps Serbian peasants—they’re all seeing the same fantastic live pictures at the same time. Nobody any better than anybody else, really. Maybe that holds something pretty good for all of us.”

IN the ground-floor apartment of a brownstone in the East Nineties, at around eight-thirty, guests began to arrive for a moon-watching party that



"This lovely car has not brought us happiness. You agree, Morris? That is why I am now thinking in terms of having the entire house recarpeted."

• •

was being given by two young men just out of law school. The male guests, most of whom were young lawyers, like their hosts, were dressed informally but expensively, some in light-colored summer suits and some in richly colored shirts. The ties in the room were wide but not flowery. The women, who seemed a few years younger than the men, were also expensively dressed, many in silky, boldly patterned bell-bottom trouser suits. The arriving guests sat down on a sofa, on chairs, or on a mattress on the floor which had been brought in from a bedroom. The political temper of the group soon established itself as liberalism-taken-for-granted. Some of the young men had spent time in the last few years working for liberal political candidates. Although so recently out of law school, many of them had already acquired the self-assured, forceful handshakes of successful lawyers, and had already adopted the lawyerish mannerisms of fixing their listeners with a frank gaze and speaking to them in carefully measured tones. On the television screen, Walter Cronkite was waiting for the astronauts to finish checking their spacecraft in preparation for their walk on the moon's surface. The people in the living room were a loosely connected collection of friends, and many of them were catching up on each other's recent past. There was a hubbub of many conversations.

"I think I met you at a skating party."

"If you have all your defense mechanisms up . . ."

"Shall we introduce them *now* or later?"

Conversation about the moon landing was restricted to jokes or brief comments. Many people seemed to want something to happen that was more exciting than what could really happen.

"It would be great if they found an animal," one man said.

"We've seen everything in simulation. They might as well do it all in simulation," a girl said.

Several people said they were not sure whether the C.B.S. simulation of the LM being shown at that moment was real or not.

"Hey, these furry claws coming down the ladder!" someone said.

"No. Coming out of a crater," said a girl.

The moment when C.B.S. expected Armstrong to emerge from the LM arrived. When the exit was delayed for ten minutes while the astronauts continued to check their equipment, a hush finally fell over the group. After several minutes, a man said, "They're having one more hand of poker." Then the voices of the astronauts began to announce Armstrong's emergence onto the porch at the top of the ladder. The hush continued. Suddenly, a telephone in the next room rang, and a young man went to answer it. When he returned, Walter Cronkite was saying, "Commander Armstrong is about to pull the ring that will give us our first live television coverage from the moon." The telephone rang again, and someone said, "Let it ring," but another man, after hesitating, went to answer it. The landscape of the moon appeared on the screen. At the top of the screen was the jet black of space. In the middle was the brilliant streak of whiteness that was the lunar landscape. At the bottom was the blackness of the LM's shadow. The ladder to the ground cut vertically across the screen. Armstrong's foot appeared. The young man returned from answering the phone and announced, "There's a girl up at the corner who can't find the party."

The group was riveted to the screen in silence during Armstrong's descent to the ground, during his first steps and his first words, and during Colonel Aldrin's descent. Then there was some more joking. "When we find the first moon men, we'll have to decide which ones to support—the ones from the South or the ones from the North. We'll have to send military advisers." Conversations about other matters started again.

Aldrin, after taking a few steps, began to jump up and down on the moon. "Magnificent!" he said.

On the sofa, a couple began talking about a girl named Margie.

Suddenly, Armstrong emerged with amazing speed from the black shadow of the LM into the brilliant sunlight. There was a sigh from the group; then it fell silent again for a moment. As Armstrong set up the television camera to look back on the LM, conversation resumed.

"There's something interesting in a crater here!" Armstrong called out as he moved away from the LM.

A girl who was sitting on the floor began to tell about a friend of hers who had married a nun. "The nun was in the lecture course he was giving," she said. "He had her out of her robes and married in two weeks, and a year later she had twins."

On the screen, Aldrin was loping in a circle on the surface of the moon in front of the LM.

The girl looked up at the screen and cried out, "I just don't believe it!"

"I'm used to it already," a young man next to her said.

"When you get blasé about people going to the moon, you *know* you've changed," she said.

ON the second floor of the living quarters of Gracie Mansion, Mayor Lindsay, in a yellow sports shirt, gray slacks, and brown loafers, was watching C.B.S. on a color-television set. On the Mayor's knees was a three-page statement on the moon walk; he had been cutting it for the past half hour and appeared still dissatisfied with it. To his left, Jay Kriegel, a young assistant, sat on a chaise longue with his shoes off, looking intently at simulations of what was to come. Other staff members—most of them in their twenties—sprawled in chairs and on the floor. The only man wearing a suit and tie was a Democratic politician from Queens who had arrived earlier in the evening to offer the Mayor his support in the coming election. The room they were sitting in belonged to the Mayor's daughter Anne, who was away at camp. Tacked to the door were signs: "SNOOPY LIVES HERE," "NO PEDDLERS," "ENTERING TWILIGHT ZONE." In the next room—the master bedroom—Mrs. Lindsay was also looking at a color set. Watching with her were another daughter, Kathy; a Columbia Law School student who is a friend of Kathy's; a driver for the Mayor; two of the three policemen who are usually on duty outside Gracie Mansion; and a family friend. In intermittent attendance in both rooms was Detective Sergeant Pat Vecchio, a wiry, intense man who is in charge of protecting the Mayor.

In Anne Lindsay's room, as the hatch of the LM was about to be opened, the Democratic politician was talking precinct strategy in Queens with Richard Aurelio, the Mayor's campaign manager, while a young assistant to the Mayor lying on the floor proclaimed, "Procaccino just issued a statement pledging to make the moon safe for law and order."

Two more assistants to the Mayor, Sid Davidoff and Barry Gottehrer, arrived, drenched. Because of the rain, the Mayor wondered aloud whether he ought to go, as he had planned, to the Moon-In, the city-sponsored celebration in the Sheep Meadow in Central Park. Mrs. Lindsay, who had appeared at the door, shook her head. "With those men walking on the moon, they won't be watching *you*," she said to her husband, and she went away, grinning.

Jay Kriegel passed a notebook to the Mayor. "Here's your schedule for Wednesday."

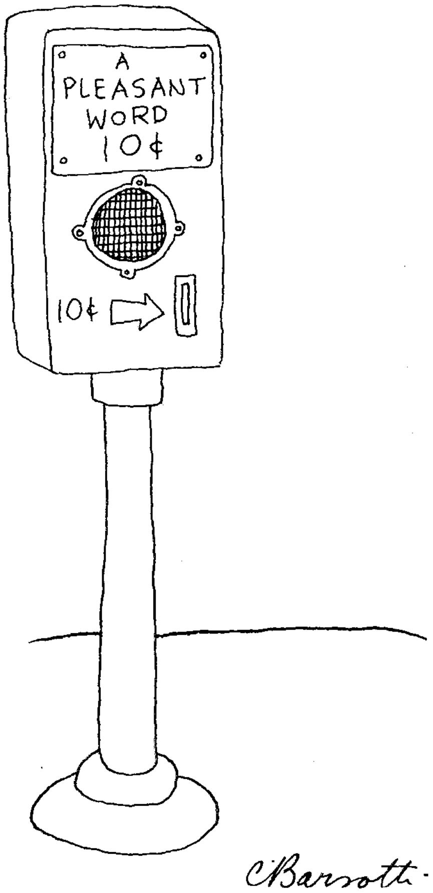
Lindsay looked away from the television screen, studied the page, and grimaced. "That's murder," he said. "Just murder."

The first pictures of Armstrong setting foot on the moon were about to come through. Conversation in the room stopped. The Mayor leaned forward, his statement slipping to the floor. "There's a foot!" he said. "There's a foot on the moon!" His eyes fixed on the screen, the Mayor shook his head. "Fantastic! God, this is dramatic!"

As it became clear that Armstrong and Aldrin were having no difficulties, the moon watchers at Gracie Mansion relaxed.

Picking up his statement from the floor, the Mayor read it again, and cut out another paragraph. Gottehrer and Davidoff were now convinced that he should go to the Moon-In. The Mayor agreed, but he kept delaying his departure. "Look at that shot of the horizon!" he said.

Finally, at a quarter to midnight, he rose and went into the master bedroom.



He returned in a beige jacket, a white shirt, and a blue-figured tie. The Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay, with Davidoff, Gottehrer, Pat Vecchio, and the press secretary, Tom Morgan, squeezed into a black car in front of the Mansion.

As the car moved west, Vecchio, in the front seat, announced, "No matter what's happening, I'm not going to forget about Columbus."

The Mayor laughed. The car cut into Central Park, passing a hansom cab, whose driver shouted, "You're going against traffic!"

"That guy doesn't have his lamp lit," Davidoff said. "Give him a ticket."

"Come on," the Mayor said. "He's right."

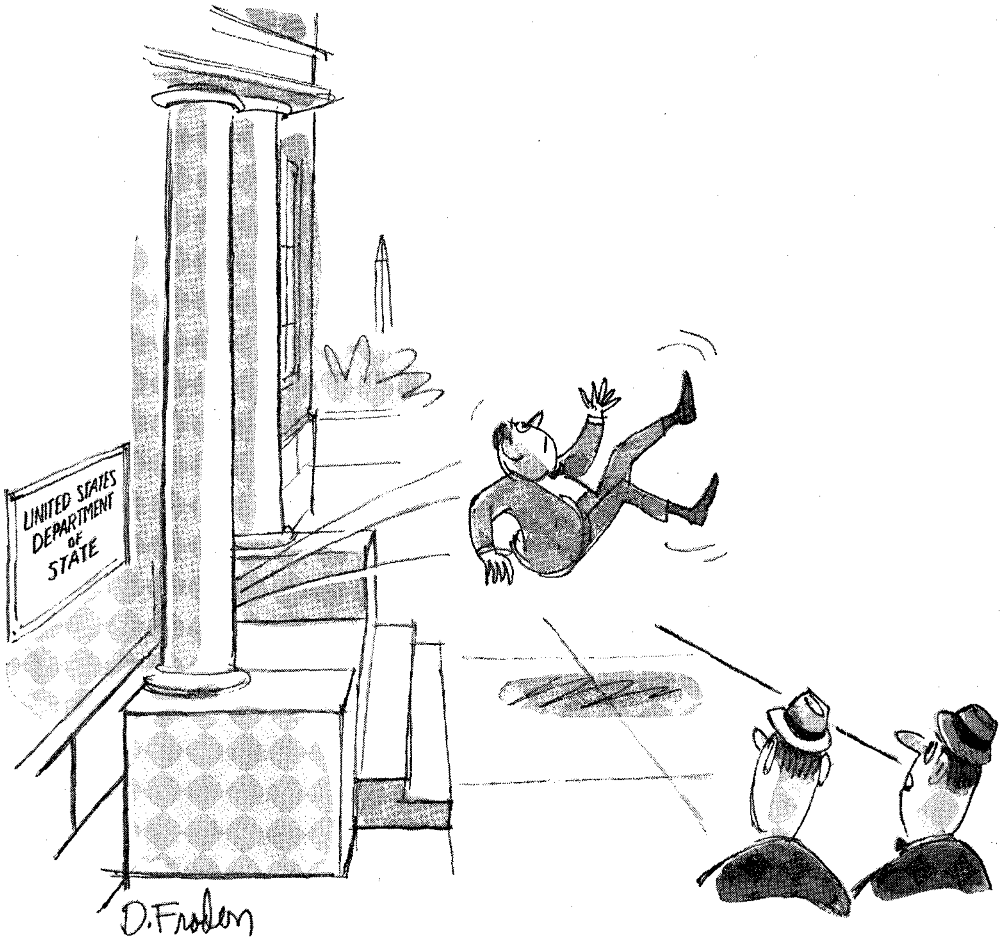
At the Sheep Meadow, Vecchio guided Lindsay to and from three television interviews. Just before the second one began, the Mayor, who seemed blinded by the bright lights, was approached by a slender woman. She shook his hand vigorously, saying, "Congratulations, Mr. Mayor!" He blinked, and blinked again. It was Mrs. Lindsay.

"Save your moon glow for November!" a woman shouted as the Mayor approached his car following a swift tour of the Meadow.

"Yeah, Mayor baby!" someone else roared, to the Mayor's delight.

The Mayor leaned out of the car window and grabbed the hand of a policeman. "Thanks, Fred. You guys did a good job," he said. Turning to his wife as the car moved away, he remarked, "That's a great cop. King of the towaways."

HOURS earlier, as the rain came down steadily and a premature darkness fell over the city, hundreds of people streamed through Central Park and converged on the center of the Sheep Meadow to join the Moon-In crowd that was already standing in a huge circle around three nine-by-twelve-foot television screens set up in a triangular formation and tuned to three different channels. The Meadow was filled with puddles and mud holes, and many of the younger spectators had shucked their shoes and were negotiating the slippery terrain in bare feet. Some people carried umbrellas, others pulled coats or jackets over their heads, and a good many seemed happy simply to give themselves up to the rain and the prospect of a soaking. In front of the C.B.S. screen, five young men in beards shared a large green-red-and-yellow striped beach umbrella; next to them stood a couple huddled beneath a bed quilt; and nearby three girls who



"He must have come up with a new approach to something."

• •

had contrived a makeshift tent out of an Army-surplus blanket and a pair of sanitation trash baskets were playing Scrabble. Overhead, three searchlight beams met, forming a soft halo of haze, through which the rain fell in silver sheets. Shortly before nine o'clock, Walter Cronkite announced that the hatch of the LM would be opened in half an hour, and the word was immediately carried over the Meadow on hundreds of lips. "The hatch," people whispered. "The hatch is going to be opened. The hatch . . ." A few minutes later, the rain stopped and umbrellas were furled. The crowd around the television screens was so dense that movement was nearly impossible, and here and there, in a vast assemblage that filled the Meadow almost as far as the eye could see, small children, their eyes blinking with sleep and wonderment, were hoisted upon their fathers' shoulders. The rain started to come down again, and hundreds of umbrellas were unfurled, only to be furled again as people in the rear protested that they couldn't see the screens.

As the scheduled moment for the hatch opening approached, the crowd grew still, and every gaze appeared to be fixed on a television screen. Then came an announcement that the moon walk would be delayed for half an hour, and there was a sustained groan of disappointment. At a quarter to ten, Houston could be heard through a crackle of static calling to the command module, and a few minutes later the crowd, which had grown hushed again, burst into applause when the astronauts were informed by the voice of Mission Control, "You are go for cabin depressurization." The rain stopped and started several times during the next half hour, and dozens of spectators, weary from standing and long since soaked, began to sit down in the wet grass and mud. When the hatch opened, and Armstrong's booted foot could be seen groping for the rungs of the landing vehicle's ladder, and the totally unreal words "LIVE FROM THE SURFACE OF THE MOON" appeared upon the screens, there was a gasp, as if everyone had taken a quick breath. There was a smattering of applause, and then dozens of flashbulbs began popping as cameramen took pictures of a vast sea of faces held perfectly still at the same upturned angle and frozen into identical expressions of rapture and awe.

For the next twenty minutes, the crowd feasted silently upon the spectacle unfolding before it, and when Aldrin came down the ladder to join Armstrong, there was a loud burst of applause, laughter, and cheering. After a short while, there was a surge away from the screens as people started moving about and stretching their cramped legs. Some of the spectators headed for a large refreshment tent that had been set up on the east side of the Meadow. Many of these people moved on to a nearby bandstand, where an orchestra had swung into a nineteen-thirties version of "Blue Moon." When, at twelve minutes before midnight, President Nixon came on the television screens to talk with the astronauts, many people turned back toward the center of the Meadow to rejoin the hundreds who had stayed to watch Armstrong and Aldrin in their historic walk. After the President had finished, it was announced that Armstrong had been on the surface of the moon for fifty-nine minutes, and suddenly Aldrin could be seen floating gracefully over the lunar surface as he performed mobility exercises. The jazz band that had been blaring away in the background was replaced by a rock-and-roll ensemble, whose performance raised the decibel count in the Meadow even higher, and the spectators crowded closer to the television screens in order to hear the astronauts describe the lunar landscape and to watch them walk around scooping up samples of its rock.

At one o'clock, the voice of Mission Control told Aldrin to "head on up the ladder," and announced that Armstrong had been on the surface of the moon slightly more than two hours. The rain was beating down steadily now, but only when the hatch of the landing vehicle was closed, eleven minutes later, did the last, diehard spectators turn away. Some hippies rushed by chanting "Free the moon!" Then people by the hundred began streaming toward Fifth Avenue. Behind them, like an unblinking eye, the N.B.C. screen still showed a picture of the LM sitting at Tranquillity Base. The astronauts were safe inside and the moon walk was over, but almost everyone kept looking back over his shoulder through the downpour, as if to reassure himself that what he had seen with his eyes in the Sheep Meadow had really taken place upon the moon.

BE A CAT'S-PAW! LOSE BIG MONEY!

ANYBODY can be a wiseacre after the fact, so let's get one thing straight at the outset. In chronicling the complications that arose from a note I found this spring in a bottle on Martha's Vineyard, I am not whining for sympathy or seeking to condone my behavior. If a totally unselfish gesture to a stranger—a benefaction, really—is wrong, then I was culpable and richly deserving of what I got. Impulsive, overly sentimental I may have been, but never throughout the ensuing imbroglio, I contend, was I prompted by base or ignoble motives. On the contrary, I like to think that, though an innocent dupe, I acquitted myself at all times with a dignity, a gentility, few other dupes in my position would have displayed. That is what I like to think.

The circumstances under which I discovered the note couldn't have been less dramatic. I was strolling along South Beach on the Vineyard one morning midway between Gay Head and Zack's Cliffs, and there, squarely in my path, lay a flask of the sort that usually contains stuffed olives. On the scrap of paper inside, in a clearly juvenile hand, was the following: "My name is Donald Cropsey. I am twelve years old. I live at 1322 Catalpa Way, Reliance, Ohio. I have been visiting on Nantucket for a week. I threw this bottle off the ferryboat between Nantucket and Woods Hole, Mass., on Saturday. Please write me a note telling me when and where you found it."

Now, twelve-year-old boys, and especially those who litter the shoreline with glass, invariably raise my hackles, but somehow this message disarmed me. Its style was direct and unaffected, there was nothing cringing or subservient about it, and it exuded a manly independence characteristic of the wide-awake youngsters that Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic used to portray. I therefore pocketed the note—figuratively, that is, since I wore only bathing trunks—and later in the day complied with Donald's request. After recounting how it had reached me, I felicitated him on his vigorous, clean-cut rhetoric and his astuteness in modelling himself on such masters of English prose as Hazlitt and Defoe. Lest his ego become inflated, however, I hastened to point out that his handwriting was sorely deficient. "You will forgive me if I speak quite bluntly, my boy," I wrote, "but this progressive-school script of yours demeans you. I cannot stress too strongly the importance of good calligraphy in molding your future. A firm business hand with well-shaped capitals is a prerequisite in every field, be it the counting house, a mercantile establishment, or a profession like law or medicine. I suggest, accordingly, that you proceed with all dispatch to perfect yourself in the exercise known as Hammond arm movement, keeping the wrist flexible at all times and practicing the letter 'l' lying on its side."

As I weighed the foregoing prior to sealing the letter, it struck me that a few words of counsel to the lad on his reading would not be amiss. I recommended, hence, that he familiarize himself with all the works of Henty, with the stories of Harry Castlemon ("Frank at Vicksburg," "Frank on a Gunboat," etc.), with Ralph Henry Barbour's "Around the End," and with anything by Altsheler he could find. He might also browse through the files of Hearst's *American Weekly* with profit, I added, quoting examples of the curious lore to be found there—the S.S. Vaterland posed vertically against the Singer Building to contrast their size, the eye of the common housefly magnified a hundredfold, the milk baths and other beauty secrets of Lina Cavalieri and Gaby Deslys, the advice on physical fitness from Jess Willard, and the disclosures about high society's Four Hundred by Count Boni de Castellane. In closing, I extended warm wishes and urged him to put his best foot forward, his shoulder to the wheel, and his nose to the grindstone—a pose guaranteed to excite the compassion of influential folk who might help him in his career.

I HAD quite forgotten the episode when, a month later in New York, I received a letter from a Mrs. Rhonda Cropsey. Writing on the stationery of a midtown hotel, she identified herself as Donald's mother and thanked me effusively for my epistle. She had taken the liberty of opening it, inasmuch as her son was in El Moribundo, California, visiting his father, from whom she was estranged. So brilliant, so truly inspired was my letter that before forwarding it she had made a copy, which she reread daily until every syllable was engraved on her heart.

"What a wonderful person you must be," she went on. "A kind of saint, I imagine. Who else would trouble to reply to a child they didn't know, or bother to outline a program of studies to enlarge the little fellow's horizon? Never in all my twenty-eight years—yes, I am that young, even if I sound like an old fuddy-duddy—have I felt such gratitude to an individual. I really would do anything to reward them. . . . But here I am wasting your valuable time with my silly-billy compliments; I guess I just can't help 'fessing up to hero worship if I feel same. Anyway, the reason for my contacting you at present is that I am in your bailiwick a day or two shopping for some feminine 'frillies' and wonder could we meet for five minutes to discuss little Don's next educational step. Won't you ring me very soon, pretty please?"

Well, that put me on the spot for fair. Here was a doting mama, undoubtedly a frump from backwoods Ohio, thirsting to talk me deaf, dumb, and blind about her precious darling, and yet to ignore her appeal would be tantamount to a slap in the face. I stewed over the problem for a good ten minutes and finally had an inspiration. I'd humor the woman and phone, but avoid any confrontation, wheedle or coax me though she might.

"Hello? . . . Yes, this is Rhonda Cropsey." The voice wasn't at all what I'd expected. It was low-pitched and cool, and there was a delicious tremor in it that made one's spine tingle. "O-oh, can it really be *you*?"

"Who else?" I stammered. "I mean—hello. Yes, it's me. Look—er—I've just had a cancellation. I'm terribly busy as a rule, but I could be at some central point like the Plaza bar in half an hour, if that's not inconvenient for you."

Not in the least, she quickly assured me—that would be ideal. I then gave her painstaking, explicit instructions as to which bar I meant, in case she blundered into the Palm Court or the Edwardian Room. Actually, my fears were groundless; far from a flibbertigibbet, Mrs. Cropsey proved to be not only alert but a demure and strikingly attractive young matron. If her figure was a shade too sensual for true beauty, it was compensated for by features that some Pre-Raphaelite painter—Burne-Jones or Dante Gabriel Rossetti—might have limned. Under a wealth of corn-colored hair worn in a snood, a pair of blue eyes looked out at the world with such trustful innocence that it wrung your heart. Her lack of sophistication became further evident when I asked what beverage she fancied.

"I-I've never tasted anything

THIS SUMMER

I

Taking off your clothes
In California
Is not like getting undressed
In another place. The ripe
Sun says "No.
You cannot just admire
Me. You must live with me.
Take me into your
Body. Sleep close to me."

II

Here there are no
Buttons and buttonholes.
Everything slides down
From the shoulders.
There's no family. No
Memory. And if money

Talks it does not
Talk to me. Here there
Is strength. Anatomy.
The worship of
Green vines of the body.
The stomach churns
Sunflowers, weeds,
And the eyes are clean.

Explain it?
The mild determination
That we have to be
Alone—
To discover our ears
And creases of the arm
As if we were examining
Terrible, strange,
Sting-proof maps of the skin.

III

If I am ever lost
Look for me in that land
Where the new body begins.
Where the evenings
Last until midnight
And the mind is flesh.

Look for me
In that place
Of the Palisades
Where the Glass Chapel
Mirrors the moon.

Where the sea-houses
Have creaking doors
That are always open
And the sand is there
With thousands and thousands
Of beds.

Where we stare for hours
At the sun, frightened by no one.
Where the light
Breaks open our palms
And our lifelines
Run down to the sea.

Where the ankles
Are soft as bird's nests.

Where legs
Are tuned by the sand.
Where we run out of tears—
Dreaming always of making love.
Making love with the right side
Of the moon. Where we
Run out of signs and sleep
In the deaf ears of skin.

IV

Now, can you tell me
Why there is reason
To weep?

Even the vulture
Is bent on becoming
More than just carnivorous:
His red-circled eye
And red neck
Are paved from the brilliance
Of the sun.

At night
There's the sound
Of the shell
Beating as strong
As the heart.

Nothing is human.
I become a ripe plum.
I become mango
And seed.
I burst into who I am.

In California
An old man
Stands naked
In front of his mirror
Saying, "I have
Given everything
To the poor
And now I am truly rich."
He reminds me
Of the lemur
From Madagascar
Who has prospered,
Unmolested,
In his isolated
Domain. Yes. We are out here drowning—

Arms embrace
The sunlight.

—Sandra Hochman

• •

stronger than fruit juice," she confessed shamefacedly. "That cocktail you're having—a Side Car—what is it?"

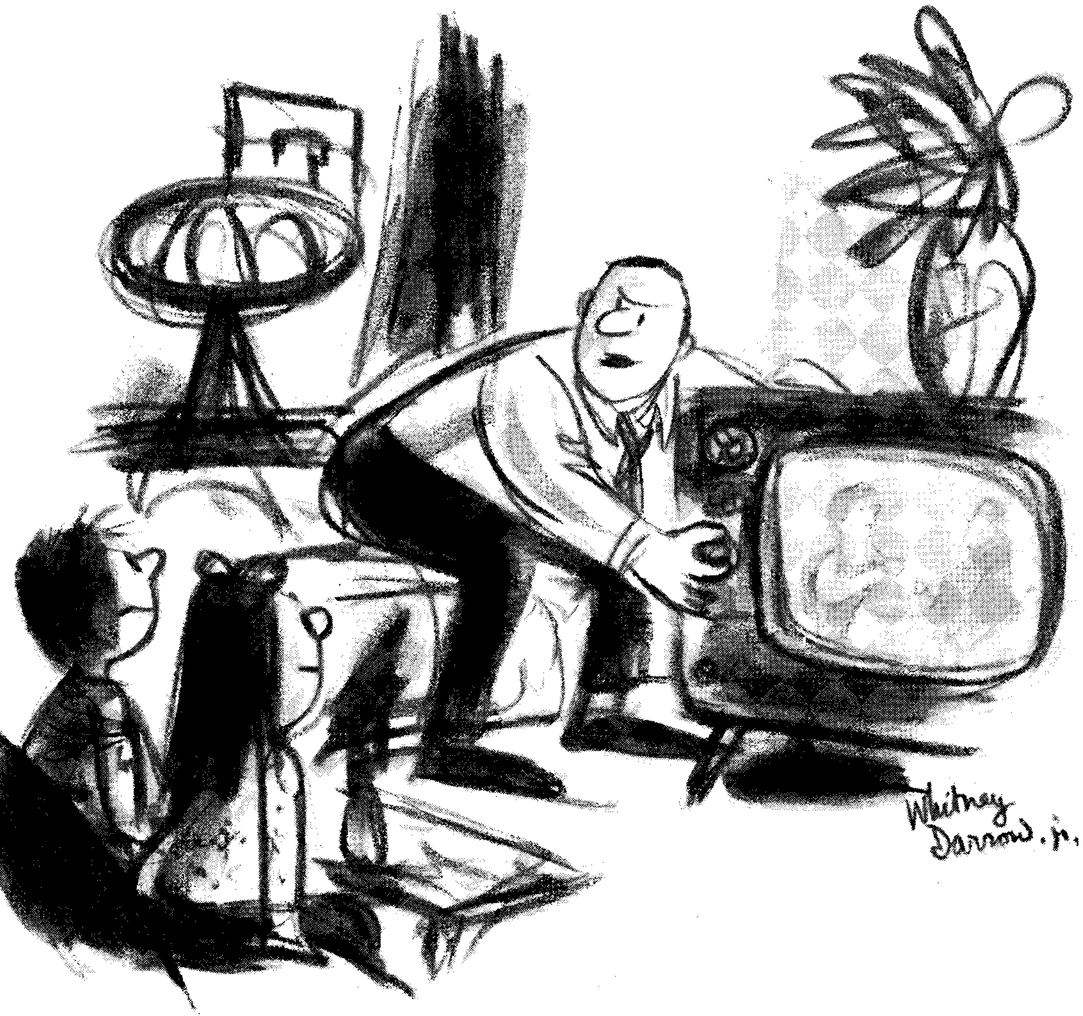
I explained it was a mild digestive, compounded of the merest trace of brandy and a drop of Cointreau, and, reassured, she ordered one also. In a few moments, our initial constraint had vanished and we were chatting away like old friends. It seemed hardly possible, I remarked, that one so girlish could have a twelve-year-old son, and she was equally incredulous at my laughing admission that I was past thirty. From the wisdom, the magnanimity implicit in my letter to Donald, she was prepared for a man twice, if not thrice, my years.

"Gracious, what a difference between you and that husband of mine!" she murmured, a shadow of pain contorting her lovely forehead. "Do you know that that swine used to beat me black and blue?"

Since I had never laid eyes on the swine in question, I felt ill-equipped to pass judgment, so, limiting my reaction to a pitying headshake, I ordered another round of drinks and deftly steered the conversation to her son. Precisely what advice did she seek from me about his schooling? A guilty blush suffused Mrs. Cropsey's cheek, and she hung her head penitently. Concerned as she was for the boy's welfare, she admitted to an ulterior motive in approaching me. She had tentatively selected a number of frocks, suits, and

coats at a Fifth Avenue store and wanted me, her sole friend in New York and a man of faultless discrimination and taste, to choose the most becoming from among them. She realized it was a dreadful imposition, she was already indebted to me beyond measure, but this one final boon would forever enshrine me in her affections, elevate me to Olympus. . . . In vain I protested my inadequacy to judge feminine fashions; the more vehement I grew, the more insistent she became, and at last, succumbing to a mixture of cajolery and Side Cars, I broke down and assented.

In actual fact, the decisions Mrs. Cropsey exacted of me turned out to be trifling enough. I ran my eye expertly over the garments she was considering, compared various details of design and workmanship, and unerringly chose the best. The salesladies were frankly awed at my acumen, doubtless supposing that I was some biggie from the garment center. So harmonious was the atmosphere and so obliging the staff that my companion bought a few other articles—an expensive negligee, a couple of imported handbags, six pairs of shoes, and some diamond clips suitable for sportswear. At her request, and for a bumper fee, all the purchases were dispatched by messenger to her hotel, and a floorwalker, rubbing his hands and bowing obsequiously, escorted us to the credit office, where she was to make payment. Suddenly, as she was rummaging in her bag, she emitted a startled exclamation. "My traveller's checks!" she gasped. "They're gone—they've been stolen! No—no—wait! I remember now—I left them behind at the hotel."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Keep your shirts on! I'll find you some violence."

DRUMMING his fingers on the desktop, Seamus Mandamus, my lawyer, regarded me fixedly for several seconds over his glasses. "I see," he said with infinite sympathy. "So you helped her out, I take it. You wrote a check for the amount and then returned to her hotel so she could reimburse you."

I stared at him nonplussed. "How did you know?"

"Oh, just instinct." His smile radiated sheer benevolence. "Now, let me guess. When you got there, Mrs. Cropsey remembered something else. She *hadn't* left her checks in the hotel safe, as she thought at first, but in her room. So you accompanied her upstairs—right?"

"It wasn't a room—it was a suite," I corrected. "She had a living room with a pantry, a bedroom—"

"Yes, yes, I know what a suite is," he said impatiently. "Anyhow, there was a fifth of Scotch and some ice in the pantry, so she invited you to fix a drink while she went into the bedroom to fetch the checks."

"This is uncanny!" I exclaimed. "I swear, you sound as though you'd been there the whole time."

"If I had, Buster, you wouldn't be sitting here now with an ashen face," he rejoined. "One minor point, though. How did you reconcile the bottle of hooch with the lady's earlier statement that she never drank anything stronger than fruit juice?"

"Why—uh—it didn't occur to me," I said. "I may have been a little fuzzy from the Side Cars."

"And the strain of shopping and all." He nodded benignly. "But I imagine the fuzziness evaporated pronto when Mrs. Cropsey reappeared, eh? Weren't you startled that she had slipped into something more comfortable—something clinging and filmy?"

"Great Scott, man, you must be clairvoyant!" I marvelled. "Matter of fact, I *was* bowled over. But then, on top of everything, before I could catch my breath, those two hooligans with the camera burst in. There was this blinding flash—"

"You needn't go on," he interrupted. "It's cut and dried, a standard procedure. Did the fair one break into hysterical sobs after they left and lock herself in the bedroom?"

"You took the words out of my mouth," I said. "I hammered on the door for over half an hour, but not a tumble did I get. That was the last of Rhonda Cropsey."

"Not quite," replied Mandamus gently. "In case you still don't know the score, it becomes my painful duty to enlighten you. You are currently a corespondent in the divorce action of Cropsey v. Cropsey, and a large, angry department store whose check you stopped is suing you for eleven hundred and eighty-five dollars in merchandise. I wonder whether you've learned anything from this experience."

I certainly had, though I wouldn't admit it to *that* shyster. The next time I see a bottle on a beach—or anywhere else—I intend to compress my lips in a thin line and kick it out of my path. And that goes for all twelve-year-old brats on the Nantucket boat and their blasted mothers.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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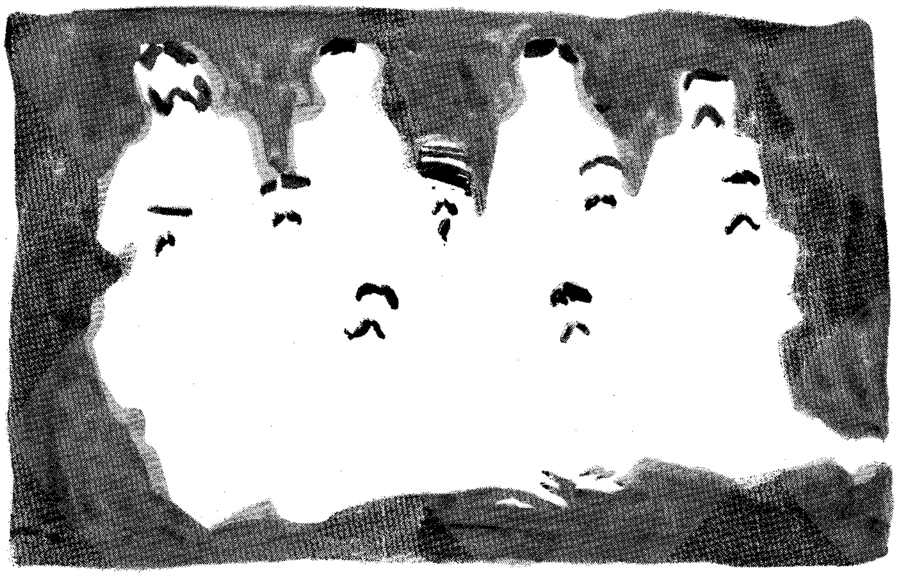
As the changes at the official residence were being completed, Mme. Pompidou took over an apartment on the fashionable Ile Saint Louis, overlooking Notre Dame, which she also completely redecorated.—*Los Angeles Times.*

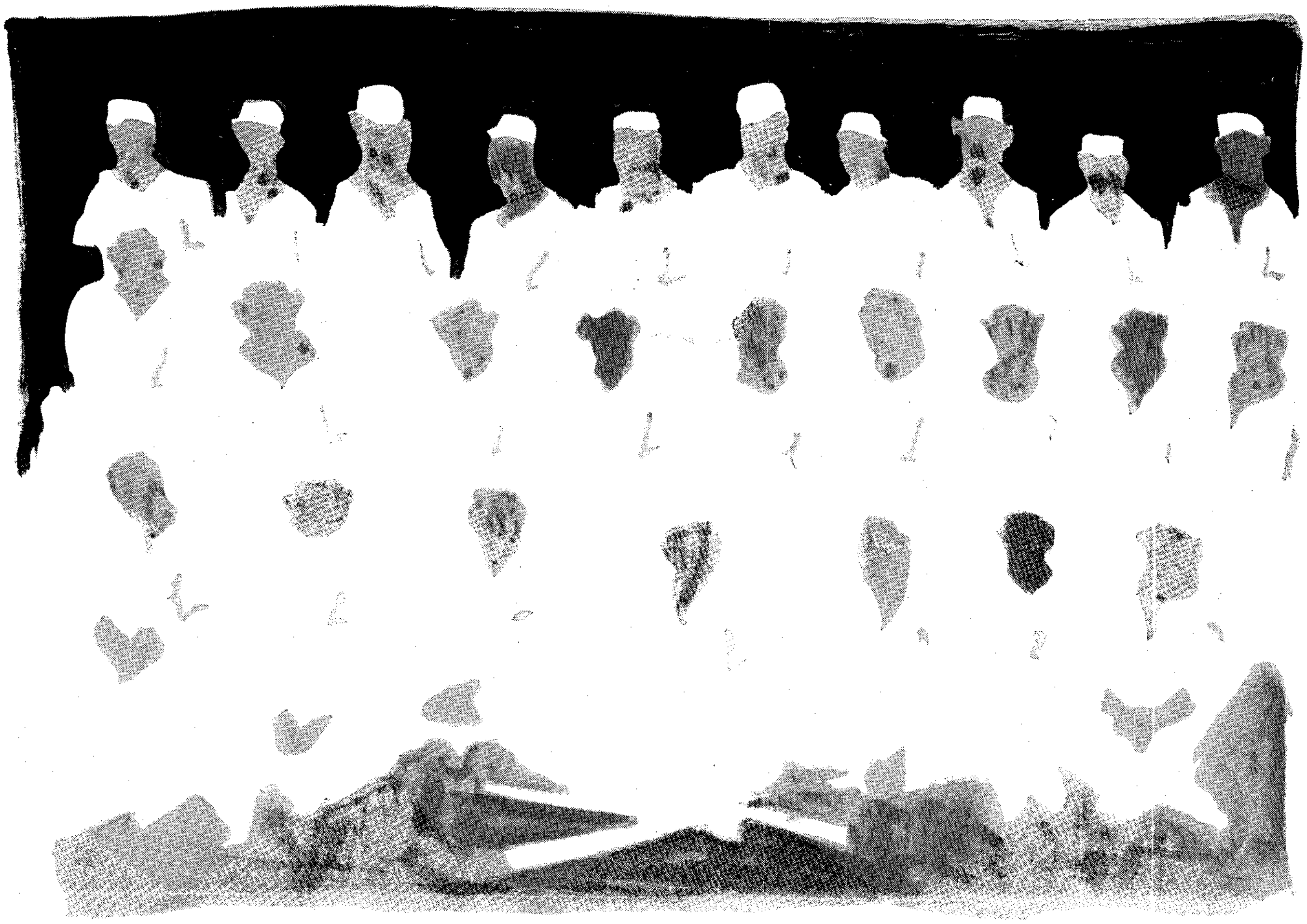
No small task, either.

Lions 1876-1969



BASEBALL CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAM

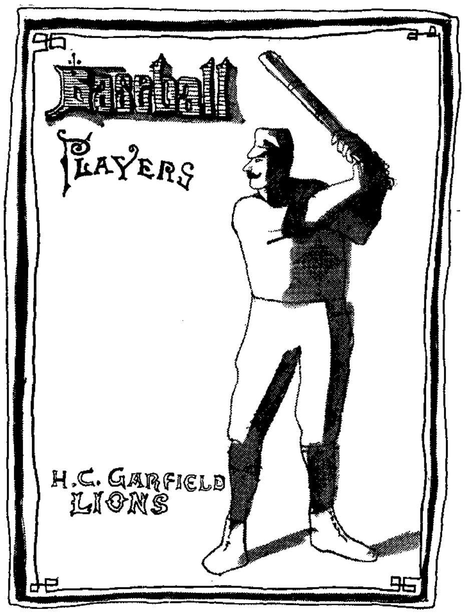
The Lions, 1876: One of the pioneer professional teams, it was formed out of "MacAllister's Nonpareils," a celebrated amateur nine that played all comers in countrywide barnstorming tours. Player-owner James MacAllister (the Grand Marshal) is in the center of the second row *(above)*. Hardly a fan is now alive who remembers watching these heroes play at the old Sunshine Park in the National League's infancy, when the team was also known as the "Sunnies."



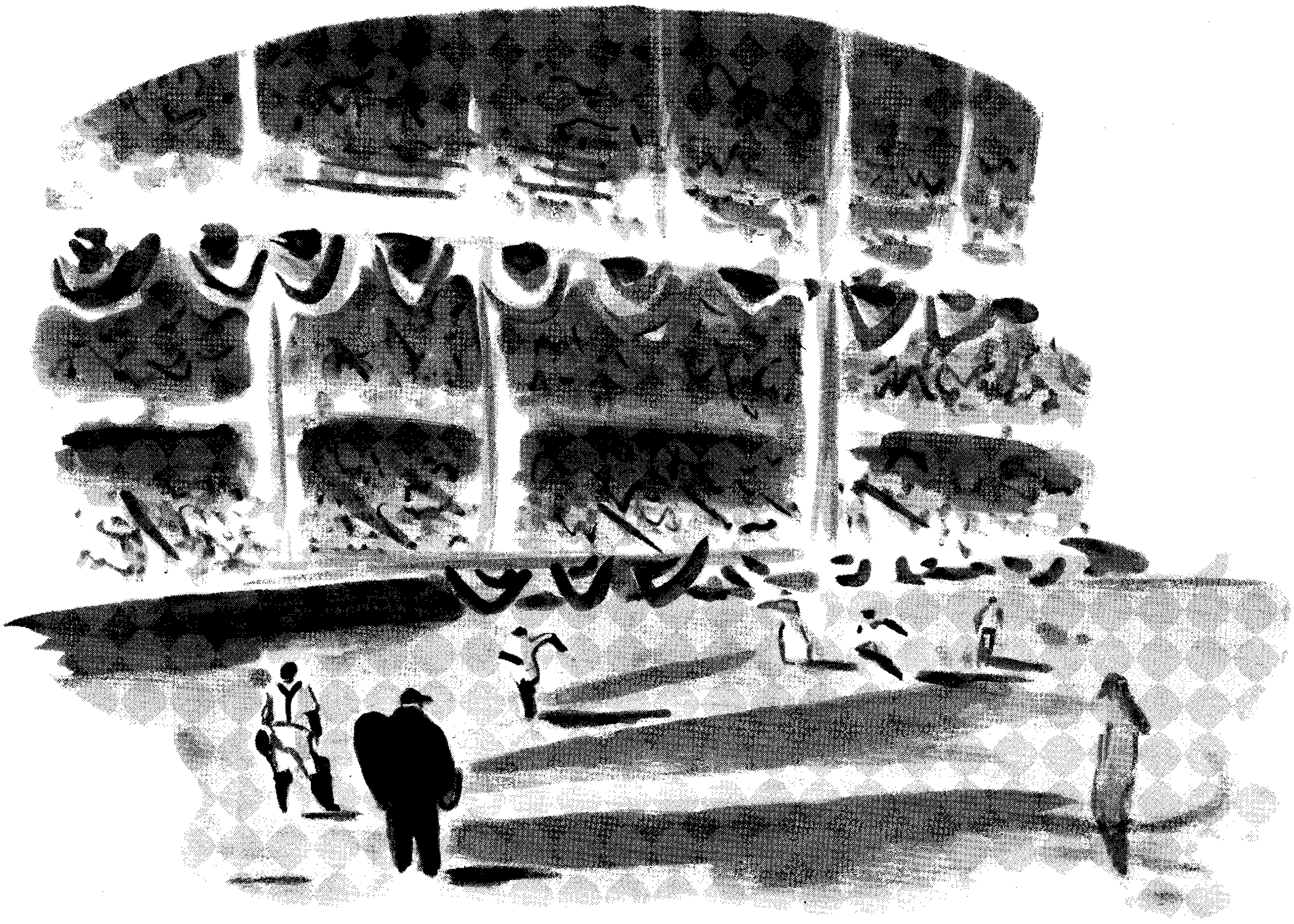
The Lions, 1969: Here is the well-balanced Leonine squad that will keep turnstiles spinning as Manager Matty Hollingsworth builds toward pennant contention. Talent includes veteran outfielder Frisco Hernandez *(second from right, second row)*, who led club last year with .289 and 55 RBIs, and fireballer Erv Gossett *(third from left, top row)*, who compiled impressive rookie credentials with his 2.53 ERA and 13–11 record, to say nothing of those 177 whiffs!

A famous team looks back over the years (and ahead!) as professional baseball celebrates its 100th birthday

"The Lions will roar today!" This famous rallying cry, first uttered by an unknown bleacherite back when baseball was young and the Lions were terrorizing the National League, has a special meaning in 1969, as professional baseball celebrates its one-hundredth year in the American heartland. Today, a century after the Cincinnati Red Stockings turned professional and swept to an undefeated first season, the Lions *are still snarling!* One of the oldest teams in the game, dating back to the founding of the senior circuit in 1876, our Lions have stood like a rock at the center of the great American pastime, representing the selfsame city down through the years and bringing joy to four generations of devoted fans. Though the team's limited triumphs in recent years have tested the faithful, these fans are looking ahead, not backward, as they flock to Lion Stadium this summer to cheer on the young Lions with which President Brandy Banzhoff and pilot Matty Hollingsworth are taking dead aim on a playoff spot and then a pennant and a World Championship, within the next two *or three years! Only last summer*, when the Lions briefly clawed their way into the first division in June, growing crowds at the Lions' Den were *buzzing* in happy anticipation of a rebirth of the long-delayed glory days, when the "Lions' share" usually meant another Champions' flag fluttering from the center-field pole. It was not to be, but this year, with the Lions playing in one of the new six-team divisions, prospects are definitely bullish for a stronger finish—a prelude to that October afternoon when we can all shout once again, "The Lions will roar today!"



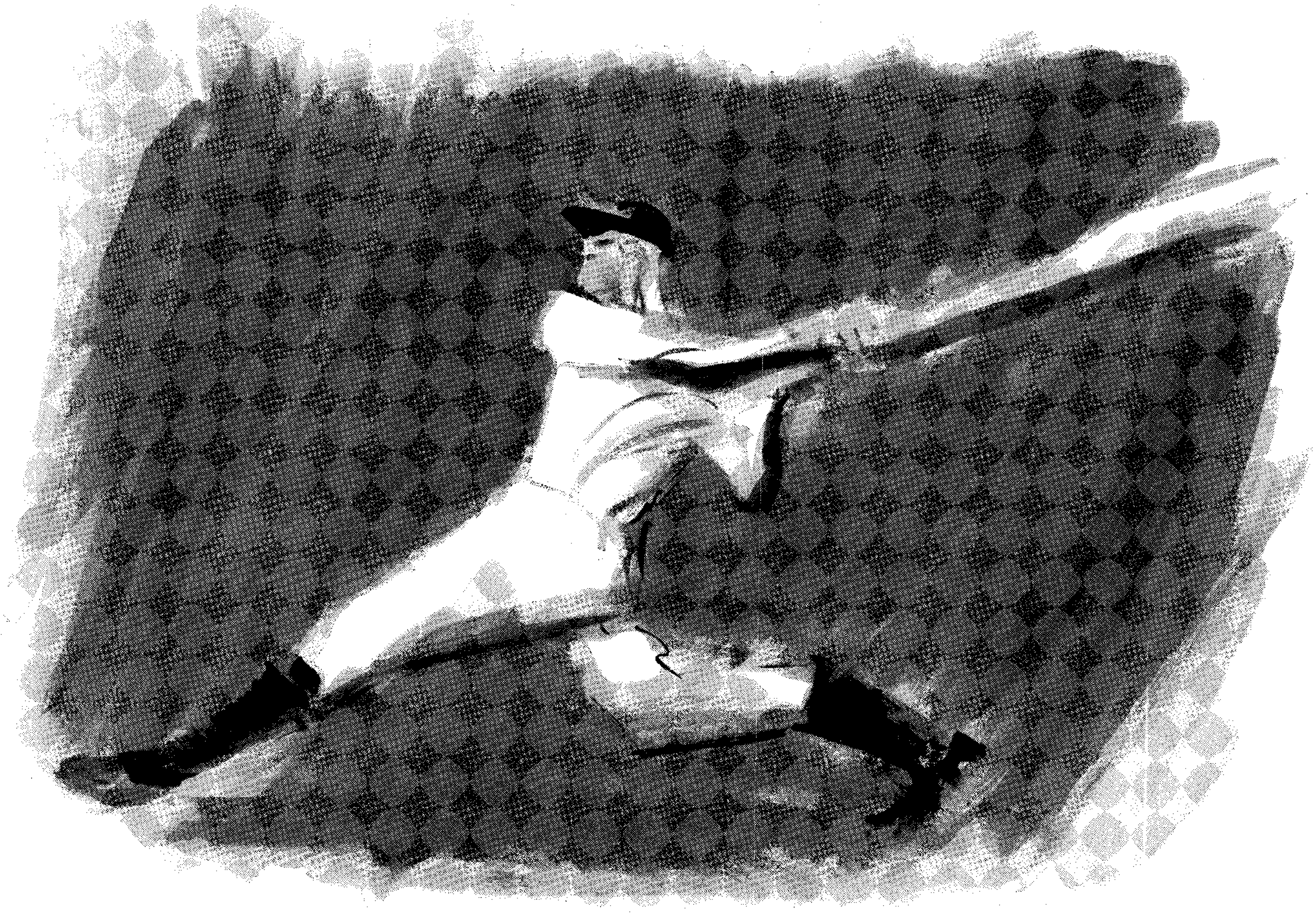
Memento: Back when Granddad was a boy, young fans swapped baseball cards with likenesses of their diamond deities. Hulton (Hub) Garfield was a fixture at the Lions' hot corner in old century's last decade.



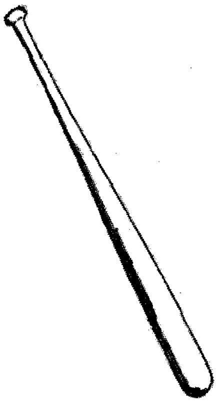
Last Lion Pennant, less than two decades ago, culminated in inside-the-park homer by Lion first baseman Ron Cavallo, which apparently won sixth game to tie up World Series dogfight. But umpire then ruled that Pete Boggs *(center on basepath)* had failed to touch third, thus wiping out rally and awarding Series to A.L. champs. Famous rhubarb ensued. Many Lion fans, still believing they "wuz robbed," await revenge in a new Lions fall classic. How about *next year*, fellas?

We remember . . .

Bygone Lion greats live on in the hearts of their fans



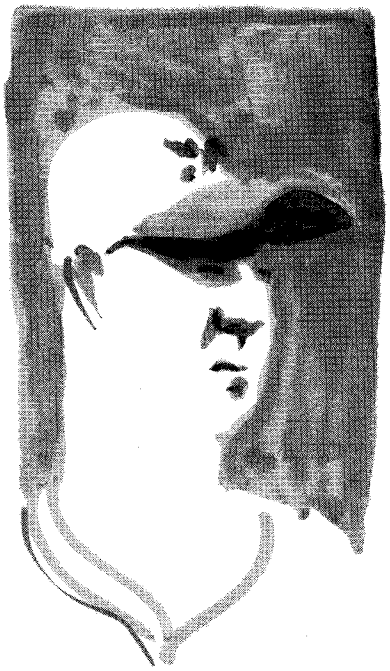
Greatest Lion: Bud (Blaster) Riegel, Lions' incomparable center fielder, sparked club for eleven years, 1924-34. Led league in homers six times, RBIs seven times. Lifetime batting average of .321. Twice voted Most Valuable Player. Hall of Fame, 1942. Died 1964. Commemorative statue at Lion Stadium dedicated at Opening Day ceremonies, 1966. The Blaster is shown above hitting his thirty-seventh round-tripper in 1928, against the Boston (now Atlanta) Braves.



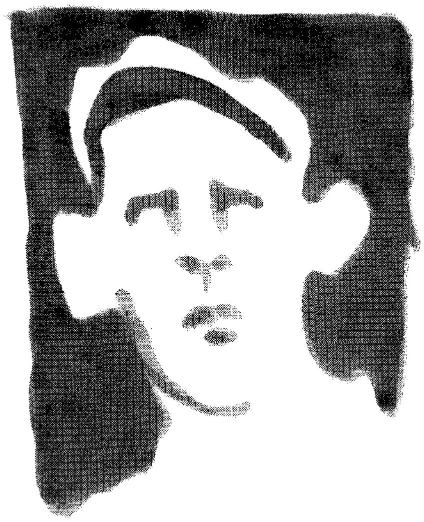
Riegel's Bat is now enshrined among other baseball mementos at the Cooperstown Museum.

Bud Riegel, Doc Berry, James MacAllister, Deke Conboy, Richie Maloof—these are the Lions whose names, a peal of trumpet notes in memory, are enshrined in baseball's Hall of Fame. And what a Lions roster veteran fans could compile to accompany these All-Timers! Jumbo Hoff, Chico Riveras, Sparrow Chadwick, Galen Calloway (he of the famed "torpedo ball" pitch), Laurie Meltzer, Ron Cavallo, Whitey Beschoff, Pop Philpott . . . Remember? Remember? And somewhere in today's Lions lineup, or perhaps just playing their first pro ball with one of the Lions' farm teams, are the future immortals of the game, now making their first bids for a place in baseball's history books and a future niche at Cooperstown. The great pastime goes on, and Fame, pencil in hand, sits in the stands, watching and keeping score.

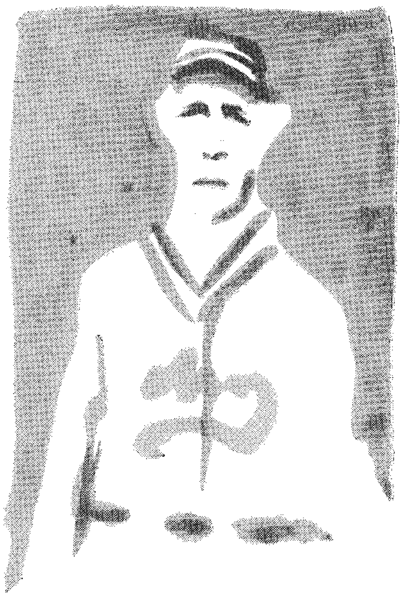
The Blaster returned to the Lions' Den for "Riegel Day," July 17, 1960, when he was honored by Mayor Judd and given sports car, luggage, plaque, and purse donated by grateful Lion fans.



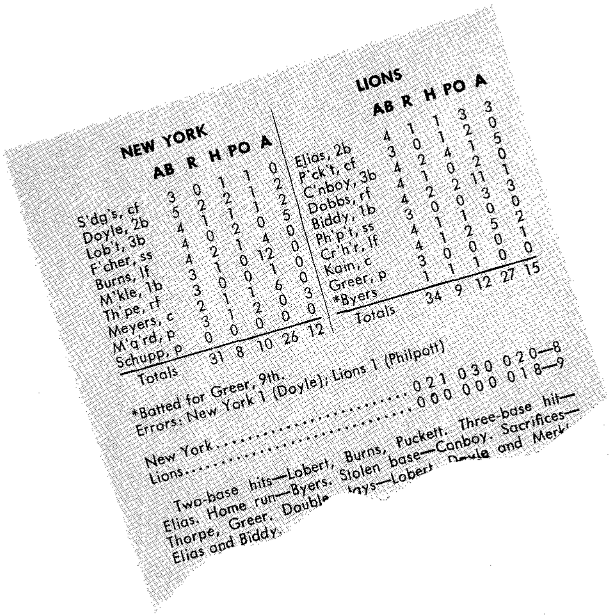
Jumbo Hoff, brawling catcher, played more than eleven hundred games as backstop for Lions during the "Roaring Twenties." Still holds club record for three successive round-trip clouts in April 27, 1926, game. Traded, he later played for five different clubs in both leagues. Retired to become a police officer on Florida's west coast.



Marvin (Doc) Berry, indomitable southpaw, won 147 games for Lions, 1914-23, with his puzzling sidearm delivery. Went the route in pitching four key World Series games, including clincher when Lions last won it all. The Doc, a retired veterinarian, now resides in Glendora, Calif., still follows Lions' fortunes at long distance.



Calvin (Farmer) Flett, taciturn infielder, figured in many a DP as he cavorted as Lions keystoner during team's first "glory days." A teetotaler and Baptist lay preacher, he was rarely known to speak to teammates or press. He vanished mysteriously during a train stop at Kirksville, Mo., in July, 1913, on a team Western swing, and was never seen again.



NEW YORK

	AB	R	H	PO	A
S'dg's, cf	3	0	1	1	0
Doyle, 2b	5	2	2	1	2
Lob't, 3b	4	1	1	1	2
F'cher, ss	4	0	2	0	5
Burns, lf	4	2	1	4	0
M'kle, 1b	3	1	0	12	0
Th'pe, rf	3	0	0	1	0
Meyers, c	2	1	1	6	0
M'q'rd, p	3	1	2	0	3
Schupp, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	8	10	26	12

LIONS

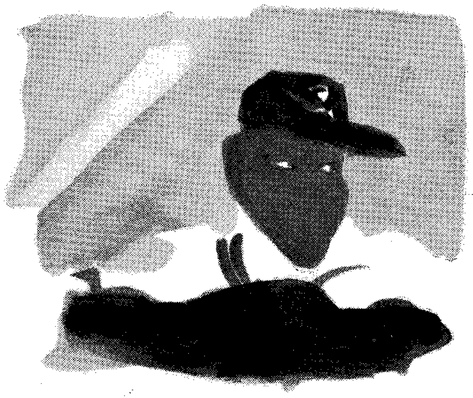
	AB	R	H	PO	A
Elias, 2b	4	1	1	3	3
P'ck't, cf	3	0	1	2	0
C'nboy, 3b	4	2	4	1	5
Dobbs, rf	4	1	0	2	0
Biddy, 1b	4	2	2	11	1
Ph'p't, ss	3	0	0	3	3
Cr'h'r, lf	4	1	1	0	0
Kain, c	4	1	2	5	2
Greer, p	3	0	0	0	1
*Byers	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	34	9	12	27	15

*Batted for Greer, 9th.
Errors: New York 1 (Doyle); Lions 1 (Philpott)

New York .... 0 2 1 0 3 0 0 2 0—8
Lions .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 8—9

Two-base hits—Lobert, Burns, Puckett. Three-base hit—Elias. Home run—Byers. Stolen base—Conboy. Sacrifices—Thorpe, Greer. Double ays—Lobert Doyle and Merk Elias and Biddy.

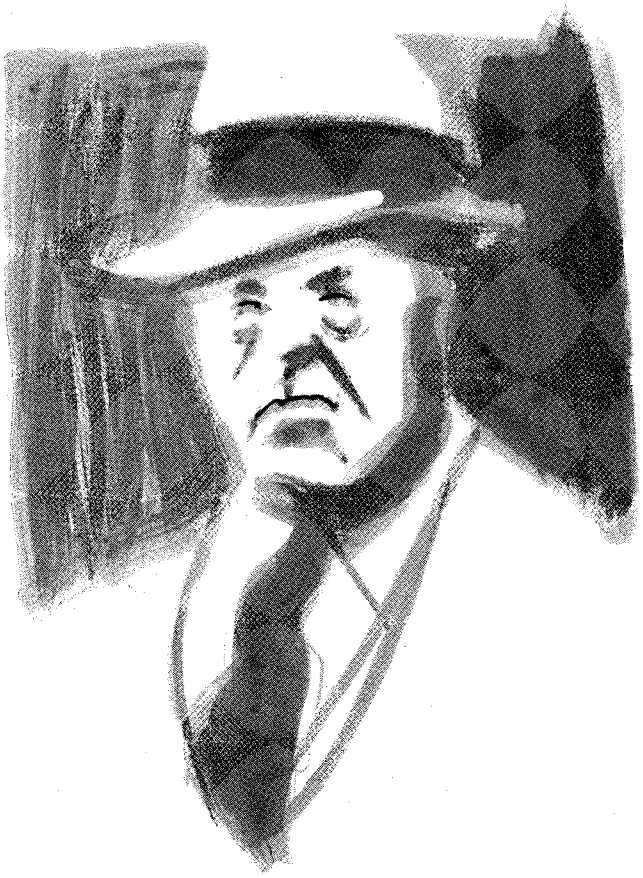
Old Box Score recalls famous comeback win by Lions over Giants in May, 1915.



Sparrow Chadwick, first Negro to play for Lions, broke into lineup (at age of thirty-two) with home run on first time at bat in majors, went on to become a much-feared leadoff batter and base runner. Pilfered 44 bases in 1952. The "Alabama Bird" won fans and teammates with his infectious humor. Now a filling-station manager and team scout in Columbia, S.C.

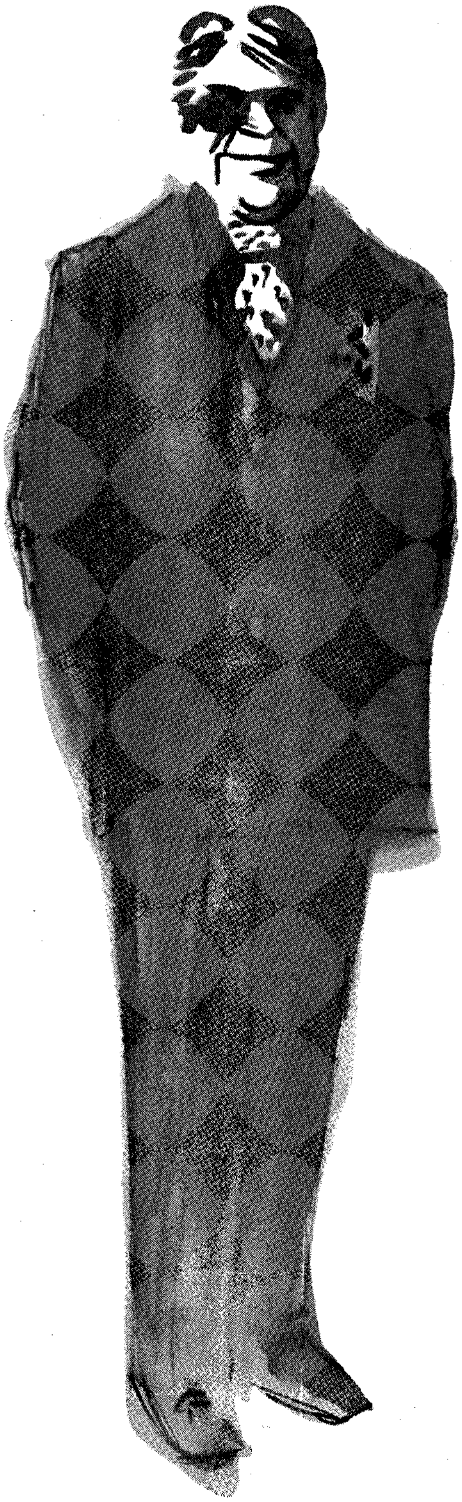
The "Other Team" . . .

The front office, wise in baseball's business, plots Lions' path back to the top



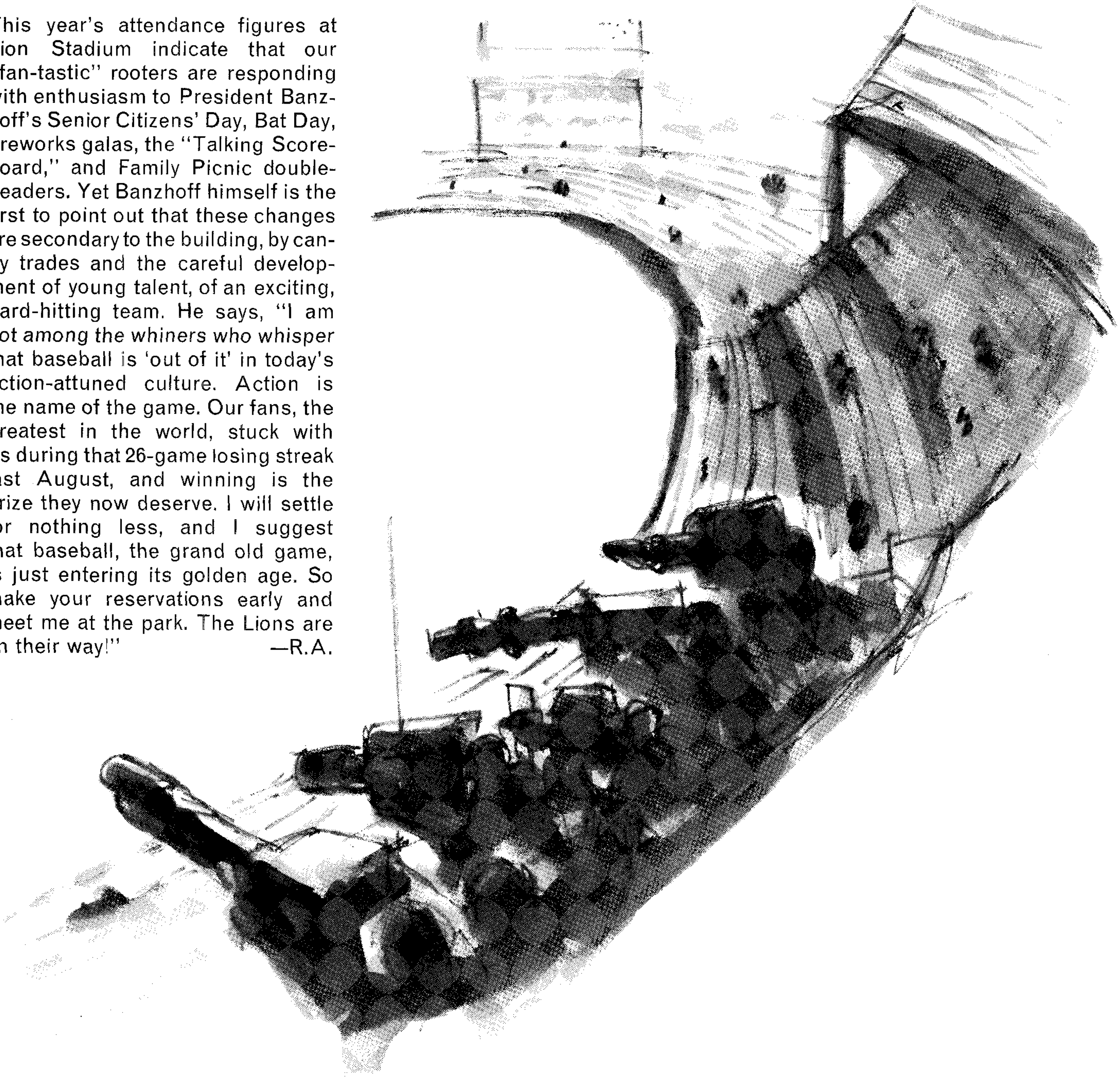
Famed Owner Col. D. L. (Red) Strublehoff, Jr., ran Lions with an iron hand, 1922-39. Hired and fired managers and players with impulsive grandeur. A great judge of talent, he acquired Bud Riegel during famed golf match with a rival owner. Resigned after battle over Commissioner's powers.

Inheritor of Lions' ownership was D. L. (Li'l David) Strublehoff III, club president 1939-42. Lifelong interest in game caused him to oppose night ball as bad for hitters and kid fans. Disillusioned, he sold team in World War II to return to family meat-packing business.

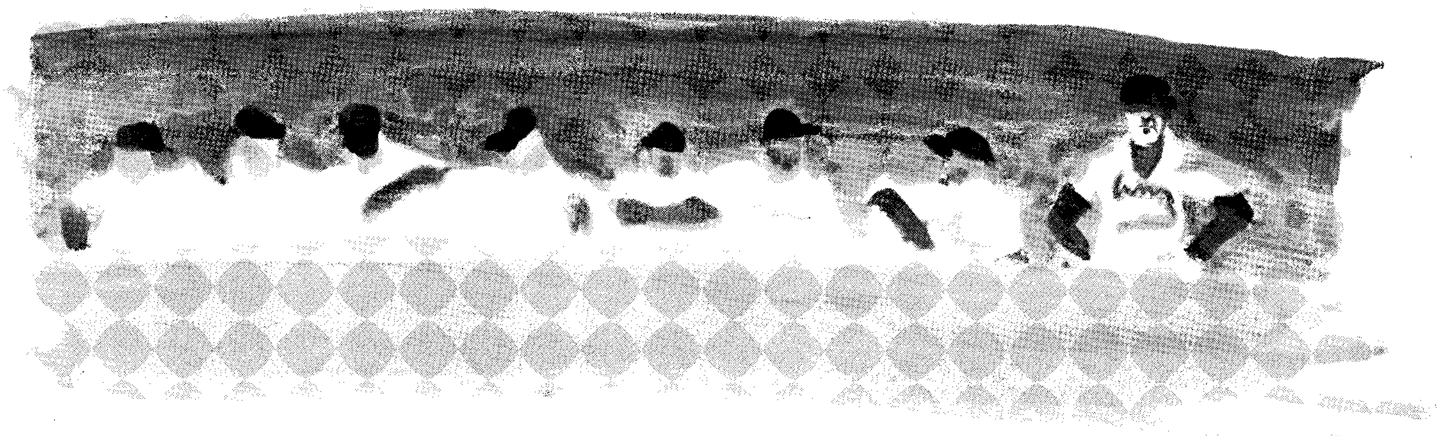


New President Brandon Banzhoff heads eleven-man combine that acquired control two years ago. Owns nationwide chain of dry-cleaning shops. Likable Brandon has quelled rumors of a shift of franchise for the Lions, now works night and day to brighten Lions' "image" as a young, coming team.

This year's attendance figures at Lion Stadium indicate that our "fan-tastic" rooters are responding with enthusiasm to President Banzhoff's Senior Citizens' Day, Bat Day, fireworks galas, the "Talking Scoreboard," and Family Picnic doubleheaders. Yet Banzhoff himself is the first to point out that these changes are secondary to the building, by canny trades and the careful development of young talent, of an exciting, hard-hitting team. He says, "I am *not among the whiners who whisper* that baseball is 'out of it' in today's action-attuned culture. Action is the name of the game. Our fans, the greatest in the world, stuck with us during that 26-game losing streak last August, and winning is the prize they now deserve. I will settle for nothing less, and I suggest that baseball, the grand old game, is just entering its golden age. So make your reservations early and meet me at the park. The Lions are on their way!" —R.A.



New Medium of television has brought baseball into millions of homes, made new Lion fans out of Mom and Sis, too. They learn from colorful commentary of Lou Levitan and his sidekicks, then join crowds at stadium for "the real thing."



STEVENSON

The Dugout: Manager Hollingsworth *(right)* keeps a knowing eye on field action during a typical midsummer set-to.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INDIAN JOURNAL

VI—THE HIMALAYAS: TOWARD THE DEAD LAND

BHUTAN: *To outsiders, until recently,* the Kingdom of Bhutan, which has a population of about seven hundred thousand and an area of about eighteen thousand square miles, was little more than a mysterious rectangle on the map in the Assam Himalayas, between the North East Frontier Agency, or NEFA, and the Protectorate of Sikkim. Bhutan, which the Bhutanese call Drukyul (Land of the Thunder Dragon), was autonomous and had a closed-door policy, and in historical times no more than a score of Europeans had managed to enter it. Moreover, it had no towns, no post offices, no shops, and no law courts or other instruments of public administration. Its government was feudal and autocratic, and its economy was based on serfdom and barter. A well-known article on Bhutan, written for the Encyclopædia Britannica around 1900 by the Superintendent of Frontier Surveys of India, Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich, noted:

> Subordinate officers and rapacious governors of forts wield all the power of the state, and tyranny, oppression, and anarchy reign over the whole country. The Dharm raja [the spiritual ruler] succeeds as an incarnation of the deity. On the death of a Dharm raja a year or two elapses, and the new incarnation then reappears in the shape of a child who generally happens to be born in the family of a principal officer. The child establishes his identity by recognizing the cooking utensils, &c., of the late Dharm raja; he is then trained in a monastery, and on attaining his majority is recognized as raja, though he exercises no more real authority in his majority than he did in his infancy. The Deb raja [the temporal ruler] . . . in practice . . . is merely the nominee of whichever of the two governors of East and West Bhutan happens for the time to be the more powerful. . . . The people are oppressed and poor. "Nothing that a Bhutia [Bhutanese] possesses is his own," wrote the British envoy in 1864: "he is at all times liable to lose it if it attracts the cupidity of any one more powerful than himself. . . . There never was, I fancy, a country in which the doctrine of 'might is right' formed more completely the whole and sole law and custom of the land than it does in Bhutan."

In 1907, however, the reigning Dharm raja having died and the reigning Deb raja retired to a life of contemplation, political and ecclesiastical forces chose the strongest feudal lord, Ugyen Wangchuk, as hereditary maharaja—the first man to be so named in Bhutan. Nonetheless, for a time the effective government continued to reside, as it had for centuries, with numerous feudal lords, each of whom maintained order and wielded the power of life and death over the people living in the vicinity of his *dzong* (or fortress). Today, although the *dzongs* are still the centers of administration, the present heir of Ugyen Wangchuk, Maharaja Jigme Dorji Wangchuk, who is in his late thirties, enjoys dominion over all of Bhutan. He has the nucleus of a government, with a Secretary-General, who looks after economic development, and a Chief Secretary, who looks after civil administration.

Bhutan has always been a stronghold of black magic, and to this day the practice of witchcraft is common everywhere. Bon, a form of shamanism, is the main religion, though the Bhutanese do observe Buddhism or Hinduism to some degree. The benefits of technology—white magic, in a manner of speaking—first became known in Bhutan in the late fifties, when, with the help of the Indian government, Bhutan cleared a space in the forest and established a new township named Phuntsholing (Beginning of Everything) in the foothills on the Indo-Bhutanese border, just inside the Bhutan Gate. (There actually is a gate—a high wooden one.) Soon afterward, again with the help of the Indian government (between 1960 and 1966 India gave Bhutan technical and financial assistance to the amount of a hundred and twenty million rupees, or sixteen million dollars), work was begun on the first road. For this project, and for others like it, every man and woman in Bhutan was required to work for one month out of every year on construction, under a system of more or less forced labor. That first road, which today can be traversed by jeep, goes up from Phuntsholing to Thimbu, the capital under construction, and on to Paro, the interim capital.

ABOUT three miles up from Phuntsholing on the Thimbu-Paro road is the new Don Bosco Technical School. I first learned about the school while it was still in the planning stage, from "New Frontier for Christianity at the Top of the World," a pamphlet distributed in the United States by the Salesian Society of the Catholic Church. After noting that the Bhutanese government had donated forty acres of land, and that boys over the age of twelve would receive instruction at the school in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and also in the elements of carpentry, mechanics, and agriculture, the pamphlet stated, "With God's help . . . school buildings will rise in Bhutan. . . . The first Catholic church will be built and the work of spreading the Faith will begin." The reader was invited to "adopt" a Bhutanese boy, and a picture of a smiling boy was reproduced, with the caption "Just $5.00 will support a boy for one full month. Just $60.00 will support a boy for one full year." The text explained, "If you wish to adopt a Bhutanese boy, his photograph, name, and all particulars will be sent to you. In addition, you will receive letters from your adopted son translated from Bhutanese and, later, in English as he learns the language."

In 1966, while travelling in India and around its borders, I visit the Don Bosco Technical School, which stands a little off the road, in a large clearing, with heavily forested mountains in the background. So far, it consists only of four Quonset huts—the familiar long aluminum sheds with arched roofs and rows of vents for windows. The huts form a quadrangle. From one of them come the halting, languorous voices of boys reciting: "Don Bosco, Apostle of Youth, we beg you to intercede for all the youth of the world and especially for the youth of the mission to Bhutan, that they may be inspired by the ideals of Christian love, labor, and modesty, and thus obtain the grace to join you and Our Lady in Paradise." Pacing in front of another

"Don't ever leave me, darling."

• •

of the huts is a tall, lean, youngish man, who has blue eyes and blond hair and is dressed in a white cassock. He is the principal, the Reverend Philip Giraudo. After an exchange of greetings, he takes me into his office, a small room that contains no decoration, no books, no papers, no filing cases—only a couple of wooden chairs, a plain wooden table, and, on the table, a figurine of Christ with one hand pressed over His heart, the other raised in an attitude of benediction.

"Pick him up," Father Philip says.

I do. A thin, tinny sound issues from the figurine. It is music, played at an extremely slow tempo and a little off key. I recognize the melody—Schubert's "Ave Maria." Father Philip remains silent until the music has come to a halt. Then he takes the figurine and sets about winding it up.

"Are the boys encouraged to become Christians?" I ask.

"We don't try to convert any of the boys, but we will be very happy if any of them should decide to become Christians," Father Philip says.

I ask him about Don Bosco, for whom the school is named, and Father Philip tells me that he was an Italian saint, named Giovanni Bosco, who was born in the Piedmont in 1815, just after the Battle of Waterloo, and grew up in the confusion of the industrial revolution. At the age of nine, he had the first of a series of prophetic dreams that determined the course of his life. In the dream he saw savage animals becoming gentle and unruly children becoming obedient. The dream decided his vocation for him: to work among poor boys as a priest and teacher. He did this work until his death, in 1880, founding in Turin the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales, a hostel for apprentices and schoolboys that in time became a trade school, and eventually establishing the Salesian Congregation—later Society—which spread to Spain and France, and sent its first mission to work among the Indians of Patagonia. At last count, the Society had twenty-five thousand priests working in seventy-five countries.

"I was the prefect of the Salesian school in Shillong," Father Philip says, setting the figurine down. Shillong, the capital of the State of Assam, is a hundred and seventy-five miles southeast of Bhutan. "Some of the first Bhutanese children to be educated came to us there a few years ago. Because of those children, His Majesty Jigme Dorji Wangchuk invited us to open a school here. We have fine students. They're optimistic, and they have a lot of enthusiasm for anything new. Our motto is 'Learn and Produce.' "

An Indian priest looks in. Father Philip introduces him as the school economer, the Reverend Thomas Arackal, from the State of Kerala. "He has written an article about the school," Father Philip says. "He can tell you all about it."

"Father Philip is a very good linguist," Father Thomas says. "He speaks Hindi, Assamese, Bengali, Nepalese, Garo, and, now, perfect Bhutanese."

"I'm just learning Bhutanese," Father Philip says.

"This is the only technical school in Bhutan, but it is probably also the best general school," Father Thomas goes on. "The boys come here on foot from all over the country. The journey can take days."

"They come here after attending primary schools, and they learn very quickly," Father Philip says.

"How long has the school been going?" I ask.

"Since May, 1965, but we already have sixty boys, ten of them Tibetan," Father Thomas says. "This place was all jungle, which was cut down for us by the Bhutan Engineering Service. And then these Quonset huts were put up. It is so different from Calcutta, where I was before. I have not had much time to travel in Bhutan—we've been so busy. I have never been to Thimbu or Paro, or anywhere, but then I like it here. The students are so good."

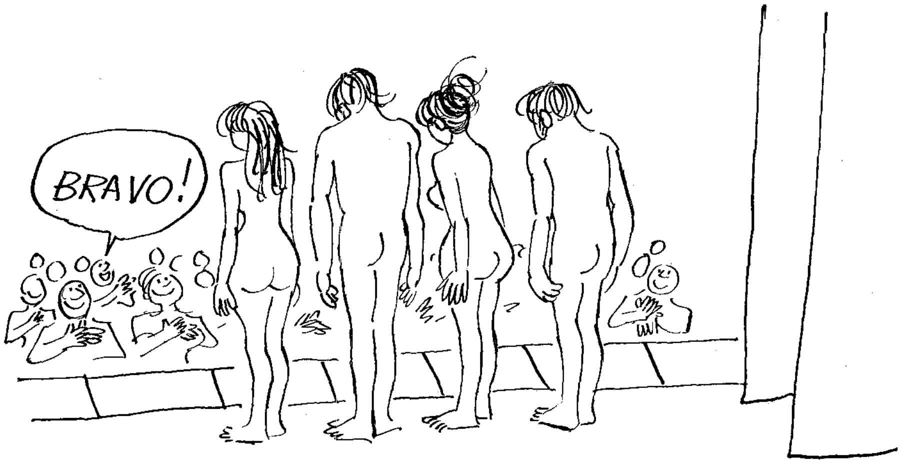
Father Thomas and Father Philip show me through the school—through the few classrooms, through the carpentry shop, and through the machine shop. As yet, there is no electricity in the school, and everything in the workshops is hand-driven and handmade, including the wrenches, the pliers, the hinges, and the nuts and bolts in the machine shop.

"We hope to add a motor-repair shop," Father Philip says. "It will take some time. You must remember that until a few years ago the Bhutanese had never seen a nail or a wheel."

TODAY, I am riding in a jeep up the Thimbu-Paro road. It runs along beside the turbulent Thimbu River, which flows out of Tibet and empties into the Brahmaputra. The river loops around the hills and mountains, and so does the road. The road, however, shoots up hundreds of feet and then drops down hundreds of feet, and it crisscrosses the river over an endless series of insubstantial-looking bridges. Sometimes it snakes through oppressive rain forests, where the hills are of loose mud and look as if they might slide down and bury the road—as, indeed, they do during heavy rains—and eventually it reaches the open, rocky plateaus of the higher ranges. Along the way, swarms of laborers, many of them Nepalese or Sikkimese migrant workers or Tibetan refugees, are clearing forests, blasting mountainsides, and breaking and hauling stones. They occupy roadside camps that are collections of little wooden shacks, thatched *bashas* (or bamboo huts), and canvas shelters.

Thimbu is in the river valley, whose slopes, scattered with stunted trees, rise and dissolve into dark mountains, which, in turn, disappear in snow and fog; it is dusk. My driver speaks only Bhutanese, and all I can gather is that his name is Lengo. First, he drives to a sort of compound at the head of the valley, where he stops and talks with a couple of sentries posted at the gates. Then he drives into the compound and stops in front of a small, elegant house, daintily carved, like a jewel box. The house is shuttered, and Lengo drives on to a second, smaller house in the compound; this house is also shuttered. He then drives all around the compound, stopping to talk with several sentries.

After that, Lengo drives out of the compound and down the valley to a huge edifice with clay walls so high and thick that they might conceal a city. He stops and gets out. I make a move to follow, but he indicates that I should remain in the jeep. Lengo disappears through a gateway, and soon returns, climbs into the jeep, and starts back toward the compound. On the way, he stops in front of a big, solid-looking house, built of raw pine and with a slanted roof, that resembles a Swiss chalet. The house is on stilts and is entered by a tall ladder. Lengo goes up the ladder and into the house. After some time, he comes down and indicates that I should go up. I do. The door at the top of the ladder is open. It is a planklike affair ingeniously hung on wooden swivels, with a high wooden slat for a doorsill. I put one foot over the sill and into the house. As I do so, I barely clear a wooden beam that suddenly looms overhead. A powerfully built man with an enormous head is standing just inside, and he grips my hand. We are in a large room, the walls of which are covered with coarse, heavy cloth painted with flower designs in bright primary colors. About the room are squat divans, and these are covered with lush carpets, also in bright primary colors. In the middle of the room there is a stove with a fire in it, and around this are gathered several men and one young girl. All of them are stocky, have broad faces with high cheekbones and almond-shaped eyes, and resemble many of the other Indo-Mongoloid people who live in the Himalayas. The girl can speak a little English. She says she will interpret.



I ask many questions, about Thimbu and the Maharaja, the government, and the people, but I don't get coherent answers. Although the girl speaks English with a charming accent, which, surprisingly, is reminiscent of Charles Boyer's, her knowledge of the language is so fragmentary and unidiomatic that it is hard to get even the drift of her remarks. Eventually, though, I gather that I am in the house of the Chief Secretary and that he is the man who received me at the door.

I ask the Chief Secretary if it will be possible for me to meet the Maharaja.

As best I can make out, the answer is that the Maharaja is camping somewhere near Punakha, and Punakha is a long march from Thimbu. If I like, I can march there, but because of a recent snowfall the trails, never good, are especially bad. The Maharaja himself would have been very happy to march to see me in Thimbu, but he is not very well just now.

Before long, I reconcile myself to the fact that my impressions of Bhutan are bound to be sketchy.

Jewel box in compound is palace. Huge edifice is new *dzong*. When completed, will contain monastery offices with filing cabinets, bathrooms with plumbing, an eating place with waiters, and an electric lift.

Military unit parading in Thimbu with matchlock guns.

Paro. Another river valley. Beautiful. Improvement of agriculture and animal husbandry. Introduction of small-scale industries and modern medicine. (For all diseases, the Bhutanese seem to use the word "*dha*," which actually means "gonorrhea.")

Houses made of mud blocks five feet thick. Ingenious system of joins.

Bakkhu, baggy robe with all-purpose pouch in front above waist.

Monastery. Butter lamps. Bodhisattvas—thirty-foot figures of unbaked clay. Last for years because of cold climate. Everywhere, in strong reds, yellows, and blues, painted demons, lucky symbols, Trees of Life, Heavens and Hells.

Ritualistic dances. Death's-heads. Masks of clay and wood depicting grim faces from nether worlds.

Royal family and a few members of government beginning to use wheels and nails—the new system of magic.

SIKKIM: The Protectorate of Sikkim, which the Sikkimese also call Denjong (Land of Rice), which has a population of about a hundred and seventy thousand and an area of about twenty-six hundred square miles, and which is stuck between Bhutan and Nepal like a postage stamp, is my next port of call. I'm travelling in a jeep up a hill road—a thirty-five-mile-long zigzag that goes past hamlets, forests, waterfalls, lakes, scrub, and moss-grown rock, and that rises from Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, which is at six thousand feet above sea level, to the most strategically important pass of the entire Himalayan rampart, Natu La, at fourteen thousand four hundred feet above sea level. The hill road is part of a road system—once an ancient caravan route for trade in tea, salt, incense, spices, and silks—that, starting in Lhasa and passing through the Chumbi Valley, over Natu La, and through Sikkim, descends to the Siliguri Gap; if the Siliguri Gap were ever to fall to the Chinese, Bhutan, NEFA, Assam, and Nagaland (a small tribal state in the Assam Himalayas) would be cut off from India. Natu La, where today Tibet ends and Sikkim begins, and where Indian and Chinese troops confront each other, is the point at which India hopes to stop any Chinese advance toward Siliguri. In the jeep with me, besides the driver, is a major from the Indian Army's public-relations office. He's a Punjabi

AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
Richter

with a matter-of-fact manner. "We must hurry back from Natu La," he is saying, in a flat voice. "It has been snowing at Natu La for nearly twenty days non-stop; the snow let up only yesterday, and fog is a routine feature on this road. It's as bright as anything now, but thick fog and darkness often cover this road by four in the afternoon. To navigate in that kind of pea soup you need a driver who knows every twist and turn by heart. Even then it takes two to navigate—one to look out the window, the other to drive. And just the other day I had to walk in front of my jeep for miles to guide the driver down the road."

Our driver is now repeatedly racing the motor, but the front wheels have disappeared into a huge snowdrift and our jeep is stuck. Fortunately, Natu La is only a thousand yards away. The major and I put on snow boots, take up walking sticks, and, leaving the driver to dig the jeep out, begin trekking up to the pass. Winds lash us and throw us back. With every step, we gasp for air. The drifts are so deep that our walking sticks are of little help.

"Routine features," the major remarks.

We trudge on, bracing each other. We come upon some *jawans* (or recruits) urging a train of mules laden with tins of kerosene up toward the pass. The mules can't budge for the snow, which is almost up to their flanks.

"You want to break their legs?" the major shouts.

The *jawans* turn around and salute. Then they set about hoisting the tins onto their own backs.

"It's a matter of honor with the officers to see that the best stuff is sent straight up to the *jawans* at Natu La," the major says as we gasp along. "It's a matter of honor to send up fresh rations each day as long as the road is open. The *jawans* get meat three times a week, and water and fuel for two baths a week. It's a routine feature to give the *jawans* holiday time in Gangtok, where they can get a haircut and go to the cinema."

Now an abandoned bulldozer with snow still heaped on the blade obstructs the path. Now there is a black rock face on one side, a black abyss on the other, and a formation of ravens overhead. Now all is white. We traverse a tortuous gully of snow and a ledge scarcely a foot wide. A couple of stones roll down the rock face and crash at our feet. More stones pitch down and come to rest in a bank of snow a little ahead, where they balance precariously, as if lying in wait for us to draw abreast. Heads down, we continue to pick our way, testing the snow underfoot with each step, even though we know that there is no protection against slick patches. Finally, a snowfield with high, jutting, jagged ridges in the background comes into view. It is Natu La. On the ridges to our right are bunkers, and a few *jawans* with guns and field glasses are standing on guard outside them. The ridges on the left and in front seem completely desolate. Suddenly, from behind a rock on the far left, a Chinese soldier bobs up. In one hand he holds a rifle with a bayonet, in the other a camera.

"We are in excellent firing range," the major says. "It's a routine feature. But wait a minute." The Chinese soldier tucks the rifle under his arm and raises the camera. "He's taking our picture for their intelligence service. Say 'Birdie.' "

I say "Cheese."

The Chinese soldier ducks out of sight.

"It's very frustrating for our *jawans* not to know when the enemy may start something," the major says. "Recently, the Chinese gave us an ultimatum—we must remove our fortifications here. But there were no fortifications—only some old piles of stones. They were probably left here by Tibetan travellers for good luck. I brought up a number of correspondents and showed them the stones."

"And the stones were removed?" I ask.

"Oh, eventually somebody removed them."

The Chinese soldier returns with half a dozen other soldiers. They all have rifles and field glasses, and they peer through the glasses alternately at us and at the *jawans*. The ridges, which are the shoulders of the pass, are so close that the Indians and the Chinese can see each other quite well with the naked eye; with field glasses, one imagines, they can see each other so well that the enemy forces must have the illusion of being within handshaking distance.

INDIAN troops are in Sikkim because of an Indo-Sikkimese treaty, signed in 1950, that gave India the responsibility for Sikkim's defense—along with the right, considered basic to defense, to construct and maintain communications—and also for Sikkim's external affairs. Actually, the 1950 treaty only extended the status of Sikkim as a protectorate of India, which had been defined in a treaty signed in 1890. This status presented negligible problems until 1963. In that year, Palden Thondup Namgyal, who at the time was the Crown Prince, married Hope Cooke, an American. (Miss Cooke was born in San Francisco, in 1940, the only child of John J. and Hope Noyes Cooke. She met the Crown Prince during a holiday in Darjeeling while she was still a student at Sarah Lawrence, and married him a month after her graduation.) Upon the death of his father, the Crown Prince became the Maharaja of Sikkim. As a result of these two state events—which were reported in the press everywhere—certain differences between India and Sikkim crystallized. Some of these differences are ceremonial, like the form of address for the Maharaja and the Maharani; some are symbolic, like the elevation of the Maharaja's palace in Gangtok relative to the elevation of the nearby residency of the Political Officer, who is India's plenipotentiary for Sikkim and Bhutan; and some are substantive, like the provisions of the treaty.

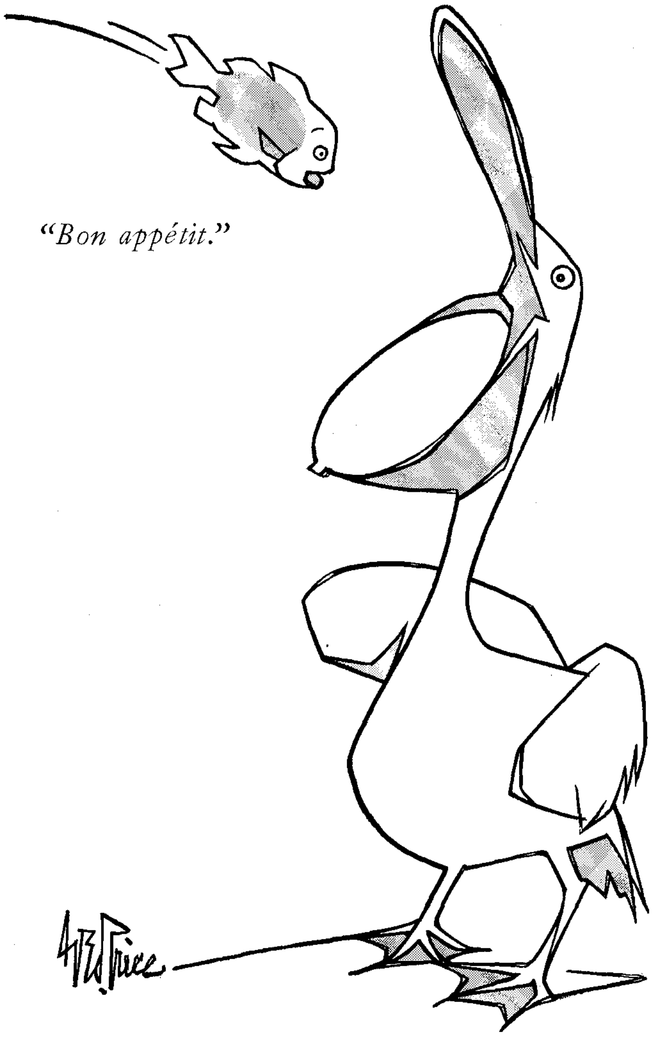
Throughout the raj, the form of address for the maharajas of all the princely states—which numbered some six hundred, enjoyed various degrees of autonomy, and included Sikkim and Bhutan—was "Your Highness." After Independence, when the princely states were merged into the Indian Union and the maharajas were divested of most of their powers and prerogatives, the Indian government granted all the maharajas the right to retain their old form of address. Sikkim and Bhutan, however, were not merged, partly because they were isolated up in the Himalayas, and partly because they were linked geographically, racially, and historically with Tibet and Nepal. When the relations between India and China soured, and Sikkim and Bhutan, among other regions of the Himalayas, were thrust into the forefront of the conflict, the Indian government, as one form of recognition of their new political importance, started addressing the Maharaja of Bhutan as "Your Majesty." Yet it continued to address the Maharaja of Sikkim as "Your Highness." From one point of view, the distinction amounted simply to a recognition of the real difference in the status of Bhutan and Sikkim—Bhutan all but sovereign, Sikkim an out-and-out protectorate. From another point of view, however, it seemed that the Maharaja of Sikkim, in being equated with the hundreds of titular maharajas, was being slighted. It is said that the present Maharaja of Sikkim would like to be on equal terms of address with the Maharaja of Bhutan, and that Hope Cooke's friends in the United States, who regard her as the first real American-born queen, would like to have her addressed as "Your Majesty." But the Indian government has had second thoughts about having granted this epithet—formerly reserved for the British Crown—to the Maharaja of Bhutan in the first place, and is reluctant to risk playing further havoc with the niceties of protocol by permitting its use in Sikkim. For the time being, the impasse has been circumvented: everyone calls Palden Thondup Namgyal "Your Highness" in his presence but refers to him in official discussions as (in addition to "the Maharaja" or "His Highness") "the Chogyal," which is Sikkimese for "the Heavenly King," and thus describes the absolute secular and spiritual powers with which he is endowed in the eyes of his subjects; similarly, Hope Cooke is called "Your Highness" in her presence, and otherwise (in addition to "the Maharani" or "Her Highness") "the Gyalmo," which is Sikkimese for "the Consort of Deities."

Again, Gangtok, which is a modern hill station (unlike Bhutan, Sikkim has had an open-door policy for nearly a century), is strung across a ridge that connects two hills, and it happens that the palace stands on the lower hill and the residency on the higher one. This is thought to express symbolically the relationship existing between the maharaja of the protectorate and the plenipotentiary of the protector country, for the Political Officer, since the time of the first one, John Claude White, who was appointed to the office in 1888, has more or less called the tune for the reigning maharaja—or, sometimes, the maharani, if she happened to call the tune for her husband, as was the case with Thotab Namgyal, who was the Maharaja of Sikkim when White took up his duties there. How the Maharani ruled the Maharaja, and how White, as the plenipotentiary of his government, ruled the Maharani, comes across in this splendid passage from White's "Sikhim and Bhutan," the most famous book on the area. (In transliteration, there is likely to be considerable variation in the spelling of proper names; hence Sikkim or Sikhim.)

> He [Thotab Namgyal] was entirely under the influence of the Maharani, his second wife.
>
> This lady, the daughter of a Tibetan official in Lhasa, is a striking personality. Small and slight, beautifully dressed in brocades, velvets, and silks, with much jewelry of rough turquoise, coral, and amber, her hair adorned with strings of seed pearls, which reached to the hem of her gown, and wearing the curious Tibetan head-dress adopted by the Maharanis of Sikhim, she was a most picturesque object, a harmony of gold and brilliant colours impossible to convey in words....
>
> She is extremely bright and intelligent and has been well educated, although she will not admit that she has knowledge of any language but Tibetan. She talks well on many subjects, which one would hardly have credited her with a knowledge of, and can write well. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, she personally composed and engrossed in beautiful Tibetan characters the address presented by the Sikhim Raj, which runs as follows:
>
> "To the most exalted and beautiful white lotus throne of Empress Victoria—the incarnate—Sri Devi—the glorious Goddess—who has been ruling and conducting the affairs of the great Empire, being Victorious in every quarter of the globe by the dint of her accumulated virtues and merits.
>
> THE MEMORIAL.
>
> "Gracious Majesty,
>
> "From the ocean of merits has sprung your glorious self, whose fame has spread all round the world like the rays of the sun. Your Majesty's reign in respect of Government, defence, of light, and in increase of prosperity has been perfect.
>
> "It is our fervent prayer that Your Majesty's glorious reign may, with fame encompassing the world, extend to many happy years more.
>
> "This humble vassal being extremely happy, with all his subjects, has been rejoicing at the Jubilee of Your Majesty's reign, and prays that Your Majesty shedding lustre of good, just and benign rule, shall sit on the throne for a hundred great periods of time.
>
> "With a pure white silk scarf, to represent the sincerity of wishes."
>
> Her disposition is a masterful one and her bearing always dignified. She has a great opinion of her own importance, and is the possessor of a sweet musical voice, into which she can, when angry, introduce a very sharp intonation. She is always interesting, whether to look at or to listen to, and had she been born within the sphere of European politics, she would most certainly have made her mark, for there is no doubt she is a born intriguer and diplomat.... Her common sense and clearsightedness were on many occasions of the greatest assistance to me in my task of administering and developing Sikhim, and when I laid various schemes before her she was quick to see the material advantages to be obtained and gave her support accordingly....
>
> Not long after I had taken up my

new duties, Government decided that it would be to the advantage of the State to remove the Maharaja from Sikhim for a time, and Kurseong, in the Darjeeling district, was proposed as his residence. It was my unenviable task to have to convey these orders to Their Highnesses, and their reception of the news was most characteristic. The Maharaja remained silent, but the Maharani abused me roundly, called me every name she could think of, and losing her temper entirely, got up, stamped on the floor, and finally turned her back on me....

With the departure of the Raja and Rani to their temporary quarters, the task of reorganising the country began in earnest.


"Bon appétit."

In the present circumstances, however, any reminder that the Political Officer—now, of course, an Indian—holds the position of piper in Sikkim is presumed to be gall and wormwood to the occupant, or occupants, of the palace.

Even though Palden Thondup Namgyal, as Crown Prince, represented Sikkim in the negotiation of the 1950 treaty, he now takes exception to its external-affairs and communications provisions. And some of those American well-wishers of the Maharani would like to see Sikkim running its own external affairs, so that it could cut a figure, say, in the United Nations. Then, too, some Indian critics of their country's policy in Sikkim point to the anomaly of a democratic, anti-imperialistic India's having a little protectorate of her own. G. H. Jansen, writing in the *Statesman*, the Calcutta publication, spoke for these critics when he said of the 1950 treaty, "The two countries are tied together in a hopelessly outdated straitjacket. . . . This treaty is something of which India should be, if not ashamed, at least not very proud." He envisioned a new, ideal treaty, in which "defense would be happily left to India by Sikkim; communications, now that the main military roads have been built, could be handed over to Sikkim; external affairs could be shared, in the sense that Sikkim could be permitted, even encouraged, to take part in nonpolitical international conferences once it is understood, as it should be, that such attendance is not part of a progression towards independence," and he added, "New Delhi's doubts on this score are unfounded."

In a subsequent issue of the *Statesman*, Kazi Lhendup Dorji-Khangsarpa, who was identified as the president of a Sikkimese political party called the All Sikkim National Congress, was in print with a letter saying that a revision of the treaty was secondary, almost irrelevant, "in view of the all-important fact that Sikkim has no written constitution, that the people of Sikkim have no fundamental rights, no codified laws, a High Court without a Charter, and are ruled by 'proclamations.'" Dorji-Khangsarpa contended that in its organization Sikkim was a feudal state, administered entirely by landowners, monasteries, and the palace. And, indeed, he was supported in this view by one of those New Delhi doubters, who recently said to a visitor, "Jansen's optimism about a new treaty is a little giddy. At the time we signed it, most Sikkimese wanted to accede to the Union, merge with democratic India. Subjects of all princely states where Hindus were in the majority, as they are in Sikkim, were burning with the spirit of nationalism, and they all wanted to be Indians. But we quashed the democratic aspirations of the Sikkimese by signing a treaty, making an unholy alliance with the Chogyal, who is, after all, a relic of feudalism. That was a mistake. Now the only hope, the only permanent solution to Indo-Sikkimese relations, is a democratic Sikkim, and then there would be a point to having a new treaty."

• •

THROUGH bright-red-and-blue gates, ornately carved with dragons' heads, past bright Chinese-style sentry boxes, from which guards clad in bright-red felt jackets, striped kilts, and straw hats step out and salute, up a winding road affording a view of blue-green mountains with white caps, past an orchid garden, a pond, a bright multicolored chapel, up the steps and onto the veranda of a bright-yellow two-story house with a slanting red shingled roof, through a double door—and I arrive at the palace, where I've been invited to stay by the Chogyal and the Gyalmo, who show me down a hallway to my room. It is pleasantly furnished with an overstuffed raw-silk sofa and matching armchairs, a small antique English desk (a lady's desk), and a white llama-skin throw rug—presumably from the Andes—on the floor.

Suddenly, the Gyalmo swoops down and starts rolling up the rug. "Truly, truly, truly, we don't like people to step on this rug," she says, in a whispery, breathy voice.

"There is a rug like this in our bedroom, and Hope won't let me step on it with my shoes on," the Chogyal says.

"Yes, yes, yes," the Gyalmo whispers. "I have soapsies that are so pretty I won't let anyone use them. They are just kept out to be looked at."

"Here is a bell you can ring for the bearer," the Chogyal says. "If he doesn't come, just step outside the door and shout. I have three aides-de-camp. One of the A.D.C.s is always on duty, and our bedroom is right above yours."

The Chogyal and the Gyalmo conduct me into a sitting room, which contains low divans covered with rust-colored Tibetan silk and low carved

Wm Hamilton

"*I think something's up.*"

tables with glass tops. A bearer appears with drinks. He has a young girl in tow. The Chogyal introduces her as the daughter of the palace driver. The Chogyal has a whiskey. The Gyalmo and the girl have Cokes. Their Highnesses make themselves comfortable on the floor, with the girl beside them.

"I feel like having a potato-salad-picnicsy-type dinner tonight," the Gyalmo says, picking up "The Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook" from a stack of cookbooks on a table. She begins leafing through the book. "I was in England a couple of Christmases ago. It seems it was ages since I was in England. In England you could have strawberries and cream. You could have strawberries and cream the whole day. Another day you could have something else, and you could have that the whole day. But here in Sikkim so many things are not available. When you get back to America, please, please, please send me some Sara Lee frozen cheesecake. If you send it on a plane that has a freezer, we'll have the cheesecake bailed out in Calcutta." She studies a page in the book. "Here's a good recipe—tomato stuffed with egg salad."

The Chogyal is showing the girl a Japanese painting pad. "Look," he says, dipping the brush in water and applying it to the pad. "You use the water, like this, to paint on the pad. See how this line is coming out black? Now you wait a few minutes and the line will disappear."

"A friend of mine gave me the pad and the brush as a present," the Gyalmo tells me. "The Japanese use it for learning quick brushstrokes. I find it very useful for practicing doing my eyebrows right."

The girl tentatively takes the pad and starts painting a picture first of the Gyalmo and then of the Chogyal, but before she can complete a likeness it disappears. She tries again and again, and always comes up with a blank page.

THE next day is the beginning of Losar, the Tibetan New Year (Sikkim observes the Tibetan calendar), and the day designated for the first durbar of the Chogyal's reign. In the palace gardens, workers are busy setting up tents decorated with colorful appliqués, in preparation for the lunch that is to follow the durbar. Nearby, the full contingent of palace guards—a company and a half—is parading. Streaming into the palace compound are Sikkimese, Indian, and foreign well-wishers, who include ranking government and Army officers, high lamas, politicians, landowners, journalists, and representatives of the Rangpo Mining Corporation, the Rangpo distillery, the main post office, and the local girls' school—the whole of Gangtok society, about two hundred strong. They are coming to wish a happy New Year to the Chogyal and the Gyalmo, who have stationed themselves on one of many brocaded overstuffed sofas in the main drawing room. For the occasion, Her Highness is wearing a floor-length Sikkimese brocade dress, and she looks rather birdlike beside the imposing figure of His Highness, who is wearing his coronation vestments—a skirt and a tunic with long bell sleeves, all of gold brocaded with roses, the ubiquitous dragons' heads, and other good-luck symbols. In groups of two and three, the well-wishers march in through the main door of the drawing room, bow, present scarves to Their Highnesses, and, having been favored with smiles, nods, and perhaps a word, pass out through the side door. It takes two hours for Their Highnesses to greet everyone. After the guests depart (all of them are to return for the durbar and the lunch in the gardens), Their Highnesses settle down on the veranda, the Chogyal with a whiskey and the Gyalmo with a Coke, to wait for the durbar.

"Everything in the palace has a mystique," the Gyalmo says. "This morning, we had a Buddhist service for Losar in our chapel. It had a 'Golden Bough' mystique."

The conversation turns to social life in Gangtok. "Society here is very small," the Chogyal says. "You always have to invite the same people. If you don't invite the Political Officer, he feels insulted."

I ask the Chogyal about his present disenchantment with the treaty that he helped to negotiate.

"There was little choice in 1950," he says. "At that time, there was quite a lot of popular agitation in Sikkim for merging with India. The Political Officer here then abetted it, but when he found out that the Indian government was not interested in integrating Sikkim, I must say his conduct was very correct; he helped to calm the agitation. Now there is no popular agitation for merging with India. Now we want to be a separate country. Indians say it's because I have done my work too well. They say that I have bought out the politicians here by giving them contracts for development work; all the money that India gives us for development work is funnelled through the palace, and there are some Indians who now regret this. They believe that the Political Officer or some independent agency should give the money. But I think the reason for the end of the political agitation is that the Sikkimese like my government. My friends in the Indian government are always telling me that monarchy is on its way out, that I have to change my government, and I'm always saying to them that people will like monarchy as long as monarchy continues to prove useful."

We are joined by an agreeable-looking Indian gentleman, who is about the same height as the Chogyal, and who, like the Chogyal, is wearing the Sikkimese skirt and tunic, but, in contrast to the Chogyal's sleeves, which fall over his hands, indicating that his hands are not meant for work, the newcomer's sleeves are rolled up. He is Mr. R. N. Haldipur, now the Principal Administrative Officer in Sikkim. During the raj, it was customary for the government of India to appoint one of its officers the dewan of a princely state. The dewan, besides serving as a sort of prime minister to the maharaja, was the government's eyes and ears at court. The practice was abolished along with the princely states, but in Sikkim it continues, except that now the dewan is called the Principal Administrative Officer. His position, like other aspects of Indo-Sikkimese relations today, is sensitive—even more sensitive than that of the Political Officer. To quote Jansen's article again, "The position of the . . . dewan . . . is held by an Indian officer. This is a clumsy arrangement; he is too obviously a symbol of Indian control, and his relations with the Indian Political Officer can never be easy. No official should be put in the position of having to serve two masters."

If Mr. Haldipur is under any such strain, he gives no sign of it. "Your Highness, I have made my durbar speech as much like America's State of the Union Message as I could," he says to the Gyalmo, beaming like a storybook courtier. It seems that the main item of the durbar is to be this speech of Mr. Haldipur's.

THE Indian, Sikkimese, and foreign guests of the morning are all gathered in a pavilion in the palace compound, where the durbar is now in progress. The monks have finished chanting prayers. The Chogyal has just made his formal presentations and awards. There is a ripple of coughs and shuffles in the pavilion as we all wait for the next item. A Sikkimese politician sitting next to me leans over and whispers, "You've lived in America. We have an American Gyalmo. My question is this: If there is a war between Sikkim and India, will America fight on Sikkim's side? I would like your opinion."

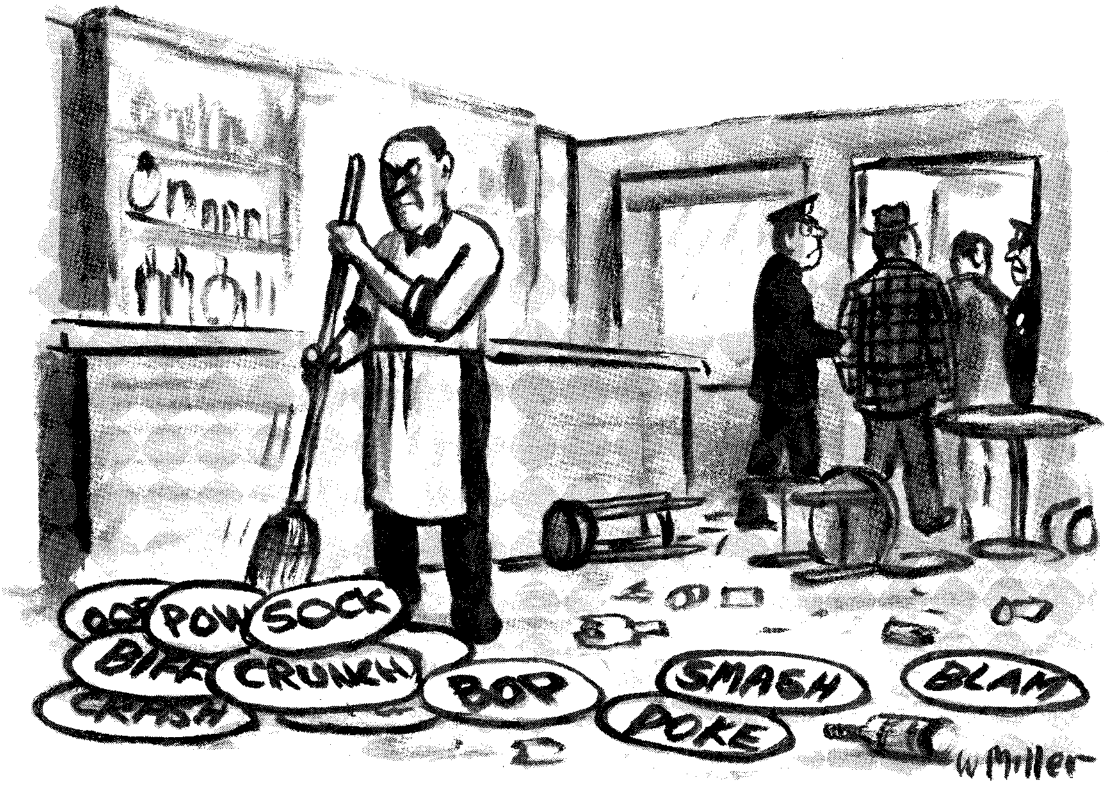
I am taken aback. Then I remember the dreamlike setting, the Walter Mitty world of politics in a principality. I rack my brain for some sort of reply, but I am saved by Mr. Haldipur, who begins his speech.

"It is indeed my proud privilege and honor to welcome on this occasion the Chogyal and the Gyalmo, the members of the Royal Family, my colleagues, and other guests," he says, in English. "It has been an annual practice to hold the durbar on the occasion of the Losar, to review the progress and examine the shortcomings of the work done in the previous year, but this practice could not be adhered to in the last few years, due to the illness and, later on, the sad demise of the late Chogyal. Today we are happy that the circumstances have rendered it possible to hold the durbar, and it is a unique occasion insofar as it happens to be our present Chogyal's first durbar."

After talking for a time about the esteem in which the Chogyal is held by his courtiers, he continues, "The most significant and memorable event has been the Ser-Thri Nga-Sol of the Chogyal, Thondup Namgyal, who ascended the throne, by the grace of the Three Gems, as the Twelfth Consecrated Ruler of Sikkim. The event was an occasion for universal happiness and rejoicing throughout Sikkim, and was marked by a sense of pride, belongingness, and renewed confidence that the Chogyal would continue in the footsteps of his late illustrious father. The Chogyal's intimate knowledge of his people's problems, his constant care, and keen interest in their well-being is manifest in the various activities of his government's departments. This year marks the end of the Second Five-Year Plan of Sikkim, which was financed by the generous aid from the government of India. . . . The orchid sanctuary at Gangtok is doing well. A committee for beautification of Sikkim was formed, and it has taken up the work of construction and maintenance of several public parks through the agency of the Forest Department. Satisfactory progress has also been reported in the field of animal husbandry. A flock of imported Rambouillet rams was recently received and distributed in north Sikkim for the purpose of crossbreeding with the local sheep so that the quality and yield of wool could be considerably improved. In addition, a sheep farm has already been opened at Dentam, in western Sikkim, where a flock of Romney Marsh sheep particularly suited to wetter areas will be supplied soon. We could not make much headway in our piggery-farm scheme at Goyzing, primarily because of lack of trained personnel and the unavoidable delay in the starting of the farm. We have since undertaken remedial measures, and the Department has already sent one of its officers for training in swine husbandry."

He mentions a few more projects, then says, "The serious threat and intrusions from across the border into our territory were matters of grave concern for us and India, but the gravity of the situation only served to strengthen the existing bonds of friendship between Sikkim and India and demonstrate conclusively the confidence in each other."

He concludes, "The task ahead is stupendous. As our Chogyal mentioned in his Speech from the Throne on the occasion of the Ser-Thri Nga-Sol, 'We shall not remain content until we have banished from Sikkim



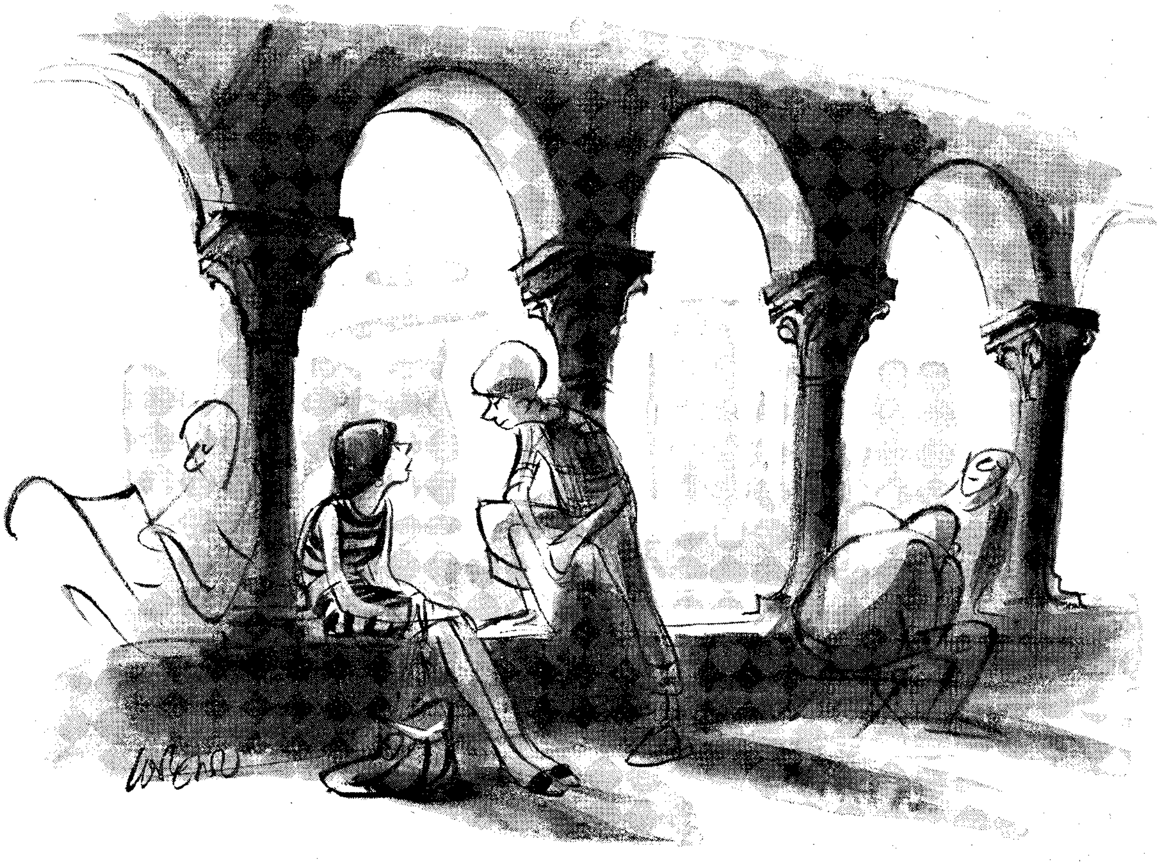
whatever traces may remain of poverty, ignorance, and disease; we shall not cease in the struggle until the light of knowledge, health, and happiness shines bright in every home of our Motherland.' Let these words be the guiding star for our work."

NEPAL: Economically and militarily, the Kingdom of Nepal, which is three times the size of Bhutan and eighteen times the size of Sikkim (it has an area of about fifty-four thousand square miles and a population of about ten million), is only Bhutan and Sikkim writ large, for although it has enjoyed all the trappings of a sovereign power during the last hundred years, India sees the three Himalayan states as horses of a similar color (people in the plains sometimes call them "three pendants on India's Himalayan necklace"). India, of course, is well aware that in the last few years Nepal has been busy courting and sending forth ambassadors (Sikkim and Bhutan have so far left their foreign affairs to Indian emissaries), getting economic aid from countries all over the world, even including Israel (Sikkim and Bhutan have so far relied entirely on India for development funds), and exploiting the enmity between India and China, just as any small country situated between two huge adversaries might (Sikkim and Bhutan have so far had no political involvement with China). In fact, it is partly the recent political goings on in Nepal that have led Delhi to put a snaffle on Bhutan and a curb on Sikkim.

It is said that such difficulties as India has had with Nepal can be traced to certain anti-democratic and pro-Chinese tendencies on the part of King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, who occupies the Nepalese throne. He has put an end to such democracy as the palace previously allowed to take hold in Nepal. He has imprisoned some of the kingdom's most important liberal leaders. He has welcomed Chinese diplomats and Chinese technicians. Above all, he has allowed the Chinese to build a highway connecting Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, with Lhasa, so that military vehicles can roll to his capital not only from Lhasa but all the way from Peking. King Mahendra maintains that his political and diplomatic activities are all directed toward the fulfillment of his nationalist dream of "opening windows on the world," and Nepal has now, at last, had an undeniable fenestration, though King Mahendra, in his wildest fancies, could not have imagined that it would take the form of an invasion so bizarre as to temporarily submerge all other considerations.

As it happens, the best of the war dispatches is from the hand of J. Anthony Lucas, for the New York *Times:*

> The world's beatniks have really gone "way out" this time—all the way to Katmandu. . . .
>
> From the United States, Canada, France, West Germany, Britain, the Netherlands, and Scandinavia, almost 200 ostentatious nonconformists have found their way to this Himalayan city, and more are pouring in every day.
>
> As they wander Katmandu's narrow alleys begging rupees from the Nepalese or lounge in dingy Tibetan restaurants smoking hashish, few of the "travelers," as they call themselves, can explain precisely what brought them here.
>
> Some say, "Well, you know, the Buddhist bit, the wisdom of the East." Others say it's hashish, which is probably cheaper, better, and more easily available here than anywhere else.
>
> Most, like Bill Digby, an American with a bushy red beard and long hair, just shrug their shoulders and say: "It's where the scene is, man! The word was out all over Europe. . . . so here we are." . . .
>
> Jean-Michel Solente, a former employe of the French radio who quit to write a "150-page poem," commented: "Nobody knows how it started. Suddenly everybody was on the road headed this way." . . .
>
> "It's easy," explained an Austrian with a string of prayer beads around his neck. "You thumb your way to Istanbul. There you find a German businessman who wants you to drive his Mercedes to Teheran for him. There you pick up a Danish girl with a Vespa who gets you to Kabul. In Pakistan you sneak onto a bus without paying and in India a Sikh truck driver gives you a lift into Delhi—you've got it made."



"Please, Roger, I didn't come all the way up to The Cloisters to argue."

I chance upon a member of the gentle infantry, a recruit from Pittsburgh, on the Grand Trunk Road. From head to toe he is swathed in a vetust, exotic Hudson Bay blanket, and his beard and long locks give him the look of a fuzzy bear. Staff in one hand, bowl in the other, he trudges along, clanking a cowbell that hangs from his wrist, and repeating *"Om hare hare Krishna."*

The bearded boy says to me, "Man, I'm really going to blow my mind in Nepal. It's the Newars now. You grok?"

It seems he's freaked out on reports he has had of the matrimonial rites prevailing among

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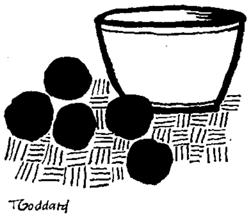
Germaine Monteil

the Newars, one of the main racial groups in central Nepal. Every Newar girl, as a child, is formally married to a Bengali quince. The fruit is then cast into a sacred stream, and, the immortality of the marriage having thus been secured, the Newar girl is free to marry—once she reaches puberty—again and again, provided that she takes the precaution of placing a betelnut under the pillow of the incumbent husband the night before she wishes to take a new one.

“Bengali quince! Betelnut!” he exclaims.

I head in the opposite direction.

LADAKH: Some epithets for Ladakh are the Roof of the World, the Highest Desert, the Coldest Desert, Little Tibet, Little Siberia, and Snowland, and it is, from all accounts, a dead land. Although on maps the triangle that is Ladakh is given plenty of blue wash indicating rivers and lakes, what has been written about Ladakh makes it clear that the few rivers render life supportable on only a small fraction of the land (forty-one thousand acres out of a total of forty-two thousand square miles under India's control), that the lakes are either frozen over or turbulent or drying up or saline (the last are reminders that the region was once an inland salt sea), and that most of Ladakh is tableland, which, if it does not lie in the shadow of mountains, and thus in Stygian darkness, is, owing to the absence of vegetation, scorched by the sun. I obtain a place on an Air Force cargo plane, which for most of the year is the only way to get to Ladakh, and I secure Army snow gear—monkey cap, parka, special gloves with a slit for the trigger finger—and submit to an official harangue on the do's and don'ts of coping with Ladakh: “Don't start peeling off your clothes if you suddenly get hot—from sun to shade the temperature can drop sixty degrees. Don't pick up anything heavy. Don't do any exercises. Don't run. Don't exert yourself at all. New arrivals often come down with attacks of pulmonary edema, which can cause death in forty-eight hours. As soon as you get there, go to your barracks, lie down, and cover yourself with as many quilts as you can stand.”



Today, I wake up in a military hut after a long rest following my arrival at brigade headquarters in Leh, the capital of Ladakh. Leh, which is at an altitude of eleven thousand five hundred feet, is in a basin with peaks of twenty-five thousand feet or more towering on three sides. I struggle free from a cenotaph of quilts and am immediately out of breath. The air is thin and dry, and my skin feels taut and rough. Standing almost against a *bukhari* (or large stove), which is burning kerosene, I somehow manage to get into my clothes—layers of woollies and coats, and then the parka, the monkey cap, and the special gloves. I stagger out of the hut into still, numbing cold. I walk a few steps to the officers' transit mess, which is separated from my hut by a fence with, of all things, a kissing gate.

In the mess, a number of mournful-looking men are huddled around a *bukhari* eating a breakfast of congealed eggs and potatoes. There are no introductions, and, as if such graces belonged to another world, no one seems to expect them.

I engage one of the men—he is small and has the air of a scholar—in conversation.

“My colleagues and I have been sent here by the government to go into some of the effects of high-altitude living in Ladakh,” he says. “But we have to spend several weeks acclimatizing ourselves. That's what the commanding officer told us, and he should know. We have to spend most of our days lying in bed until we're used to the place, but I suppose that's part of our research, too.”

“You'll have plenty to research about,” an officer says. “This place is a terrible hole. The Army is supposed to rotate the troops every two years, but because of the emergencies—the Indo-Pakistan War and the Indo-Chinese War—there are some *jawans* in Ladakh who have been here over three years, and some of us officers have been here as long, though we're rotated more often than the *jawans*. It is true that the regular hard routine of exercise is suspended here, and troops are expected to do only half as much as anywhere else. Even so, cases of pulmonary edema are reported all the time. There are cases of snow blindness all the time, too. And everyone goes down from here with an enlarged heart. No one seems to be able to think very clearly up here, and everyone is tired all the time. Many of the soldiers who have been here more than a year suffer from loss of memory and vagueness of mind. They all become irritable and short-tempered. Some of our soldiers say that after a year in Ladakh their hair starts to turn gray. They say you also become impotent. They say sometimes permanently so. Doctors don't know what causes it. Maybe it's psychological, maybe it's physiological—”

“Talking about the same old subject?” a voice calls out from the doorway. All rise, as if they were members of the newcomer's command. “The problems are there,” an imposing-looking officer says, striding into the room. “But there is nothing to acclimatization that mental posture won't take good care of. It's the mental posture that counts. One, you say to yourself, ‘I'm going to like the place,’ and, two, you like the place.”

After breakfast, I start out in a jeep for the nearest military outpost, a battalion headquarters seventy-five miles from Leh; in this mountain desert a spare jeep is indispensable, and so an extra jeep tails me. At first, the road runs along the Indus (the Indus, the longest of the Himalayan rivers, which rises in Tibet, is called by the Tibetans the River of the Lion, because, according to their folklore, its source is in the mouth of a lion, and those who drink its waters become heroic), and there are villages in the river valley. Bands of Ladakhis in knee-length robes and high felt boots are going about on ponies that resemble Shetlands, and the houses, which have been hewn out of the mountainsides in several tiers, have, in some instances, incongruous-looking corrugated galvanized-iron roofs. There are willows and poplars, mallards and wild geese and magpies. Suddenly, the river valley and all signs of life vanish, and we are threading our way along a road of loose sand through a dry, narrow canyon. Closing in on either side of us are walls of rock and, above them, mountains, huge and oppressive. Besides the chug-chug of the jeeps, which reverberates eerily in the canyon, there is only the occasional mountain sound of falling clods of earth. As if we were travelling into a vacuum, drawing a breath becomes progressively harder. This part of the trek continues for forty-three miles, amid an endless landscape of sawtooth ridges capped with white peaks, and sandy expanses cut by narrow gorges and strewn with gigantic boulders. The terrain is as bleak as the moon's.

Finally, at the foot of a slope, the driver stops, gets out, and leads the way up to a bunker. It is the officers' mess of the battalion headquarters, and inside I find half a dozen officers gathered around a *bukhari*. One of them, a

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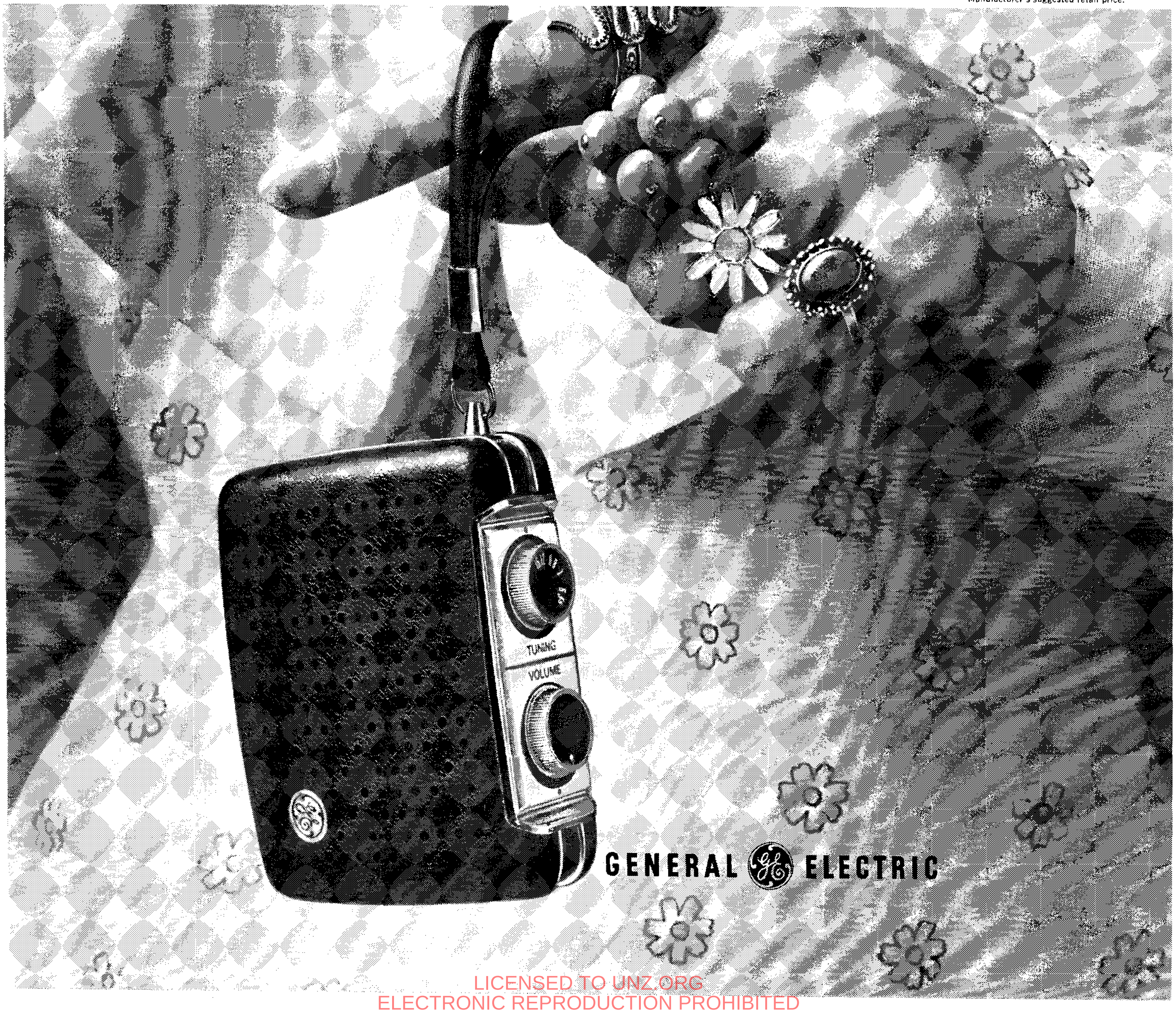
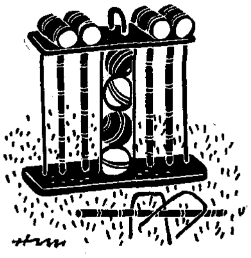


prim gentleman in an ankle-length fur coat, does all the talking. "How was the journey?" he asks me. "We don't get many visitors coming our way. Would you be so kind as to sign our visitors' book?" He gives me a huge ledger with polished brass bindings. I sign my name in an appropriately large hand. We are soon having a repast of cocoa and glucose biscuits. The discussion I heard earlier in the day is very much on my mind, and I ask the officers about the effects of service in Ladakh. There is an awkward silence, as if it were bad form to discuss the subject. Then the gentleman in the fur coat says, "In this kind of terrain, the only system of defense that is at all feasible is to set up posts as high up on the mountains as the men can survive. Sometimes these pickets are little more than bunkers with *bukharis* and flagpoles, and our men can do little more than march up to the pickets and march down again. It's impossible to stay at such heights for long. The men might camp up there for a few days, but some of the pickets are at eighteen thousand feet or above, and without frequent rotation to the bunkers below the men could not survive. Many of the men had never heard of mountains, snow, or deserts until they came up here. I myself grew up in the area of Cape Comorin." I can't help smiling at this, for Cape Comorin is the southernmost promontory on the Indian peninsula. "Shock, combined with the height and the isolation, makes for many strains," the gentleman in the fur coat continues. "So the men do think that they suffer from impotence and other things, but whether some of their diseases are real or only imagined we have not yet been able to determine by medical research. For things like pulmonary edema, however, there is a medical basis, and as soon as a *jawan* comes down with a case of pulmonary edema we evacuate him. A chap who gets it once is likely to get it a second time."



"Is it possible for me to visit one of the pickets?" I ask, and everyone laughs.

"You will have to spend some weeks acclimatizing yourself to Ladakh before you can go up to a picket," the gentleman in the fur coat says. "Vast stretches of desert separate divisional headquarters from brigade headquarters, and brigade headquarters from battalion headquarters, and the pickets may be still some days' journey from battalion headquarters. Coming up here, you must have noticed the problem we have with road communication, and the jeep roads and mule trails go up only so far. After that, it's all on foot, and in this place you can't march very long without collapsing."

"How do you feel about India's presence here?" I ask.

"It's a piece of real estate," he says. "And not a very good piece of real estate. The Chinese, who have the best part of it—Aksai Chin—couldn't even find stones there to build a road. We are here because we have to draw the line somewhere. If we don't draw the line here, we may not be able to draw it in the plains of India. But drawing the line in Ladakh is no joke. The lifeline to Ladakh is an airlift from the plains of the Punjab; if we lose our airstrips, then we lose Ladakh."

"Does anyone know whether the Chinese are making preparations for another invasion?" I ask.

"We don't know. But from some pickets we can sight figures moving along the horizon."

In the next day or two, I talk with a number of *jawans*, and from all I can tell they might have stepped out into this ghostly place from the pages of "The House of the Dead." But now I am dining with Ladakh's high command, the dozen or so officers who have the rank to dine in the alpha mess at Leh. We have just sat down to soup, and I find that this dinner is part of a farewell party for an officer who is about to return to the plains after three years' service here. The talk is overebullient. All the remarks are directed at an officer who sits at the head of the table in the place of the absent General Officer Commanding, and they are in the vein of the archetypal bachelor dinner: "Sir, when he gets to those fleshpots, he should think of us, what?" and "Sir, command him not to go berserk when he sees a sari, for, as it is said in that film, 'My Life, we'll just be Sahib and Memsahib and go out only on Sunday.'"

The officer at the head of the table looks at his watch and says, "It's time for the broadcast." The broadcast turns out to be an All India Radio request program for the forces. It consists of songs, mostly from old pictures, and long lists of names of *jawans* and officers who have sent in requests. The signal now fades out under a rush of static, now bursts into the room strong and clear. Once, the name of an officer at the table comes through distinctly, and everyone claps. Later, the name of another officer comes through faintly, and the man nearest the radio shouts it out and everyone claps even harder. Dinner, which runs to many courses, is finished to the songs of the program.

As the gentleman at the outpost said, the lifeline of the military establishment in Ladakh is the air service. There are three airstrips here, at Kargil, Chushal, and Leh. The Leh airstrip, which was built in 1948, was the first, and it is still, as it was then, the *sine qua non* of India's defense of Ladakh. And the *sine qua non* of the Leh airstrip is S. Narboo, the resident engineer, who has the title of Development Commissioner. Until, thanks to him, the first plane landed in Leh, Ladakh was accessible only by mule trail. (Leh was on a historic caravan route traversing India, Tibet, and China.) Narboo was born in the Ladakh village of Skara, next to an old fort called Wazir Zorawar Singh (the fort was named after a nineteenth-century Dogra commander who conquered Ladakh for Gulab Singh, the ruler of Jammu—the southern part of what is now the State of Jammu and Kashmir—and later tried to conquer western Tibet but was defeated by the joint troops of China and Tibet), and he is one of a few local citizens who can speak a language other than the local tongue, Ladakhi; one of the even fewer who are fluent in English; and one of the still fewer than that who have crossed the seas. After elementary schooling in Leh, secondary schooling in Srinagar (fifteen days away on foot), and college in Jammu, he went to England, where he took a degree in civil engineering at Sheffield University.

I call on Narboo in his office, in a little white house that might pass for a baby secretariat. He gives me whiskey, and I down it quickly, in the vain hope of banishing the Ladakh chill, which seems, if possible, worse now than ever. The wind beats against the house as if in obedience to a supernatural order to demolish it. Narboo and I draw our chairs close to the *bukhari* and talk like two men marooned in Ultima Thule.

I ask Narboo what the circumstances surrounding the construction of the Leh airstrip were.

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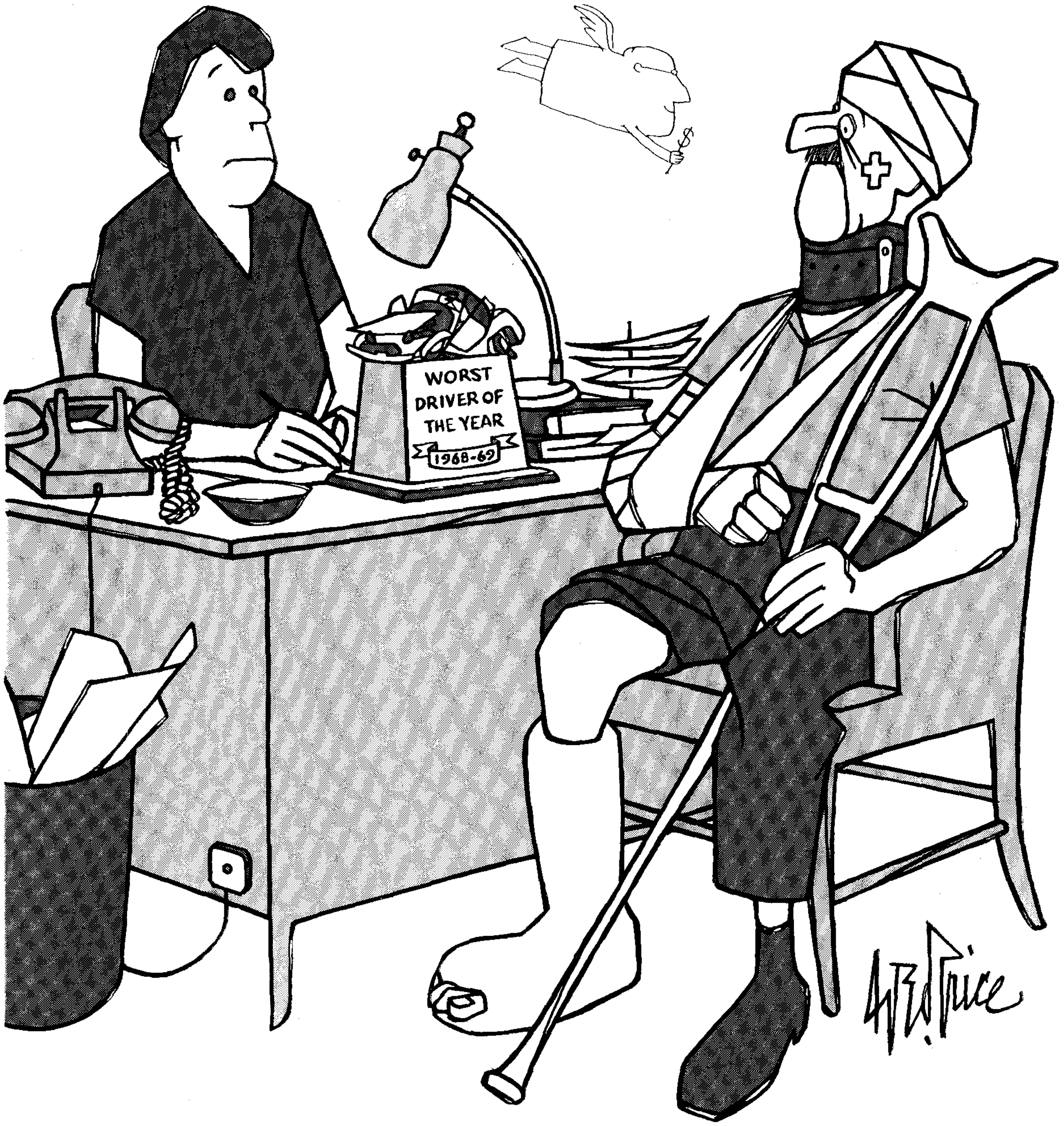
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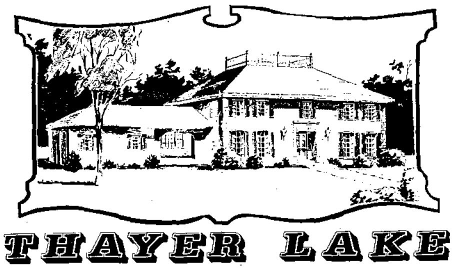

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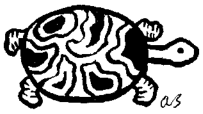
1947, the government of Jammu and Kashmir realized that Ladakh was also going to be raided," he says. "At the time, there was only one garrison of state forces here in Leh and one in the subdistrict of Skardu, so, to reinforce Ladakh's defenses, the government of Jammu and Kashmir decided to build an airstrip in Leh as quickly as possible. I was in charge of the Srinagar airfield, which was the basis for Indian military operations in Kashmir. In December, Mr. D. P. Dhar, who was the Home Secretary of the government of Jammu and Kashmir, asked me if I would lead a party of Indian Army officers and soldiers to Leh and build the airstrip. It was very dangerous to go to Leh. There was a road to Leh from Srinagar, but for the most part it was just a path for pedestrians and muleteers, and it was usually closed from the middle of November until the middle of June, because of Zoji La, a pass lying at twelve thousand six hundred feet, which in the winter can be under as much as fifteen feet of snow. Zoji La has always been the main obstacle separating Srinagar and Leh. I said to Mr. Dhar, 'I'll do it.' And I did it."

I ask Narboo how, exactly, he went about the task of supplanting mules with airplanes, and before I know it he has launched into an adventure story, which persuades me that he is a pioneer, a Pathfinder in sahibs' clothing. (He is dressed in a sweater, slacks, and a jacket, and although he is short and powerfully built, he has something of the manner of a suburban type to be found almost anywhere.)

"One day," he says, "I got a telephone call from Mr. Dhar—I remember it was the fifteenth of February, 1948. He said, 'Mr. Narboo, are you still prepared to go to Leh?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'How long will it take you to get ready?' I said, 'It will take me two days to hand over my charge and wind up my domestic affairs.' Mr. Dhar said, 'That will do.' The advance guard of officers and soldiers who were to help me build the airstrip left on the sixteenth of February; it consisted of seventeen boys from Ladakh and two officers of the Indian Army, Lieutenant Colonel Pritijan and Lieutenant Colonel Hosajan. I left on the seventeenth of February in a big Army motor convoy of about fifty vehicles, led by Colonel Abdul Aziz. The vehicles were to take the supplies to Sonamarg, sixty miles from Srinagar, which was as far as the road was motorable; Sonamarg was eight miles from Baltal, a way station at the foot of Zoji La. We had gone only about eighteen miles from Srinagar—as far as Gandarbal—when it started snowing heavily. With great difficulty, we managed to go fifteen miles more, and then we had to stop. Colonel Aziz said, 'All my vehicles are stalled. What are you going to do now?' 'Push off on foot,' I said. 'My advance guard must be waiting for me in Gund, which is only twelve miles ahead. From the look of this snow, they can't have got any farther. I can't just abandon them there.' From villages nearby I hired a hundred and fifty porters; they unloaded the convoy and somehow hoisted all the supplies and equipment on their backs. I said goodbye to Colonel Aziz in the snow and pushed off for Gund. The advance guard was indeed waiting in Gund, and it was snowing so heavily there that the question of moving on did not even arise. In fact, to put up for the night we had to dig our way into the rest house, which was completely buried under snow—roof and everything. We were stranded in Gund for seven days and seven nights. On the eighth day, the weather cleared and we dug our way out. I got the porters together and told them, 'We march today. Let's push off for Sonamarg.' In Gund, the sun was out, but it snowed all the way to Sonamarg, which was fifteen miles away, and we didn't get there until evening. Brigadier Faqir Singh, of the state militia, received us there and told me that we wouldn't be able to go any farther. I said, 'We have to.' He said, 'How do you propose to go a furlong in this snow?' I said, 'Our minds are made up. We shall see what we shall see.' At half past two next morning, I woke the porters up and ordered them to pack. They started crying. 'What do you want to do?' they said. 'Lead us to our deaths?' It was so cold that the tears froze on their cheeks. I pleaded with them and I threatened them, and by half past three we were marching. The snow was so soft and so deep that at every step we would sink in up almost to our necks. The men who led the party somehow managed to take a step, sink down, pull themselves up with their sticks, and take another step. We pushed on. It took us almost sixteen hours to travel the eight miles from Sonamarg to Baltal. We reached Baltal about seven o'clock in the evening, and I told the porters that

I was determined to cross Zoji La the next day. They cried, and said that they had to have six or seven days' rest for a crossing like Zoji La, and that even then they couldn't risk it without the help of a wind to blow the loose snow into the ravines. Without the rest and the wind and clear weather, they said, they would be going to certain death. I held a council of war with Lieutenant Colonel Pritijan and Lieutenant Colonel Hosajan. We granted that all the porters were Kashmiris—they were from the Gandarbal slopes, the Gund slopes, the Kangen slopes, and the Sonamarg slopes—and knew the area well, and that they had been brought up with snow and spent all their lives in the midst of it. We granted that they carried our rations and arms and ammunition and clothes and the equipment for building the airstrip, and that we could not proceed without them. But we then agreed that it didn't make any sense to wait around in Baltal; there was always a chance that the weather at Zoji La would take a sudden turn for the worse. We agreed there was no alternative but to march on. I got hold of the Baltal mail-runner, whose job was to cross Zoji La when he could. He wasn't crossing it at that season, but I told him that he had to guide us over the safest trail; Zoji La is very narrow, but even so some places are safer than others. I told the porters I was determined to march on, and they cried and wailed the entire night. But we left Baltal, as we had left Sonamarg, at three-thirty in the morning. The Baltal mail-runner showed us the way. A gale came straight down at us from Zoji La. It was so strong that we could hardly breathe. It choked us and almost suffocated us. Sometimes we were forced to march with our backs to the gale—march backward. Sometimes we were forced to go down on our hands and knees and crawl up—we were afraid of being lifted bodily and blown off the trail. The whole time, we kept having to fall back before the gale, and the whole time we were afraid that the gale would shake loose avalanches to bury us. By eleven o'clock, however, we were all safely at the top of the pass. We gave out rum to the porters, and Lieutenant Colonel Pritijan and Lieutenant Colonel Hosajan and I had brandy. We drank our fill and pushed on. Now that we were over Zoji La, the trail was wider and much safer. I went ahead. I must have left the porters a couple of miles behind me when I heard a thunderous roar, as if dozens of cannons had been discharged simultaneously. I looked back. The porters were just black smudges on the white background. They had thrown down their loads and were running hither and thither. I saw why. A huge avalanche was rushing toward them. It just missed them. We didn't lose a single porter. Soon I said goodbye to the porters from the Kashmir side—Zoji La is the beginning of Ladakh—and I took a new lot from nearby villages and pushed on."



"When did you finally get to Leh?" I ask.

"On the eighth of March. I started work on the airstrip immediately. Mr. Dhar was on the wireless every day to ask me how far we had got. When I finished—it was a month-and-a-half-long job—*I* was on the wireless every day to ask Mr. Dhar when he was going to send a plane to try out the airstrip. Then Mr. Dhar told me that Air Force officers had told him that only a Viking airplane would be suitable for landing on our airstrip, and just then no Viking was available anywhere in India. But every morning when it was clear my subdivision officer and I would walk a distance of a little over a mile to the airstrip and lay a white sheet on the tarmac—the marker for landing that had been agreed upon—and scan the sky until the clouds closed up. No planes came. Every day, Pakistani raiders were advancing on Leh—as I mentioned, there was only one garrison of state forces here—and refugees were arriving ahead of them. When the raiders were only fifteen miles from Leh, I got a message from Mr. Dhar that an airplane would attempt to land that day. It was a fine morning—I remember it was the twenty-fifth of May. We walked over to the airstrip and put down the white sheet. Around eleven, I heard the drone of an engine, and within five minutes I saw the plane overhead. It overshot the airstrip, circled back, came directly over the white sheet. The plane landed, and out stepped the daredevil pilot Air Commodore Meher Singh and that popular general the late K. S. Thimayya and his A.D.C. They looked around the airstrip for about half an hour. When they were leaving, I asked Air Commodore Singh if the airstrip was all right. He said, 'Yes. With a little bit more work, it should be all right.' He said he would send in a complement of five or six airplanes the next day, and General Thimayya said that planes would fly in regularly from then on with men and equipment to

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build up the defenses in Ladakh. Then the three visitors flew away."

"Did the five or six planes come the next day?" I ask.

"No, they didn't come the next day, or the next," he replies. "The weather was too turbulent. The complement of planes arrived on the twenty-eighth of May. I remember all the pilots stepping out of the planes looking surprised, because there was a crowd of Ladakhis with baskets of grass. They were ready to feed the flying iron horses."

"How long did it take to fly in troops and supplies for the defense of Leh?" I ask.

"It wasn't until November that we had enough troops and supplies to stop the raiders and launch our counterattack," he answers. "And by then the raiders had fortified themselves so well that it wasn't easy to dislodge them. There was a fierce battle before we were able to recapture Kargil."

SITTING in my hut in Leh, pierced by shaft after shaft of bitter-cold wind, I am going over my notes, and repeatedly asking myself why a country as poor as India should fight to keep this place—for my notes read like a palimpsest on the annals of Daulat Beg Oldi, a village lying at the foot of Karakoram Pass, which has always been the Chinese gateway to Ladakh, just as Zoji La has always been the Indian gateway to Ladakh. The name of the village immortalizes a sixteenth-century invader from China named Daulat Beg, who crossed the pass from Sinkiang into Ladakh. No sooner had he and his men reached Ladakh than they were trapped by a snowstorm. They were forced to spend the night at the foot of the pass. Practically all of them perished in the night. In the morning, the two or three survivors fled back across the pass. The local inhabitants started calling the foot of the pass Daulat Beg Oldi, "*oldi*" being Yarkandi (a language of the region) for "dead and gone." However, my notes on Ladakh:

"Geography: Straddles some of the most desolate mountains in the world—the Karakoram, Ladakh, and Zaskar ranges, mostly in the Greater Himalayas—with summits like the formidable Mount Godwin Austen (height, 28,250 feet).

"Climate: Arid. The atmosphere like dry ice. In fact, so dry that the belt of permanent snow starts at eighteen thousand feet (average for Himalayas, nine thousand feet). Annual precipitation just over three inches. What little snowfall there is is swept down into narrow, sunless ravines by sandstorms and high, icy winds, which are generated by extreme temperatures, varying from 86°F. to −113°F.

"Flora and Fauna: Sparse vegetation. One-crop cultivation of incredibly low yield. Such *shikars* as the markhor, the ibex, *Ovis ammon*, the red bear, the snow leopard, the wild horse, and the antelope. The Chinese now have the best pastureland. As for domestic animals, the Ladakhis keep sheep and ponies, but the monarch of all is the yak, *Bos grunniens*, or 'groaning ox'—placid, large, lumbering, and very shaggy. It is surefooted, is indifferent to cold and snow, goes without water for days, eats ice. In the Himalayas, the yak provides everything from dung for fuel to hides and hair for tents and ropes. Without yak, life insupportable. An English missionary and Himalayan traveller, George N. Patterson, lists the yak's virtues for people in these parts in the style of a litany:

> Without the yak they could have no milk; without the milk they could have no butter; without the butter they could have no tea; without the tea they could have no existence. Selah. Without the yak they could have no plough; without the plough they could have no crop; without the crop they could have no food; without the food they could have no existence. Selah. Without the yak they could have no loads; without the loads they could have no goods; without the goods they could have no barter; without the barter they could have no existence. Selah. Without the yak they could have no wool; without the wool they could have no money; without the money they could have no goods; without the goods they could have no existence. Selah.

"Life and People: Population less than one hundred thousand. Birth rate declining. Specific causes given by the government: (1) Along with Siberia, Ladakh is coldest inhabited place on the face of the earth. (2) There is a high ratio of men to women. (3) There is a tradition of dedicating at least one son or daughter to monastery, since not enough patrimony or bride money to go around, and since lamas, who are celibate, are in great demand to serve as teachers, physicians, astrologers, landlords, and, until Indian Army arrived, magistrates. (4) Though people sturdy to look at, and broad-chested, they are said to have weak hearts. In winter, retreat into houses. Form of hibernation. People are farmers and nomads. Polyandrous. Generally pacific. Merry people; e.g., renowned for endless festivals, and for singing and dancing, even in the *gompas* (or Buddhist monasteries). In matters of religion—which in most cases is Buddhism, with allegiance to the Dalai Lama, but in some cases is Islam—quite liberal; e.g., a Muslim can hold office in a *gompa*. Also, one member of a family may be a Buddhist, another a Muslim, and in such instances a common pot is used to cook meat for both Muslim and Buddhist, perhaps with a string used to identify meat killed under Muslim law. The worst really seems to bring out the best in Ladakhis. The only luxuries barley beer, called *chhang*, and tea. Salted tea, buttered tea. Yak butter. 'Without the yak . . .'

"Economics of Indian Involvement: Practically everything, from kerosene to foodstuffs to buttons, has to be airlifted, and from one to four tons of supplies are necessary to maintain one soldier here for a year. Indian military establishment here thirty thousand strong. Plane carrying seven tons of cargo uses up sixteen hundred gallons of aviation fuel. By the time a jerry can of kerosene, which is burned up in a *bukhari* in a few hours, reaches here, it costs forty rupees—a fortnight's pay for a soldier. To heat the hundred-bed hospital here costs twelve thousand rupees a day. At minimum, everything costs eight times what it does in the plains. Entire airlift chancy. Even on the best days, planes can fly only a few hours in the morning, before shadows fall, and must always negotiate a maze of mountains. Some forward units completely dependent on parachute drops. There are two semi-motorable roads to Ladakh, but neither can ever supplant air service. The better of the two roads follows the route Narboo took, but unless snowsheds are built all along it, cost of which is unthinkable, road will remain open, as now, only during the summer months. In addition, the road will always be subject, as now, to landslips, thus constant repairs, and will always depend on India's commitment to hold on to the Vale of Kashmir, a commitment that is itself a drain on India's meagre resources. Second road, though it has the advantage of circumventing the Valley, is long, circuitous, and, if anything, more difficult to maintain.

"Rights and Wrongs of Indian Involvement: Voluminous arguments from both India and China are on record in support of their separate claims to Ladakh, or parts of it. The Chinese say that they've always enjoyed dominion over Tibet, and that Tibet has enjoyed similar dominion over Ladakh

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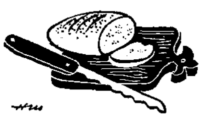
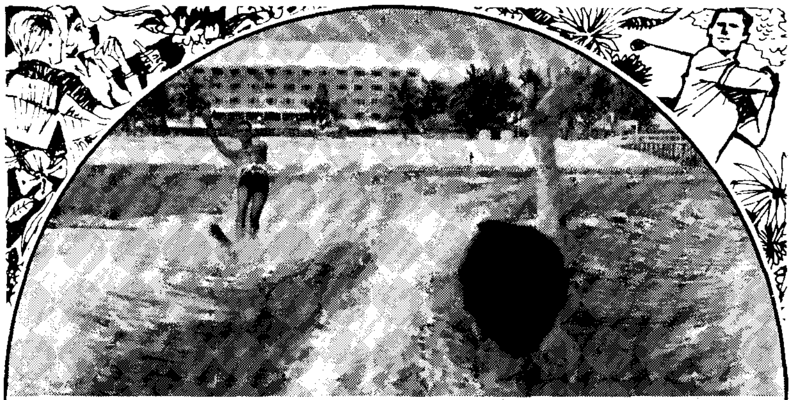
(Ladakh had a long history of rendering to Tibet ecclesiastical fealty and tribute in the form of salt tax and such). But the Indians say that between 1834 and 1841 Maharaja Gulab Singh, of Jammu, conquered Ladakh and annexed it to his state. But the Chinese say that Gulab Singh's advance in Ladakh was checked by their forces; that, according to the peace terms, Gulab Singh agreed to pay tribute for Ladakh to Lhasa; and that, ecclesiastically, Ladakh continued to be a vassal of Tibet. But the Indians say that since Gulab Singh's time Ladakh has continued to be, politically, part of Jammu and Kashmir. But the Chinese say that the frontiers of Ladakh *vis-à-vis* Tibet and China have never been as they are shown on Indian maps, either during Gulab Singh's time or at any other time. To put these arguments another way, the Indians contend that the State of Jammu and Kashmir has title to Ladakh and that they have title to Jammu, so Ladakh is Indian, whereas the Chinese contend that in matters of religion and tax they've never ceased to have overlordship of Ladakh, and that, in any case, the Indian title to Kashmir is a matter of dispute today. The Indians contend that if the Ladakhis owe any religious fealty it is to the Dalai Lama, who is in India, and that the Chinese title to Tibet is a matter of dispute. Both India and China have appealed to tradition on the question of exactly what constitutes the boundaries of Ladakh, but it has been pointed out that tradition can't exist without people, and that much of Ladakh has never been inhabited. Again, both sides have appealed to place names, but it has been pointed out that places are often known by two names, one Chinese and the other Indian. Again, both sides have appealed to reports of various nineteenth-century travellers to Ladakh, but it has been pointed out that these reports conflict on matters as basic as who had rights to mine salt where. Again, both sides have appealed to the history of their administrations, but if the Indians say the village of Demchok was under their administration, as its inclusion in the 1921 census of India evidenced, the Chinese say the report of that census gives Demchok a population of only four, which is so wide of the mark that it proves India could not have had an administration there. The claims are academic, but the importance of Aksai Chin to the Chinese is not. Aksai Chin is a plateau linking the industrial province of Sinkiang with Tibet, and if the Chinese should ever lose their hold on Sinkiang they would lose not only Tibet but Inner Mongolia. P. H. M. Jones, writing in the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, points out, 'Aksai Chin was of great importance to China. It had always been a traffic artery linking Western Tibet with Sinkiang, and the Ching dynasty had established check posts there from the middle of the 18th century. The Chinese army had entered Tibet by that route in 1950 and Chinese military and civilian workers had built the new highway along it between March, 1956, and October, 1957, which the Chinese army had since continually patrolled.' But then other authorities challenge Jones' facts and say that Jones is only repeating the Chinese case. So it goes. "Solutions: Most seem to be on the level of the one proposed by a purveyor of drastic remedies, who says, 'Let's give this moon to the Chinese and evacuate the Ladakhis to the foothills—perhaps settle them alongside the refugees from Tibet.' "



Reading over these notes, I can't help feeling that to think about Ladakh at all—to say nothing of living here for a few years, or even a few hours—is to experience a sort of disorientation, for an air of unreality surrounds everything, from the military enterprise right down to the kissing gate.

TIBET: Tibet, which is a four-hundred-and-seventy-thousand-square-mile plateau at an altitude varying from twelve thousand to twenty-four thousand feet—one of the highest elevations in the world—lies between the Himalayan and Kunlun ranges, and is bounded by the People's Republic of China on the north and east and by NEFA, Bhutan, Sikkim, Nepal, and Ladakh on the south and west. Unlike the other Himalayan states, which only live in fear of the Chinese, Tibet has been fully incorporated into China. In 1950 and 1951, after a series of clashes between Chinese troops and the inhabitants of the eastern marches of Tibet, the Chinese imposed on the Tibetans a treaty known as the Seventeen-Point Agreement. Its key provisions stipulated that the Tibetans should "unite and drive out imperialist aggressive forces from Tibet," that they should "return to the big family of the Motherland—the People's Republic of China," and that their government should "actively assist the People's Liberation Army to enter Tibet and consolidate the national defense." Tibet had been loosely, nominally under the dominion of China from the fourteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth; there had been instances of Tibet's rulers' doing homage to the emperors of China, and Chinese ambans, or representatives, had resided in Lhasa off and on. Except for this connection with China, and some contact with Mongolia and India, Tibet had always been all but cut off from the rest of the world. In 1904, however, the British, taking advantage of the weakness of both Tibet and China, penetrated all the way to Lhasa. In time, they established amicable relations with Tibet, posting a few garrisons and establishing a few trading centers, a few rest houses, and token postal, telegraph, and telephone facilities—all without reference to China. One aim of the Seventeen-Point Agreement was to restore Sino-Tibetan relations to what the Chinese believed they had been before the British penetration. In 1954, India relinquished her right, inherited from the British, to maintain the garrisons and facilities in Tibet by signing with China a treaty known as the Agreement for Trade and Cultural Intercourse, which gave the Chinese what amounted to carte blanche in Tibet. In 1959, soon after the Dalai Lama fled to India, the Chinese reorganized the local government in Tibet, publicized denunciations of the Dalai Lama by his ecclesiastical deputy the Panchen Lama, and put an end to whatever autonomy Tibet had enjoyed.

Altogether, about eighty thousand refugees have followed the Dalai Lama out of Tibet; though the Chinese have attempted to seal the borders, refugees continue to slip out. Their experiences dramatize the consequences of what is generally regarded as Chinese enslavement. Though numerous volunteer organizations in Europe and North America have been mobilized to help these refugees, though the Indian government has been generous in its aid to them, though the Dalai Lama's government in exile has supervised the work of rehabilitation, and though everyone concerned has given some thought to settling them in conditions approximating those of Tibet, transplantation has left them devastated. Having lived at high altitudes, in small settlements with sufficient food, in a cold, dry climate with few diseases, in a self-contained, static, medieval, pastoral society with a xenophobic, clannish outlook, these refugees have been plunged into the turmoil of a developing society whose languages and customs bear almost no relation to theirs. Dervla Murphy is one of many persons who have



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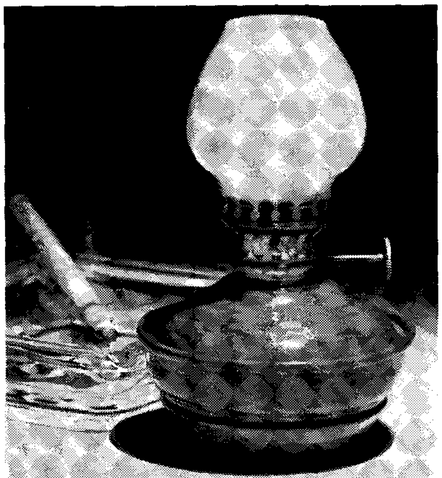

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written of their hardships. Miss Murphy, who journeyed from her native Ireland to India almost entirely by bicycle, and recounted that adventure in a book entitled "Full Tilt," tells in a sequel, "Tibetan Foothold," how she took a rest from Rozinante, her bicycle, and, beginning in June, 1963, spent a few months in a refugee camp in Dharamsala—a hill station situated in the Dhauladhur spur of the Punjab Himalayas—which boasts one of the best campsites, and which since 1960 has served as the seat of the Dalai Lama. Miss Murphy reports that even there, in the mountains, refugee children suffered from "bronchitis, pneumonia, T.B., whooping-cough, chicken-pox, measles, mumps, amoebic and bacillary dysentery, round-, hook-, tape-, and wireworms, scabies, septic headsores from lice, septic bed-bug bites, boils, abscesses of incredible sizes, rickets, bleeding gums, weak hearts, asthma, conjunctivitis, trachoma, and otitis media," adding, "The majority suffer from calcium and Vitamin C deficiency, and a heartbreaking number, no matter what is done for them now, will probably be partially blind or deaf, or both, in maturity."

Conditions in the camp a year later were only a little improved, as a couple of letters written to Miss Murphy by a friend named Judy Pullen indicate. (They form an appendix to "Tibetan Foothold.") Miss Pullen, a teacher, and Lois James, a nurse, had come to India in October, 1963, from the Canadian University Service Overseas, to work with the refugees. The two volunteers, who were in their early twenties, had been sent to a transit refugee camp in Kangra, a squalid town lying a couple of thousand feet below Dharamsala, and that is where Miss Murphy first met them. In 1964, the Kangra camp was moved up to Dharamsala, and both Miss Pullen and Miss James were transferred there. Miss Pullen was assigned to the Dharamsala camp's Teacher Training School, where she started imparting to about thirty lamas the rudiments of a few modern subjects, introduced into their traditional curriculum of scriptures, poetry, logic, and grammar. She wrote from Dharamsala on July 3, 1964:

> In addition to two English classes, I'm giving lectures in geography, general science, hygiene, current events, world history, etc. It all sounds very grand, but I'm just trying to give some grounding in each subject. A special translator was brought from Delhi, so I lecture in English and he translates as I go. The atmosphere became charged with excitement as they [the lamas] learned about the solar system, changes of season, etc. Late into the evening, monks could be seen clustered around the globe with flashlights and little balls trying to work out lunar and solar eclipses. . . . Zimey Rinpoche ["*rinpoche*," a title, means "blessed incarnation"], the head Lama and principal, is young, charming, and brilliant. He keeps me running to my books with his intelligent questions on satellites, soundwaves, splitting the atom, etc.

After relating some of the difficulties she had encountered at the school, Miss Pullen went on:

> Five weeks ago now, I got sick again . . . [and] began a dandy bout of jaundice and infectious hepatitis. . . . You can't imagine how frustrated and fed-up I am at losing so much precious time. . . . Three weeks ago . . . Lois [received] 120 kids, who arrived nearly dead. . . . Those kids had camped four months on the border without shelter, food, or help. They buried two of their number there and then permission came to enter India—on grounds of compassion. Seventeen were left in a nearby hospital—nearly dead—and the others came on here on a nightmare of a train ride in the most blistering heat. You wouldn't believe it unless you saw it—they're still only shells and skeletons of children. Two more have died—one in Lois' arms . . . of worm-convulsions. Lois had to cremate the body herself. And now they're having emotional fits, hysterics, and an attempted suicide—it's so criminal I can't believe it's true.

In another letter, sent on September 4th of that year, she wrote:

> Lois cracked up again about three weeks ago and spent ten days at the Mission Hospital. It was the same old liver trouble and I am quite worried, because it bothers her constantly, though she's back on the job again. It's a miracle she lasted *this long, after the terrific strain she's* been under since early June, when those very sick kids arrived. It was a long, hard struggle, but she lost only two of them, and even the most seriously disturbed children are now normal, healthy, and delightful Tibetan kids.

Today, I am in Dharamsala. I spend some time going around the Tibetan colony. In the yard of the Lower Nursery, small children are waiting to have their heads washed with a solution of DDT. In a classroom of the Upper Nursery, slightly older children are being taught English with the help of drawings on a blackboard. In the workshops of the Handicraft Center, Tibetan cobblers, tailors, and weavers are busy making Tibetan-style shoes, clothes, and rugs. Everywhere, there are touches of Tibet—a fluttering prayer flag here, a turning prayer wheel there, broad black strips of molding around the windows of the newly built cottages.

In a room of the Teacher Training School, making a meal of *moo-moo* (or steamed dumplings), is a fairskinned, brown-eyed young woman dressed in a long Tibetan gown of black cotton. She is Judy Pullen. (Lois James, whose health suffered a severe breakdown, has returned to Canada, where she is now undergoing medical treatment.) Miss Pullen is still working here, still teaching her old subjects, still giving lessons in geography with the help of a globe—though now she uses copies of the *National Geographic* as well. She is not in very good health herself, but a girlish, breezy manner almost veils the fact.

I have *moo-moo* with Miss Pullen, and then she conducts me through the school. Housed in a typical tin-roofed hill-station cottage, it has, in addition to a few classrooms, some small dormitory rooms, into which double- and triple-decker beds have been fitted to make the best use of the space. She shows me her own room, which differs from most of the others only in that it contains two ordinary bedsteads, one twice as larger as the other. "My room serves as a little clinic, too," she says. "This large bed is sort of a hospital bed. The sickest children in the camp on any particular day sleep here. Often there are as many as half a dozen sharing the bed. I sleep on this small bed and act as a sort of night nurse to the children. At the moment, I have five nocturnal patients. The youngest is a five-year-old girl. She was the most emotionally disturbed child you ever saw when she came here. Actually, it's amazing that these children aren't more emotionally disturbed—I mean, with all the things they've gone through. She's nearly all right now. When I leave, I'm going to make sure that she finds a good home. His Holiness the Dalai Lama has established a couple of dozen homes for Tibetan children in and around the hill station of Mussoorie, which, as you know, is about a hundred miles from here. Twenty-five children are picked to live with a foster mother and father. I'll try to get her into one of these homes—one that's just right for her."

"How did you happen to come out to India?" I ask.

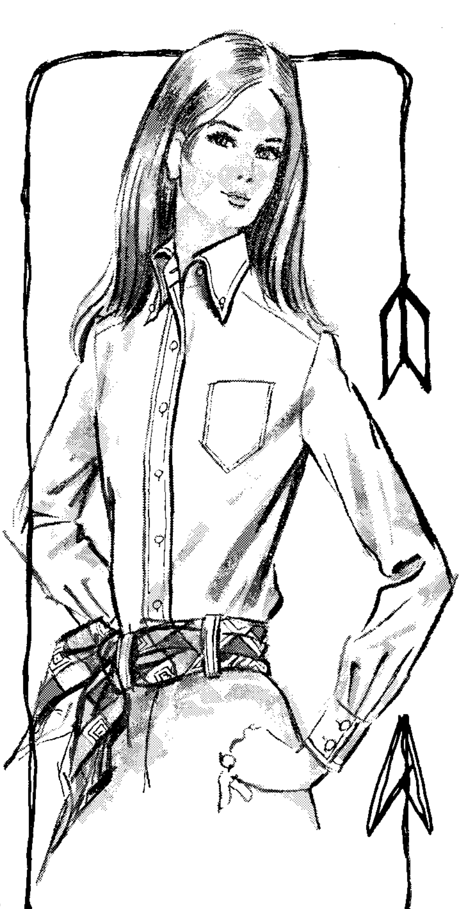
"I was a student at the University of Toronto," she says. "I was doing premed, but I had just got engaged and I thought, Now I'll never finish medical school—I'll just get married. Then I heard Dr. Tom Dooley speak. That got me interested in working with the refugees. I asked my fiancé if I could go and work with the Tibetan refugees for a year. He said I could, just for a year. When I got to my camp, I found that I didn't think of home at all. After a year, it was clear to me that if I had really wanted to get married I wouldn't have come out here in the first place. So I decided to forget about marriage and just stay on here. First it was a year, then two, and I'm still here."

"Do you miss home now?" I ask.

"Not much," she says. "Of course, here there isn't any social life. Here you can't talk to a man without all the Tibetans looking on. If you talk to a boy in the bazaar and a Tibetan sees you, it will start a scandal among the lamas at school. Lois and I were warned about this in orientation classes, so we were prepared. Lois even gave up smoking when she came here. But my lamas are darlings. And His Holiness has a younger sister, and when she is here things get quite lively. We go on picnics, but my lamas look upon even that as very bad, so every time I go on a picnic I have a guilty conscience for six weeks. Once, I stayed out on a picnic until three in the morning. I told my lamas that I would stay out for the whole night at a cottage nearby, or they would all have been out looking for me. I confessed later to Zimey Rinpoche. I told him I was a human being—no better than anyone else."

FOR nearly five centuries, most Tibetans have been members of a Buddhist reform sect called Gelugpa, or the Virtuous Order of the Yellow Hat. The order has always been led by the Dalai Lama, who has been regarded as the incarnation of Chenresi, the Buddha of Mercy (Chenresi took a vow to protect all living beings), and who has been paid homage as an absolute, divine ruler. The present Dalai Lama, the fourteenth, was born on the fifth day of the fifth month of the Wood Hog Year of the sixteenth cycle of the Tibetan calendar, or June 6, 1935. In his autobiography, which was written in English, with the help of David Howarth, and published in 1962, the Dalai Lama describes how, in 1937, he was recognized as the incarnation of the thirteenth Dalai Lama. (Being an incarnation of Chenresi, each Dalai Lama is, of course, the incarnation of his predecessor.) Tibetan notables, after the death of the thirteenth Dalai Lama, appointed a regent, who began the search for the new incarnation by interpreting certain portents. According to the Dalai Lama:

> Curious cloud formations were seen in the northeast from Lhasa.... After



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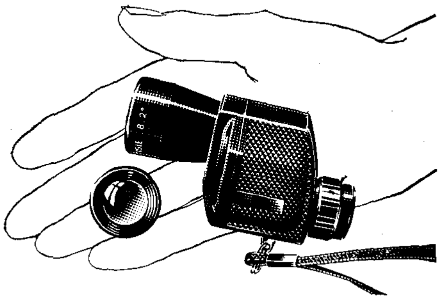

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> the [thirteenth] Dalai Lama died, his body was placed seated on a throne... facing toward the south; but after a few days it was seen that the face had turned towards the east. And on a wooden pillar on the northeastern side of the shrine where the body sat, a great star-shaped fungus suddenly appeared. All this and other evidence indicated the direction where the new Dalai Lama should be sought.... Next, in 1935, the Tibetan Wood Hog Year, the Regent... saw the vision of... a monastery with roofs of jade green and gold and a house with turquoise tiles. A detailed description [of this vision]... was written down and kept a strict secret.
>
> In the following year, high lamas and dignitaries, carrying the secrets of the visions, were sent out to all parts of Tibet to search for the place which the Regent had seen....
>
> The wise men who went to the east arrived in our region of Dokham during the winter, and they observed the green and golden roofs of the monastery of Kumbum. In the village of Taktser, they noticed at once a house with turquoise tiles. Their leader asked if the family living in the house had any children and was told that they had a boy who was nearly two years old.
>
> On hearing this significant news, two members of the party went in the house in disguise.... The real leader, Lama Kewtsang Rinpoche of Sera Monastery, was dressed in poor clothes and acted as a servant.... There they found the baby of the family, and the moment the little boy saw the lama, he went to him and wanted to sit on his lap. The lama was disguised... but round his neck he was wearing a rosary which had belonged to the thirteenth Dalai Lama. The little boy seemed to recognize the rosary, and he asked to be given it. The lama promised to give it to him if he could guess who he was, and the boy replied that he was Sera-aga, which meant, in the local dialect, "a lama of Sera."

The boy's recognition of the rosary was one of many signs that convinced Lama Kewtsang Rinpoche that he was in the presence of the new incarnation. As a result, the entire search party presently converged on the house with the turquoise tiles. The Dalai Lama, remarking that small children often recall objects and people, and even passages of scripture, that they knew in their previous incarnation, continues his account:

> They offered me two drums, a very small drum which the [thirteenth] Dalai Lama had used for calling attendants, and a larger and much more ornate and attractive drum with golden straps. I chose the little drum and began to beat it in the way that drums are beaten during prayers.... By these tests, they were further convinced that the reincarnation had been found.

Later, the boy was taken to the holy city of Lhasa, and on October 7, 1939, he was formally initiated as Gyalpo Rinpoche, or Blessed Incarnation of the Glorious King. In the course of the ceremonies, he was given the names Ngawang, Lobsang, Tentsing, and Gyamtso—the Eloquent, the Wise, the Defender of the Faith, and the Ocean. The designation Dalai also means "ocean," the ocean being, in Tibetan Buddhism, a symbol of infinite wisdom.

The rest of the Dalai Lama's book is a detailed record of his religious education, his assumption of responsibility for the government when he was sixteen, his efforts to reach an understanding with the Chinese, his appeals to the free world for assistance, and his flight to India. On March 17, 1959, the day before the flight, the Dalai Lama was quartered in the Norbulingka, his summer palace in Lhasa. For a week, the Norbulingka had been surrounded by thousands of Lhasans who believed that the Chinese were getting ready to kidnap the Dalai Lama, and now rumors were abroad that the Chinese were setting their artillery in position to shoot their way into the Norbulingka.

> About four o'clock that afternoon... we heard the boom of two heavy mortar shells fired from a nearby Chinese camp. And we also heard the splash of the shells in a marsh outside the northern gate.
>
> At those two isolated shots, consternation and anger reached a final climax in the crowd.... I was not afraid of being one of the victims of the Chinese attack. ... But I knew my people and the officials of my government could not share my feelings. To them the person of the Dalai Lama was supremely precious.... They were convinced that if my body perished at the hands of the Chinese, the life of Tibet would also come to an end.
>
> So when the Chinese guns sounded that warning of death, the first thought in the mind of every official within the Palace, and every humble member of the vast concourse around it, was that my life must be saved and I must leave the Palace and leave the city at once.... If I did escape from Lhasa, where was I to go, and how could I reach asylum? Above all, would the Chinese destroy our holy city and massacre our people if I went—or would the people scatter from the Palace when they heard that I had gone, and so perhaps would some lives be saved? ... Everything was uncertain, except the compelling anxiety of all my people to get me away before the orgy of Chinese destruction and massacre began.... I decided to go.

Twelve days later, having travelled over the high passes and through the sheer valleys of the Himalayas, the Dalai Lama arrived in Tawang, a village on the northeast frontier of India, and took refuge, with a party of ninety-five officials and relatives, in the Tawang Monastery, a daughter house of the Drebung Monastery, of Lhasa.

He was granted political sanctuary in India, and he eventually settled in Dharamsala.

In the pages devoted to the Sino-Tibetan conflict, the Dalai Lama maintains that, contrary to what the Communist Chinese have said, Tibet and the Dalai Lama were never subservient to China and her emperors but, rather, relations between the two realms were reciprocal:

> For two and a half centuries of the rule of the Dalai Lamas, until about the end of the nineteenth Christian century, there was a reciprocal personal relationship between the Dalai Lamas and the Emperors of China; a relationship of religious leadership on one side and a rather tenuous secular leadership on the other. The Emperor appointed two officials called Ambans to represent him in Lhasa. They exercised some authority, but they exercised it through the government of the Dalai Lama, and in the course of time their authority gradually declined.

He maintains, further:

> Suzerainty . . . perhaps . . . was the nearest western political term to describe the relations between Tibet and China from 1720 to 1890, but still, it was very inaccurate, and the use of it has misled whole generations of western statesmen. It did not take into account the reciprocal spiritual relationship, or recognize that the relationship was a personal matter between the Dalai Lamas and the Manchu emperors. There are many such ancient eastern relationships which cannot be described in ready-made western political terms.

The Dalai Lama sees the Communist Chinese as aggressors and invaders, and he sees them as guilty of the crime of genocide, quoting, as evidence, reports of the International Commission of Jurists—an organization made up of lawyers and judges representing some fifty non-Communist countries—which were based on testimony from the Tibetan refugees and on public statements from both sides. In attempts at rebuttal, it has been said that, regardless of how certain ritualistic and symbolic acts are interpreted or what term is employed for those ancient Eastern relationships of the Buddhist world, Tibet was always just a "region" of China, and that the Chinese did not so much invade Tibet as liberate it from feudal and ecclesiastical oppression. Edgar Snow, in his book "The Other Side of the River: Red China Today," discusses some aspects of this oppression:

> The Tibetan theocracy was an anomaly which only its inaccessibility could have preserved till now. Absolute feudalism prevailed and most people were held in serfdom. The lamas and nobility owned nearly all the land, livestock, and other wealth. Fear of devils and hell-fire for the impious combined with barbaric tor-

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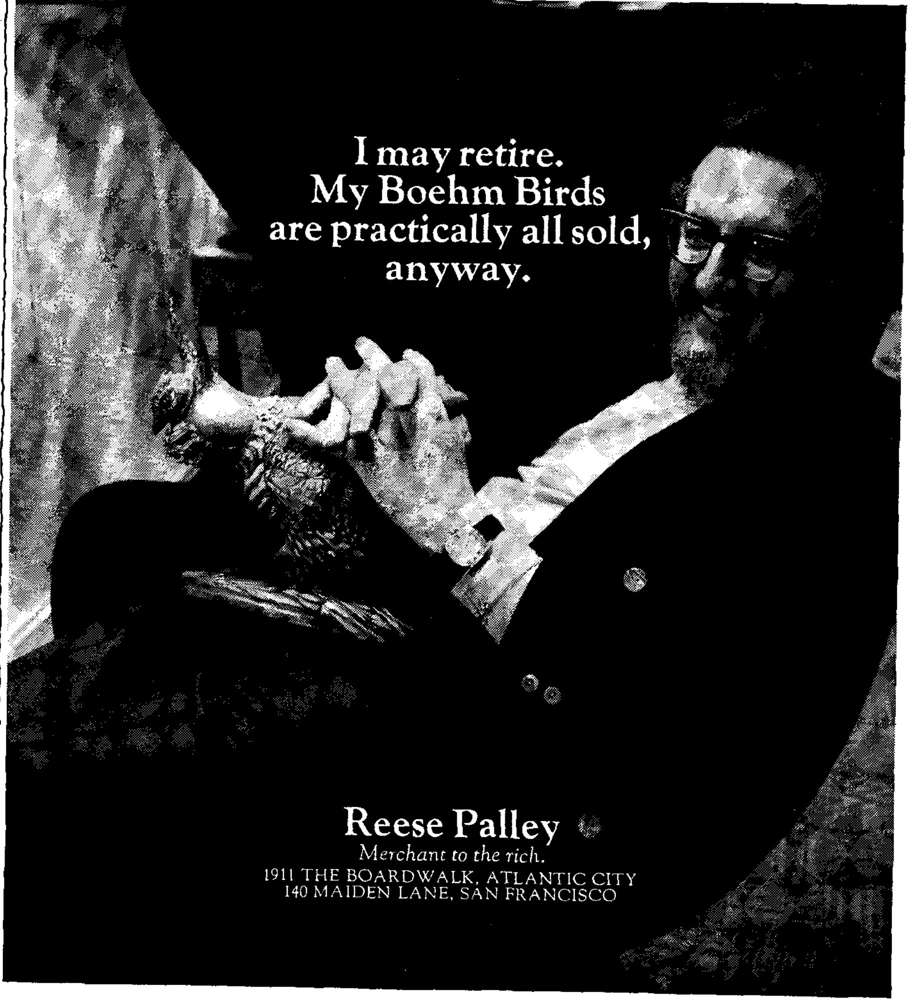

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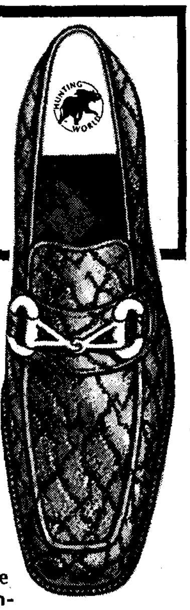

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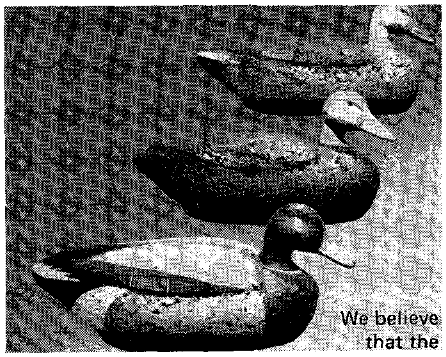

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ture and death for fugitives from the system kept the population in subjugation, as in other feudalisms.

It may be true that the Dalai Lama's autobiography is a one-sided account of the Chinese takeover of Tibet, colored at times by his wish to justify to himself his departure from his homeland, but it may also be true that future generations will be able to glimpse Tibet as it existed during the early life of the fourteenth Dalai Lama only through the sober, poignant narrative of "My Land and My People."

One of the first persons to speak with the Dalai Lama after he started living in India was the oldest of his four brothers, Thubten Jigme Norbu. At the time of the Dalai Lama's flight, as it happened, Norbu was living in New York, but when he got news of the flight he rushed to India. Norbu has described the audience with his brother in a book he wrote with Heinrich Harrer, called "Tibet Is My Country":

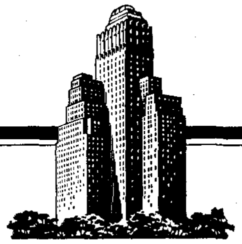
> I was about to prostrate myself before him, as I had always been accustomed to do, and to present the usual *kata*, when with a gesture of the hand he indicated that I should not do so here. Wordlessly he pointed to a thanka with the picture of Sangye Chömdende Buddha; and deeply moved I laid my good-luck scarf over it. Henceforth our reverential greetings were to honour the gods alone; from now on the Dalai Lama regarded himself only as the first fugitive amongst his oppressed people.

Now, seven years later, for an audience with the Dalai Lama, I buy, at a shop in Dharamsala, a *kata*, which is a starched strip of white tulle, and go up a thousand feet—eight dizzying miles by road—above the Teacher Training School. (Miss Pullen lives in Lower Dharamsala, the Dalai Lama in Upper Dharamsala.) I then climb a steep hillside to a British-style cottage, which has been known as the Celestial Abode since the Dalai Lama took up residence in it. The Dalai Lama is on the veranda, and I approach him with my arms outstretched, the *kata* laid across my wrists in what I hope is the customary manner.

He steps forward with a strip of tulle identical to mine. I hesitate. He laughs, takes my *kata*, and presses his into my hands, saying, "*Thujichenja, thujichenja*."

"His Holiness thanks you," a young man says, appearing from behind the Dalai Lama. He is Tenzin Geyche, the interpreter.

"Yes, '*thujichenja*' means 'thank you,' " the Dalai Lama adds, in Eng-



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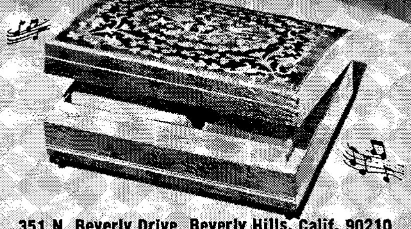

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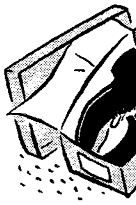
lish. He takes both my hands in his and swings them from side to side.

The three of us are soon seated in wicker chairs around a low table. The Dalai Lama, who is wearing a lama's russet robe and rubber sandals, has a touch of the student about him—a smooth, cheerful face, close-cropped hair, and a clear, attentive gaze from behind spectacles. He begins talking animatedly in Tibetan.

"His Holiness knows a little English, but he would rather speak Tibetan, because His Holiness is not so sure about the pronunciation of English words," Tenzin Geyche says. "His Holiness says that in any event we Tibetans speak English without any expression, like the southern Indians, who, His Holiness has heard, say everything in one long sentence without any expression. His Holiness says that even when we Tibetans speak Sanskrit it is not understood by Indians who know Sanskrit, because our pronunciation of Sanskrit words in Tibet is like the Japanese and Chinese peoples' pronunciation of English. It sounds as if we had marvels in our mouths."



"Not 'marvels'—'*marbles*,'" the Dalai Lama says, with an easy, boyish laugh.

"His Holiness is learning English because His Holiness hopes to go to America one day," Tenzin Geyche says, continuing to interpret.

"Yes, in America I would like to see a spaceship," the Dalai Lama says. "I would like to go to the moon one day. I know I can't be the first, but I don't want to be the last." He laughs.

"Has Your Holiness travelled much in India?" I ask.

"Yes, and one of the side results was to make His Holiness vegetarian," Tenzin Geyche says. "His Holiness has been a vegetarian since last year. His Holiness has become very weight-conscious. His Holiness says that he frequently goes down to the Upper Nursery and weighs himself, and that His Holiness's weight has remained exactly the same for a year—sixty-eight kilos."

"I think that's one hundred and fifty pounds," the Dalai Lama says.

"His Holiness ate meat until last year, when he started his pilgrimages—"

"Travels," the Dalai Lama puts in.

"—and when His Holiness had to stay in a rest house, where His Holiness was sometimes the only guest. Once, a chicken was killed specially for His Holiness's dinner in front of His Holiness. His Holiness then decided to give up meat, because of *ahimsa*. According to the Binaya Sutra, it is not wrong for a Buddhist to eat meat, provided the meat is not killed by him or killed specially for him. The meat should never be eaten if it is killed and prepared specially for him. But in the rest houses His Holiness found that the meat was being killed specially for him, so His Holiness felt that it was just as well to give up meat altogether."

"What does Your Holiness hear out of Tibet nowadays?" I ask.

"Refugees are still coming out of Tibet, and His Holiness receives reports from them. The Chinese have introduced many good reforms in Tibet. They are building roads, schools, and factories. We should have introduced some of these reforms ourselves, but we did not, because Tibet has always been very isolated and many people lived in monasteries and did not know what was going on outside them. The Chinese are doing a lot of bad things, too. Valuable ancient images have been taken from our monasteries to China. Gold and silver images have been melted down, and clay images have been broken up and mixed with manure. The Chinese have burned our scriptures in bonfires. They have used our precious manuscripts for wrapping paper; His Holiness has a page of a book that they used for wrapping paper. They have used our ancient manuscripts to blow their noses on. Many young lamas have been forced to marry. Many of them are under sentence of hard labor. In the Drebung Monastery, in Lhasa, we once had ten thousand lamas. Today, there are only three hundred, and most of them are old men. Even they are kept there for show, to impress visitors. When they are not praying for these visitors, they are forced to kill hens and pigeons and carry manure. The Chinese have harnessed the lamas to plows. They torture the lamas to death and say, 'Why don't you save yourselves with miracles?'"

"In Buddhism, you should not mind those who make you angry," the Dalai Lama says. "You should love those people who irritate you, because they are your gurus. In that sense, the Chinese are our gurus."

"What does Your Holiness think about the future of Tibet?" I ask.

"His Holiness says that there may be some changes in Tibet, owing to Com-

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munist indoctrination of the people, but that as long as Tibetans exist their loyalty to Buddhist Tibet will exist. The hope of going back is there always, but it's difficult to predict when and how. It may be that the third or fourth generation of leaders in China will be more reasonable about Tibet."

"What does Your Holiness think will be the future of the institution of the Dalai Lama?"

"His Holiness says that if the people want a Dalai Lama in the future, then there will be a Dalai Lama. But it doesn't matter whether someone is called Dalai Lama or not, because the incarnation will be there doing his work. All Dalai Lamas and other *rinpoche* lamas are blessed incarnations. But just because someone is chosen as a *rinpoche* lama or Dalai Lama doesn't necessarily mean he's always blessed. People can make mistakes, and have made them. The sixth Dalai Lama was very naughty. He drank and had many mistresses. But then he might have reached such a degree of spiritual understanding that he could do these things and still be a blessed incarnation."

INTERPRETATION THEREOF: While everywhere multitudes cried for bread, the leaders of the nation made a great feast and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, and of iron. In the same hour came forth five fingers of a hand and wrote on the wall, and the leaders of the nation saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then their countenances were changed and their thoughts troubled them. The leaders of the nation cried aloud to bring in the astrologers and the soothsayers. Then came in all the wise men; but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the leaders of the nation the interpretation thereof.

And no one with light and understanding and excellent wisdom could be found to read the writing, and make known the interpretation and dissolve the doubts. —VED MEHTA

(This is the sixth of a series of articles. The seventh will appear in an early issue.)

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> NEW YORK—American Telephone & Telegraph Co. announced plans Wednesday to try out new rate schedules that would provide lower rates for most direct-dialed long distance calls and increase them for most direct-dialed long distance calls and increase them for most operater-handled calls.
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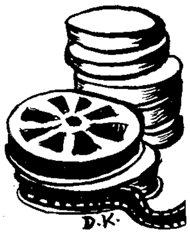
Then everyone went home chuckling.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

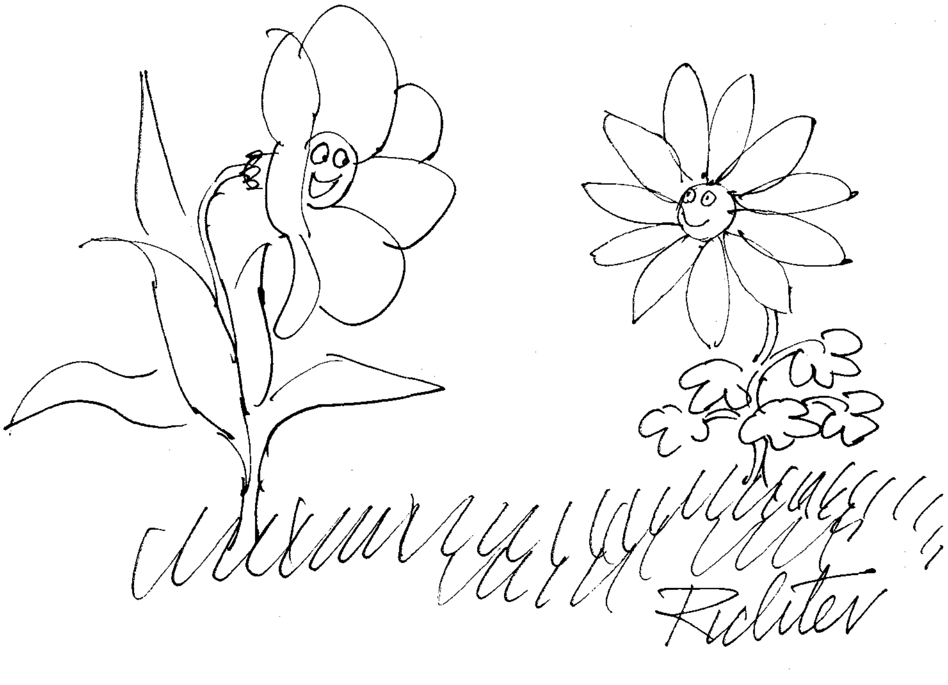
Blinders



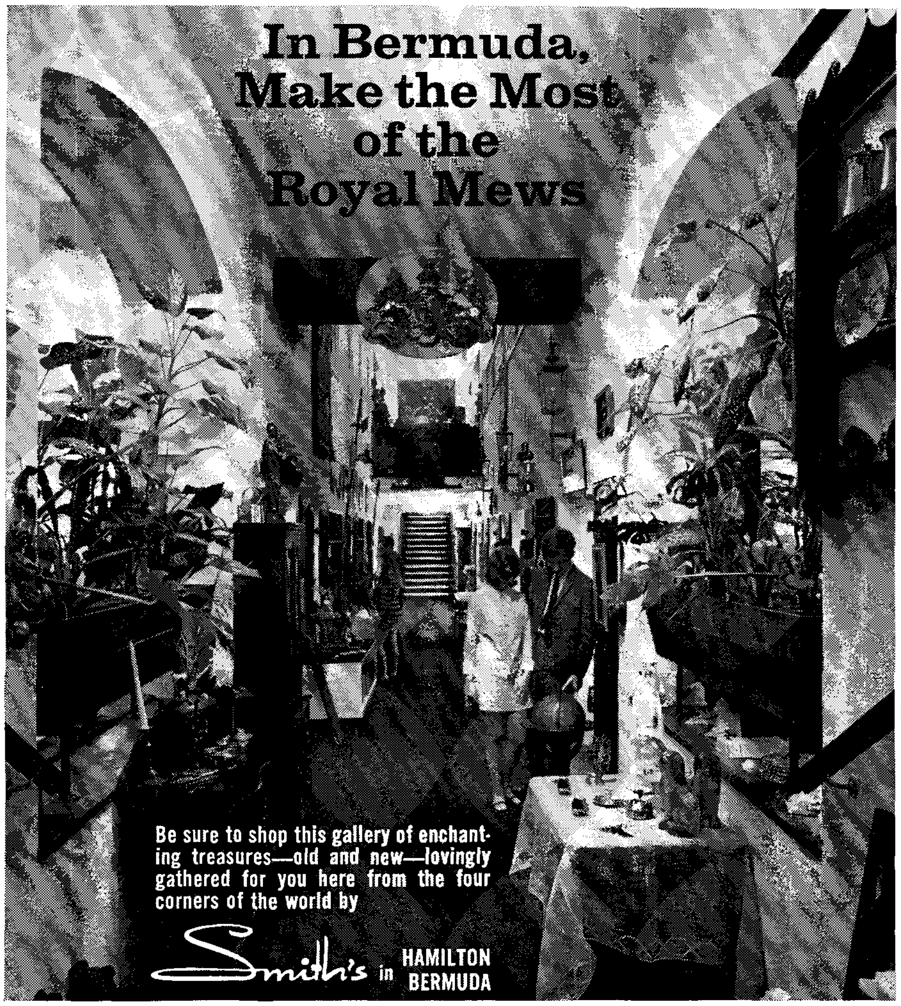
"KRAKATOA, EAST OF JAVA" is a Cinerama thing about a volcanic eruption that actually happened in Krakatoa, west of Java. The film company looked at a map after a time, but it was apparently going to be too costly to change the publicity campaign. I had a charming and incensed memorandum from a scholar who modestly describes himself as a Krakatoa buff; according to him, most of the facts in the picture are as off-beam as the title. Since the film can't take scrutiny as fiction, perhaps it doesn't matter, but how was that particular clanger dropped? Maybe some special appeal is felt by the industry's subconscious to lie in the word "East." I can see that "West of Suez" would hold no magic. From time to time, the industry believes deeply in the power of talismanic words in titles. I remember a group of earnest and sober movie men talking a few years ago about the importance of somehow getting "summer," "hot," or "bread," three words that were then held to be top pullers, into the title of a film about a merchant-navy vessel plying the North Sea. Concepts of the charmed go in and out. At the moment, there are *two* big American films featuring strong men in black eye patches. It must mean something, though neither of the films does.

The man in the eye patch who figures in "Castle Keep" is an American major played by Burt Lancaster. Eight walking wounded of the American Army in the Second World War arrive to occupy the castle, which is in the Ardennes. (The castle was built at great cost in Yugoslavia, which is one place to build a Belgian castle, I suppose, although it looks freshly minted on the Columbia lot in California.) Being as much symbol as castle and waste of loot, it represents sanctuary, world peace, the sacred duty to protect, and some jumble about relativity. In it lives a countess who, in spite of being a modern dish and showing no obvious sign of speaking Old French, dresses and behaves in a vaguely tenth-century way, contemporary with the castle. She is married to her uncle. Typically, the film does nothing with this charged piece of information except to announce it and cryptically leave it at that. The one-eyed major is shown riding around on a fairly tenth-century-looking white charger; the vision of him appears just after a soldier has said, out of the blue, with a Joan of Arc expression of listening to Voices, "Did you hear a bird scream?" The film visits upon soldiers some of the most winsome remarks that can ever have got into khaki. It has a whole scene about a Volkswagen that "won't die," and one about a group of pacifists who turn up and say wildly that they believe in God, while the soldiers believe in fornication. This haughty antithesis can only be a metaphor, like the Volkswagen. And then, in the middle of all the high-flying imagery, one of the imagists suddenly says, "Napoleon was a louse." "Castle Keep" loftily mixes Walter Pater and the gutter. It also has some very unlikely debates about art. At least two of the soldiers are represented as Writers. In the voice of one of them, the opening narration says, "Then the snow came. It was a good time to write. All of us had been killed. Some of us once, some of us twice." Weakened by poesy, the soldiers talk eagerly about art and the drama, although any real soldiers would be brewing hot coffee and sacking out. Burt Lancaster, speaking in some inanely discursive mood in the middle of combat, says to Al Freeman, Jr. (good actor), "You're a writer, aren't you? Then you must have imagination. Insight. But you don't have a weapon." This doesn't *literally* mean that he hasn't got a gun, as it turns out; it seems to mean that pens are pacifist weapons. There are also lines that sound weirdly like the confessions of people in some group-therapy session about the psychic burdens of being in command. Amidst gunfire, a superior officer says brokenly to a hefty G.I., "I want to give you an order." And in a key encounter, psychiatrically speaking, a lieutenant talks to a pacific-minded captain about where to get the courage to break away from stiff-necked Army virtues and cop out in a brothel, adding that "it would be like breaking away from my father." Humph. In these terms, the castle is a sort of daughter to them all. The soldiers feel mysteriously bound to it and deeply possessive. It is not to be given up at any cost. It can make them go into a tailspin of domesticity—baking fancy bread for each other, for instance. "Castle Keep" really is a rather dopey picture, even if Henri Decae (of "Purple Noon") did photograph it with common sense and beauty.

IN "Castle Keep," a soldiering story is made comically feeble by cheapjack psychoanalysis about a father-substitute. In Henry Hathaway's "True Grit," a Western is undercut by sentimental truisms about a man's uncle-relationship with the fourteen- or fifteen-year-old heroine. She corrals a United States marshal (John Wayne) into avenging her father's murder. He doesn't want to, but he is eventually



"Why, hello again! I thought you were an annual!"



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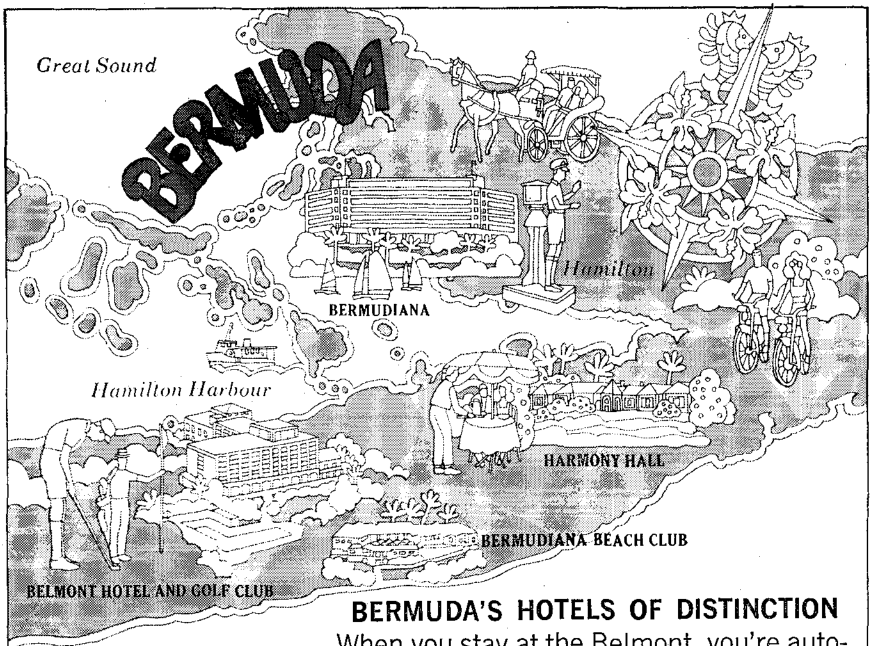

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persuaded by the girl's spunkiness. "By God, she reminds me of me," he says, seeing her swimming on horseback across a river to get her way. (I may well be alone in not finding heightened Wayne lines like this endearing.) The girl develops a feeling for the marshal very like the crush that girl teen-agers often have on ponies. Old pony Wayne, wearing an eye patch, his belt slung under his stomach, admiringly watches her bullying her way toward what she wants. She does it by manipulating cool adults with a canniness that the film finds cute. Wayne and the girl—played by Kim Darby—are obviously drawn to each other in a surrogate way that is much like the horse/woman passion dreamed up by ad men and consecrated in the little pony sunk in bottles of Elizabeth Arden's scent Blue Grass. At the end of the picture, they have a passionate exchange about death and kinship that seems a brutish piece of schmalz after a story full of rah-rah slaughter and near-Fascist admiration for a simplified physical endurance of pain. (The girl is admired by the film for not flinching when a rattlesnake bite is cut out of her flesh with a penknife. And so on.) At the finish, the girl takes Wayne to the family grave and says, "I would like you to rest beside me." Wayne says, "That place should be for your family. Husband. Kids." So she says to him, "You have no kin." At the end of such a picture, it all sounds wrong and offensive and ludicrous—a coarse piece of opportunism, coasting along on the basis of an American mythic form duly honored. The film has a very right-wing and authoritarian tang. When it reaches this scene, it is as though scraps of feeling about Polynices in "Antigone" had been appropriated by "My Friend Flicka" on behalf of the John Birch Society.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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From personal experience, he claims that the use of E-prime can force a self-conscious but salutary revision in the speaker's outlook on life. "Once you realize that every time you say 'is' you tell a lie," he says, "you begin to think less of a thing's identity and more of its function. I find it much harder to be dishonest now."—*Time.*

Still, with a little effort . . .

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Curtis Cate, now living in Paris, has completed his autobiography of Antoine De Saint-Exupery for Putnam's, for publication this winter. It has already been grabbed for British and French publication.—*Variety.*

Wait till they read the fine print.

U.S. JOURNAL: EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

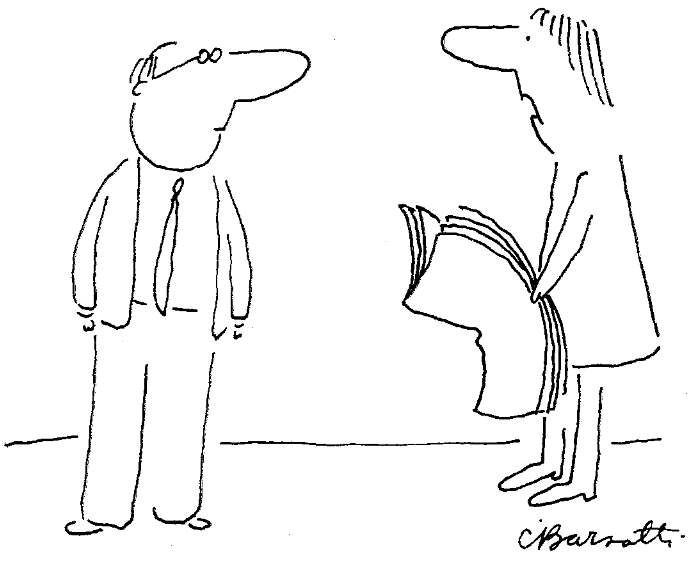
THE SACRED PROJECTS

“TULSANS BUY THE PENN CASTLE HERE; TO MAKE IT ‘SHOWPLACE’ FOR CITY,” a headline in the Eureka Springs *Times-Echo* read in July of 1964. For a town of about two thousand people in the Ozark Mountains, Eureka Springs has a surprising number of potential showplaces, and even a couple of buildings that might pass for castles. Known in its brochures as the Little Switzerland of the Ozarks or the Stairstep Town, it was created at the end of the nineteenth century as an elegant resort for people who wanted to “take the waters.” (“Eureka Springs waters cure these ailments: kidney troubles, Bright’s disease, rheumatism, catarrhal troubles, liver complaints, diseases of the stomach, paralysis, nervous diseases, diseases of women, scrofula, diseases of the eye, general debility, insomnia, diseases of the blood, dropsy, hay fever, rheumatic gout, epilepsy, skin disease,” an advertisement said in 1909. “Write Secretary Commercial Club for further information.”) Eureka Springs’ principal hotel, the Crescent, which was erected in 1886 and completely modernized in 1902, is a castle—an imposing limestone castle perched on a heavily wooded mountain and visible for miles. The main street of Eureka Springs zigzags down a mountain, past springs marked with a tiny park or a gazebo or an old-fashioned outdoor bandstand. If there were such a thing as a Victorian hill town, it would look like Eureka Springs. Penn Castle, although somewhat short of what is generally thought of as castle size, is one of the larger of the Victorian houses that are built on winding streets in a way that gives almost every house a spectacular view. Its new owners, the *Times-Echo* said, planned to refurnish it in the style of the eighteen-nineties, and, having been very active in Americanism movements throughout the years, they planned to include in the new furnishings personal correspondence from such people as General Douglas MacArthur and Henry Ford. “For example,” the article said, “Mr. Ford’s personal volume of the Dearborn *Independent*, his publication, will be placed in Penn Castle.” The purchasers were identified as Elna M. Smith and her husband, Gerald L. K. Smith.

A LOT of people who live in Eureka Springs are old enough to know who Gerald L. K. Smith is. Before the First World War, the elegant spa had fallen before the early-twentieth-century advances in medicine like some particularly uncomplicated virus, and Eureka Springs, once the destination of daily Pullman cars, eventually came close to disappearing. After the Second World War, with the traditional industry of tourism restored only to the point of having some cheap package tours from Chicago at the Crescent, Eureka Springs partly made up for the migration of its young by attracting retired people. Eventually, middle-aged people from Arkansas were outnumbered by old people from Chicago. But even those older citizens who remembered that in the thirties Gerald L. K. Smith had been, as people in Eureka Springs tend to say, “controversial” did not become exercised at the prospect of his spending a few months in their town each year during his old age. (Smith is now seventy-one.) Once the Smiths had moved in, they behaved in a way that any elderly, distinguished-looking people who live in a place called a castle might be expected to behave: they smiled at everyone as they wound through the main street in their Lincoln, they spread their trade around to local merchants, they invited some of the town’s businessmen in for dinner.

About six months after the purchase of Penn Castle, the *Times-Echo* ran a story headlined “A MONUMENTAL STATUE OF CHRIST MAY RISE ON MAGNETIC MOUNTAIN.” According to the *Times-Echo* account, about a hundred and sixty acres that included three mountaintops overlooking the city had been purchased by a Charles F. Robertson of Los Angeles, acting for “a committee of citizens in various parts of the United States” interested in erecting a “Christ of the Ozarks.” The land had actually been bought by Gerald L. K. Smith. Charles Robertson is his assistant. Everett Wheeler, the man who runs the *Times-Echo*, had been told that Smith preferred to keep his name out of the project. The *Times-Echo*, like most weekly papers in the United States, will print pretty much anything that anyone furnishes, as long as it doesn’t offend anyone. A lot of daily papers in the United States are basically just as docile, but the *Arkansas Gazette*, in Little Rock, the morning paper that most people in Eureka Springs read, is not one of them. A few months after the *Times-Echo* announced Robertson’s purchase, the *Gazette* ran a piece headlined “ ‘CHRIST OF THE OZARKS’ STATUE IS PROJECT OF ANTI-SEMITE GERALD L. K. SMITH.”

The *Gazette* said that the kind of Americanism movements that Smith had been involved in—the Americanism of Father Coughlin and the Protocols of the Elders of Zion—had been repudiated by virtually every public figure in America, out to and including Billy James Hargis. Everett Wheeler, at the *Times-Echo*, eventually obtained a current copy of *The Cross and the Flag*, the magazine Smith publishes in California. In the issue Wheeler read, there were some warnings about mongrelization and black rapists, an assortment of quotations about Jewish Bolshevism from such sources as the London *Morning Post* of 1919, a piece on the blasphemy of referring to Jesus Christ as a Jew, and one short item in a series of “Smith Missiles” that began casually, “Speaking of Jewish tyranny . . .” Wheeler did not trouble the readers of the *Times-Echo* with these controversial matters. He continued to print the releases of the Elna M. Smith Foundation, the official sponsor of the statue—sometimes with a contributor’s line and sometimes



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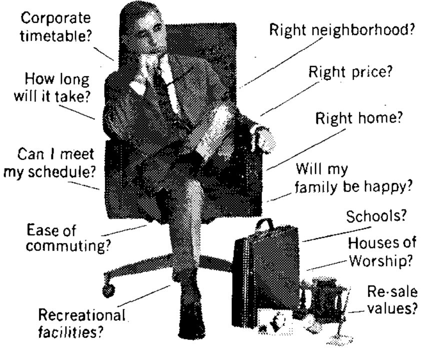
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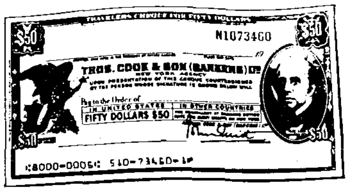

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without one. Wheeler is the only printer in town, and he was soon doing some of the printing involved in the Christ of the Ozarks project. "Smith is very clever," Wheeler will say to visitors. "He spreads business around town. The printing here, for instance, he could do cheaper in his own printing plant in California."

A number of people in Eureka Springs saw some financial advantage in Smith's presence. Since the elegant days of the spa, the town's economy has gone in peaks and valleys—mostly valleys and not very high peaks—depending on how many people come to see what the Stairstep Town looks like or to search out the five phenomena listed in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" or to shop in the gift shops and antique stores. "There will be no commercialism, there will be no admission charge, no collections and no merchandise for sale in relationship to the exhibit of this sacred object," a typical progress report in the *Times-Echo* said of the sponsors' plans for the statue. "It is their belief that nothing could be more sacrilegious than to bring gross commercialism into the presentation of the statue. It is believed and hoped that thousands of people will visit Eureka Springs just to see the statue, and if this has a constructive influence in the normal business operations of the community all concerned with the statue will be happy."

In letters to the *Gazette* and in an open letter printed in the *Times-Echo* to answer the *Gazette* story, Smith avoided any talk of Jewish tyrannies. "My life has been a very controversial life," he said in the open letter. "It struck us that nothing could bring us more joy during the sunset days of our lives than to pay tribute to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. . . . It would be sinful and unrefined and un-Christian and un-American for anyone to use such a sacred project to promote any controversial activity." In a carefully researched article on Smith and Eureka Springs that appeared in the *Gazette* in May of 1965, Patrick J. Owens found that the citizens who thought one way or the other about Smith (anti-Semitism being a rather remote issue in Eureka Springs) tended to separate his past from his present. It was clear from Owens' pieces and *Gazette* editorials that the only difference between Smith's past and his present was the number of people paying any attention. But Owens had also found that the businessmen who expected the Christ of the Ozarks to start the boom that Eureka Springs had always waited for were determined to know as little about Gerald L. K. Smith as possible. The town does not have a tradition of being picky about who promotes what within the environs. Without provoking any great public outrage, Norman Baker, a notorious cancer-cure quack, turned the Crescent into his "hospital" for a few years in the thirties—before the federal government put him in prison for using the mails to defraud. Eureka Springs was founded, after all, on the financial implications in the belief that water from one spring could cure Bright's disease and water from another would clear up a case of scrofula. Unlike the usual tourist-attraction promoter, Smith hadn't approached the local businessmen for capital. Also, what could be wrong with a statue of Jesus Christ? "Oh, I got a little criticism," Norman Tucker, the man who sold Smith the land and the current president of the Eureka Springs Chamber of Commerce, said later. "Not criticism, really, but a few people kind of kidded me about selling that land too cheap."

The *Times-Echo* continued to print progress reports on the statue—that it would be seven stories high, that its arms would stretch sixty-five feet, that its hands were being hoisted into place. The Smiths let it be known that they had selected a small plot under one of Christ's outstretched arms as their burial place. Smith made his first appearance before a civic group—the Lions Club—and assured everyone that he did not intend to interfere in local politics or to move the headquarters of his publishing operation from California. "Smith . . . talks as though he had no plans at Eureka beyond the statue and a 'sacred museum' he says will be built on the statue's base," Owens had written. "But he talked when he came to Eureka last fall as though he had no plans except to live there."

At the dedication, in July of 1966, the man who was mayor at the time discarded the speech that the Elna M. Smith Foundation had provided for him. He said, instead, that Christ had taught the brotherhood of man and that the statue should be a mecca for all people, regardless of their racial or religious background. The speech was seen as an indirect denunciation of Smith's views on brotherhood—the closest anyone in Eureka Springs had come to denouncing Smith publicly. The revelation that Smith was behind the project had made little difference in press coverage during the statue's construction—the stories in Tulsa or Kansas City or Memphis or Joplin

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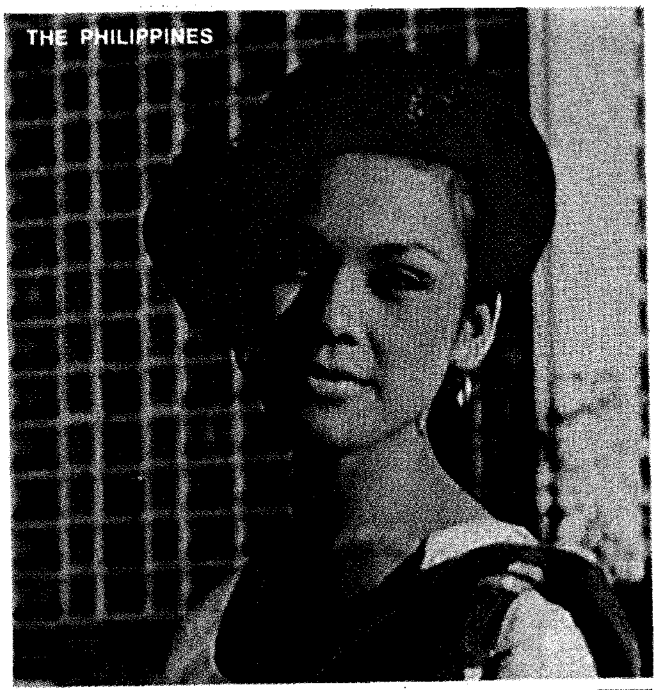
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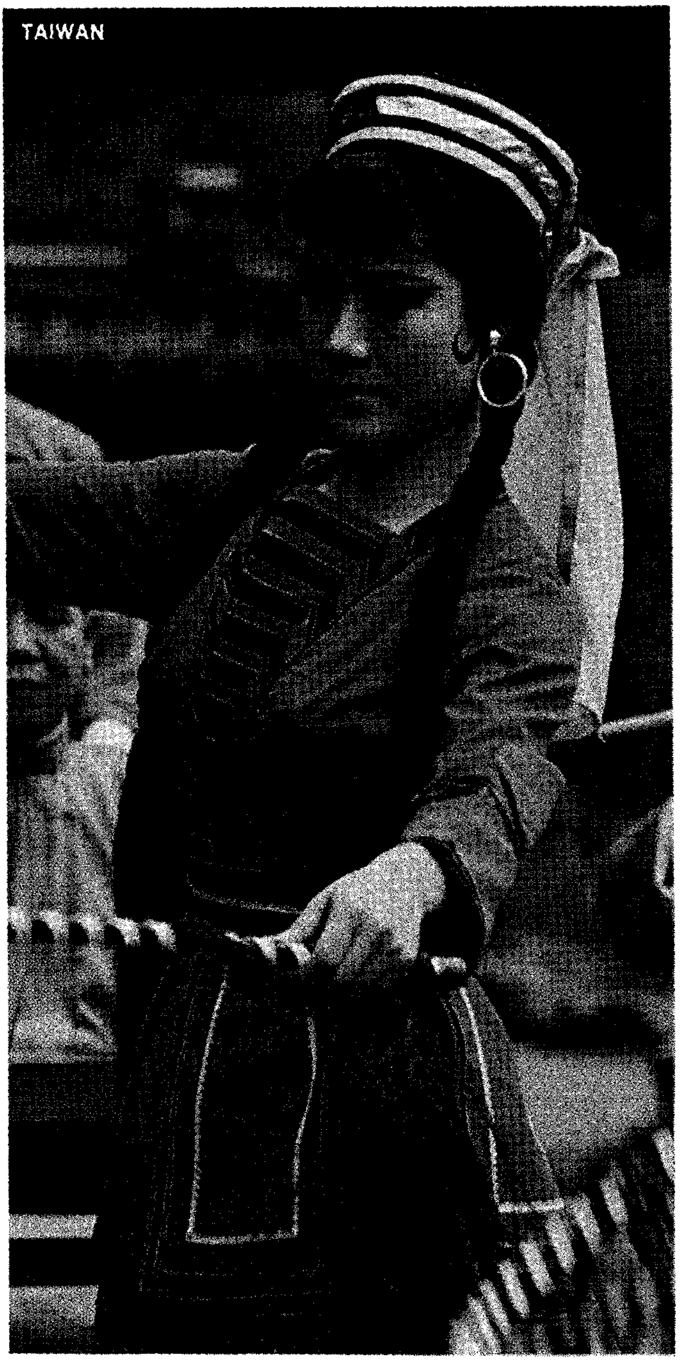

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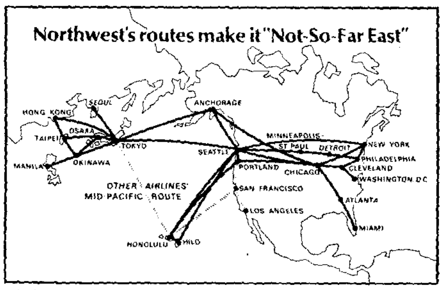
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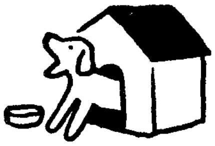
papers that bothered to identify him usually just noted that he had been controversial at one time—and the temporary plaque that went up at the statue carried the line "Project originated and instigated by Gerald L. K. Smith." The *Times-Echo* reported that art critics the world over had marvelled at the statue, and the chief sculptor, an elderly man named Emmet Sullivan who had previously specialized in dinosaurs, soon began to build a dinosaur park for someone who owned property near Beaver Dam, a few miles from town. The owner of the dinosaur park had a mountain peak of his own, and he had begun to talk of the possibility of erecting a seven-story statue of General Douglas MacArthur.

THE Christ of the Ozarks took its place in Chamber of Commerce brochures and tour books as just about the leading tourist attraction of the Stairstep Town—not as important as the odd look of the city itself but more important than the Miles Mountain Musical Museum or the Carrie Nation House or Quigley's Castle or Onyx Cave. The tourist business began to pick up in Eureka Springs. Local businessmen are not certain how much of the increase was due to the statue and how much to other developments that happened to take place about the same time: the creation of some recreation lakes nearby, the growth of tourism all over the Ozarks, and the development of such other attractions as Dogpatch and Silver Dollar City in the immediate area. There are even a few people in Eureka Springs who believe that Smith, who has managed to make the dissemination of his views to a decreasing number of people an increasingly sound financial proposition, foresaw the boom while vacationing in the area and merely rode along with it. But the stories in the *Times-Echo*, courtesy of the Smith Foundation, indicated that anyone who wanted to know what caused the increase in business, and even what caused the increase in real-estate values, need only glance up at the figure on the mountain. "VISITORS COMING TO SEE THE STATUE NUMBER IN SENSATIONAL THOUSANDS," a characteristic *Times-Echo* headline said. The idea of a sacred museum evolved into something called the Christ Only Art Gallery, which opened in temporary quarters in a downtown storefront, admission fifty cents. The Smiths, local celebrities in a way, held occasional receptions at the Crescent, making it clear in the *Times-Echo* that everyone was invited regardless of social position, since "their acquaintances through the years have been made up of people of every walk of life from the humblest working men and women to the most prominent citizens of the nation and the world." The *Times-Echo* published articles by Mrs. Smith on the glories of living in Eureka Springs—one of the glories being the statue. Mr. Smith spoke at Rotary and Mrs. Smith spoke at the Women's Club. At a reception in November of 1966, Smith presented some awards to people who had restored Eureka Springs buildings and houses, and officially announced a project that had been hinted at in a progress report the previous February. The progress report, after commenting on the fact that the ministerial alliance had decided to hold its Easter sunrise service at the statue, had said, "There is a constructive ferment in certain areas toward the production of a Passion play on Magnetic Mountain at the scene of the statue."



THERE is reason to believe that the certain areas referred to were all in Gerald L. K. Smith's mind, and that the idea had been constructively fermenting there for some time. Smith has always said that the inspiration for some kind of Easter tableau came to him as he stood on the mountain one day when the statue was about half finished, and that the inspiration gradually developed into the idea for a Passion play. But as early as January, 1965, about the time the *Times-Echo* ran the first story on Robertson's plan to build a statue, Smith mentioned, in a private letter to Everett Wheeler, the hope that the statue would lead to a Passion play "which might make Eureka Springs the Oberammergau of America." Oberammergau is the Bavarian village in which a medieval Passion play evolved into an event treasured equally by ideological anti-Semites and local tradesmen. The *Arkansas Gazette* took the trouble of reminding everyone that the Passion play, a rendition of Christ's last week on earth, was a device that had been used by anti-Semites for centuries, and that it might not be a coincidence that the one proposed for Eureka Springs was being sponsored by Gerald L. K. Smith. But people in Eureka Springs, most of whom knew nothing about Passion plays except that they are based on the New Testament, preferred to consider the play the same kind of religious project as the statue—maybe

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even another act of old-age repentance for all of that political controversy. The foundation began to refer to the play, the statue, and the gallery as the Sacred Projects, and people in Eureka Springs continued to assure outsiders that Smith was careful to restrict his controversial activities to California. A new round of progress reports began to appear in the *Times-Echo*. A three-thousand-seat amphitheatre for the play would be built directly across from the statue, on a mountain that Smith had named Mount Oberammergau. It was announced that the people of Jerusalem would be played by the people of Eureka Springs—with the aid of dialogue recorded on stereophonic tape—and that local women would help make authentic Biblical costumes. At the reception where Smith had announced his plans, he had introduced Robert Hyde, a specialist in outdoor drama, who had written the script and had supervised its recording (by actors who, Smith later assured everyone in a *Times-Echo* ad, were all believing Christians). Hyde, it turned out, was also in charge of designing the City of Jerusalem set, helping to build it, producing and directing the play, and appearing in the role of Jesus Christ. "Less than ten acres sold not long ago for more than we paid for the entire 167 acres on which the statue rests," the Smiths wrote in an open letter headlined "GOD BLESS EUREKA SPRINGS AND HER PEOPLE. THANK GOD FOR EUREKA SPRINGS AND HER PEOPLE." And they went on, "One million people have visited the Christ of the Ozarks statue since it was dedicated June 25, 1966. What will the motels and the hotels do when the Passion play opens and we release at 11 P.M. on Mount Oberammergau from 2,000 to 5,000 people for 100 nights during the summer of 1968?" The same letter said, "Builders who miss the opportunity to buy vacant lots within view of the statue and sell modest homes to retired people on the grounds that the front porch or the front deck is in view of the statue will miss one of the greatest development opportunities in the history of any community."

Opening night was July 14, 1968. The presentation was as grandiose as the progress reports had suggested. The street of Jerusalem was four hundred feet long and had real buildings; part of the action was played in the natural setting of the mountain itself; there were real horses and real donkeys and real camels; the prerecorded voices were thrown to the proper place in the huge set so that they matched whatever movements of the actors' lips could be seen from the great distance. Hyde was the only professional in the cast, and the ranks of both the apostles and the scheming Jewish Sanhedrin included a number of Eureka Springs businessmen. A few months before, the National Council of Catholic Bishops had listed a half-dozen or so ways in which a Passion play might be subverted into an exercise in anti-Semitism—portraying Pilate as a more or less innocent bystander, for instance, or presenting the enemies of Christ as caricatures, or highlighting "those texts of the gospel narrative that are amenable to misinterpretation by uninformed audiences, such as: 'His Blood be upon us and upon our children' "—and Hyde's version contained just about all of them. The *Times-Echo*, in its coverage of opening night, said, "One outstanding newspaperman who flew in from Miami, Florida, to see it and who is thoroughly familiar with the presentations of Hollywood and New York said, 'It is the greatest thing by far of its kind that I have ever seen. . . .' This comment came from Captain George Maines, who was for years with the Hearst organization and is even now the press agent for the great entertainment star Jimmy Durante." An editorial in the *Arkansas Gazette* on July 14th said, "We were never surprised by Mr. Smith's having the nerve to try it. We were surprised, faintly, by Eureka's falling for it, and suppose that, in the end, it was local boosterism that was largely responsible. It has occurred to us before that the local booster spirit in America is such that some Chambers of Commerce would jump at landing the annual reunion of Sepp Dietrich's old *Waffen SS* outfit if it meant a little something in the till."

THE Passion play is now the preeminent Sacred Project in Eureka Springs. "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness a dramatic production unexcelled in the history of the Christian Era," the voice over the loudspeaker says at the beginning of each performance. "As the story unfolds, in complete harmony with the scriptural account, you will become increasingly gripped to the point of silence." A plaque at the entrance to the amphitheatre commemorates those who have donated a thousand dollars or more to the project. Hyde, who has said that more than fifty per cent of his best friends are Jewish, continues to oversee the production, appear nightly as

Jesus Christ, and take a percentage of the gross. Full-page newspaper ads, even in the *Arkansas Gazette*, carry a list of facts about the play—that "special lighting effects facilitate what appears to be an actual ascension," that "one important daily newspaper reporter said that he almost felt the earth shake as the darkness of death enveloped the Cross and Golgotha's Hill," that the play uses "imported camels." At a booth where visitors to the Christ of the Ozarks register (they are later sent a letter requesting contributions), high-school girls hand out literature for the Passion play. The literature and reprints of the newspaper ads are displayed in most Eureka Springs stores; programs are for sale at the Crescent desk, along with a book on the Sacred Projects by Smith and picture postcards of the play by the Crescent's co-owner. The Christ Only Art Gallery is now in its permanent headquarters on Mount Oberammergau in an adobe-style building next to the Passion-play box office—a matching adobe-style building, where tickets are available at two, three, and four dollars. In the gallery, Christ appears not only on canvas but also on china plates, in lava, out of black walnuts, on copper, in porcelain, in needlepoint, in chinquapin wood, out of a cedar tree, and in a reproduction that is given to anyone who makes a twenty-dollar maintenance contribution. The gallery is not actually Christ Only: there is one picture, on velvet, of Robert Hyde as Christ, there is one large oil portrait of Mrs. Smith, and there is one large oil portrait of Mr. Smith.

The Passion play itself is not an issue in Eureka Springs. Even those in town who consider themselves opponents of Smith tend to complain not about the play but about the fact that, like the statue, it is being sponsored by a man who publishes hate literature in California. People in Eureka Springs either do not make the connection between the Passion play and Smith's other activities or have made the connection and prefer to put it out of their minds. It is not unusual for people who refer to Smith as a hatemonger to appear occasionally or even regularly in the Passion play—because its success means business for the town or because "it's something to do." The use of townspeople in the play is sometimes discussed in Eureka Springs as a way to keep teen-agers off the streets in the summertime or a way of giving retired people some activity and a little extra money. (Those who appear receive a share of the gate receipts for themselves

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or charity—a share that amounts to little more than a token but provides *Time-Echo* headlines like "$2,000 HAS BEEN DISTRIBUTED TO LOCAL CHURCHES AND TO CHARITIES.") One Eureka Springs clergyman says that three couples from his congregation who don't particularly care for Smith and have no business interests in the town regard their regular appearances in the play more or less as their contribution to the community, that they considered the *Gazette* attacks on the play and Smith as attacks on Eureka Springs, and that the attacks caused one couple to cancel their subscription.

Last year, Charles Robertson, who is officially the coördinator of the Sacred Projects and is listed as editor of the magazine Smith publishes and has served Smith in tasks that have ranged from taking care of clerical details to running for Vice-President of the United States, was elected to the board of directors of the Eureka Springs Chamber of Commerce. After four or five years in which the Smith Foundation has taken an increasingly important role in the community, the election seemed natural—as natural as the Chamber of Commerce advertising the Passion play in its brochures or directing Girl Scout groups and Sunday-school classes to the box office. The current mayor, co-owner of the Joy Motel, also named Robertson to the town planning commission. The Sacred Projects are, after all, considered significant elements in the future expansion of the town. In fact, the county recently applied through the Economic Development Administration, which was established to help generate jobs in economically depressed areas, for about two hundred thousand dollars in federal money (another fifty thousand to be furnished by the county) with which to rebuild the road that goes from the highway through Smith's property to the statue and Passion play. According to the application, the Elna M. Smith Foundation (Gerald L. K. Smith's name is not mentioned) has some Sacred Projects to come. "Plans of the Foundation for expansion of the complex over the next ten years include construction of a replica of the Sea of Galilee and sets depicting the happenings around it as described in the New Testament," the application says. "The sets will be animated on the order of animated scenes in Disneyland."

When picking his way through the Victoriana in Penn Castle with visitors, Smith likes to display a plaque presented to him by Eureka Springs citizens at a testimonial dinner in appreciation for what he has done for the town. "It's very provincial, of course," he says of the plaque. "But sometimes something like this can mean more than something more sophisticated." For their part, the Smiths began thanking Eureka Springs profusely for the warmth of its welcome almost before the citizens realized that the Smiths were in town. In an open letter after he announced that there had been a threat to dynamite the statue, Smith wrote, "We have felt so sheltered and so chaperoned that somehow we believe that the whole community constitutes a committee of protectors for our lives and the project that we had the honor to inaugurate." Some people in Eureka Springs maintain that Smith is constantly thanking the community for a warm welcome that doesn't extend past the businessmen who hope to profit from the presence of the Sacred Projects. A Smith Foundation plan to have the churches furnish the actors for the Passion play and receive the actors' share of the gate—a plan that would have assured a steady supply of participants and would have given the churches a financial stake in the play's success—was politely turned down by the ministerial alliance. And this year the alliance did not officially sponsor the Easter sunrise service held at the statue, although some ministers participated as individuals. The foundation has had difficulty this season recruiting enough regular participants to make the bloodthirsty Jerusalem crowd look truly menacing every night. Eureka Springs businessmen say that the organization of the testimonial dinner was another one of the many services performed for Smith by Charles Robertson. "He would approach people publicly to sign up, and they either had to say yes or be rude," a woman who dislikes Smith told a visitor recently. Then she paused for a while. "You know," she went on, "it's a pretty sad day in this town when the worst crime is being rude to a bigot."

There are some people in Eureka Springs who are irritated at the town's increasing connection with Smith, but they have never made their opposition a public issue. There are no activists in Eureka Springs except Gerald L. K. Smith. The people who consider themselves the most sophisticated people in town argue—in the manner that sophisticated people in so many other places where people like Smith operate have argued—that Smith has not really been accepted by the town because, despite his efforts to assume the baronial role, the Better People would never think of asking him to dinner. Many of the businessmen who support the Sacred Projects in one way or another are always happy to share a mildly critical remark or two about Smith. They like to emphasize that they are not, as they say, "in his pocket." Some of them say that they disagree with Smith's views and don't care if he knows it. Some of them say that they would draw the line if Smith tried to interfere in local politics and tell them how to run the town. They enjoy telling visitors that during the latest foundation reception at the Crescent, Smith, apparently forgetting himself for a moment, departed from the benign Christian remarks that have been his Eureka Springs trademark in order to launch a lengthy tirade against the Communist plot to get sex education in the schools—and that a couple of citizens walked out. People who appear in the play—often being a couple of hundred feet from the audience and free to chat among themselves while the words of Christ or some crafty Jewish high priest come over the tape—make mildly sacrilegious comments about who is going to be crucified that evening or what is on the menu for the Last Supper. At one performance, the woman who bathed Christ's feet put green dye in the water, and the woman who played Mary accompanied the line about shedding one last tear over the body of her son by wringing out a sponge of cold water on Hyde. Although many people in Eureka Springs prefer to talk as if the town merely tolerates Smith and the Sacred Projects or as if Smith is retired or is not really an anti-Semite, a number of businessmen take pains to speak cynically about their participation. "If the Devil came here and brought business and money to the town, I wouldn't complain," a real-estate man told a recent visitor. "It's Smith's land. And it's not like he's putting out his magazine. He's drawing people here. A man'd be a damn fool to be against it."

"Then you wouldn't object unless he started putting his magazine out here?" the visitor asked.

"His magazine?" The real-estate man smiled. "Well," he said, "we'd have to cross that bridge when we came to it." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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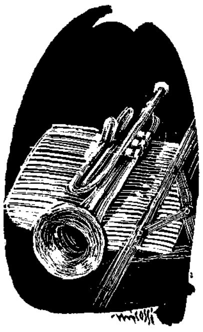
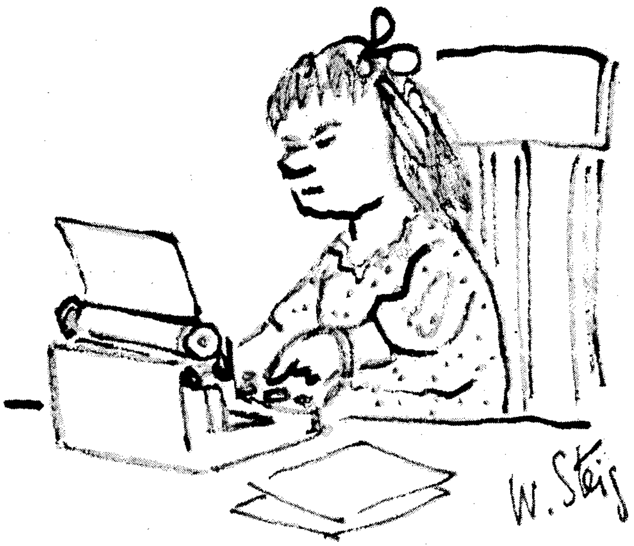
MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.



Rock fans have certain stock complaints, and one is that there is no decent live rock scene in New York. The Fillmore is a cross between Philharmonic Hall and the subway at rush hour. The clubs offer prohibitive prices and the vibrations of a dentist's drill. Once in a while, something nice happens in Central Park or Tompkins Square, and people talk about it for months afterward. But mostly rock talk in New York is wistful, punctuated by many mentions of Woodstock and (last year) San Francisco and (this year) Mill Valley. One place nobody muses about is Queens. Queens—yech! A lot of rockheads, including me, have tended to define both their generational revolt and their spiritual progress in terms of their migration from Queens to Manhattan. But a favorite pastime of Americans is rediscovering their origins—that's what the whole rock renaissance is about, after all—and this may be the year we find out that Queens has a soul. Didn't Jimmy Breslin promise, "If elected, I shall go to Queens"? Aren't the Mets contenders? Queens is where the working class calls itself the middle class. It's the scene of the epic teenage rivalry of the fifties, between the "rocks" and the "collegiates." It's the home of the original sawdust pizza. Rock belongs to Northern Boulevard as much as, if not more than, to Second Avenue. And Queens has something Manhattan doesn't have—lots of open space. This fact has not escaped rock promoters. Last summer, two producers brought a number of major groups to the Singer Bowl, in Flushing Meadows. The concerts were an artistic flop; the stadium was too large, the sound was terrible, and the problem of musical theatre-in-the-round was solved—or, rather, parried—by means of a revolving stage, which allowed each spectator to get a good look at the performers every three minutes or so, a system that does not facilitate rapport. This year, the Singer Bowl concerts have been taken over by Music Fair Enterprises, the company that runs the Westbury Music Fair. Howard Stein, a young producer who was hired to organize the shows, has screened off a section of the arena and made improvements in the sound system, and prospects look good. At the same time, however, Music Fair Enterprises has outflanked itself by delegating Stein to take on a much more inspiring project—a series of rock dances in the open-air (but roofed) New York State World's Fair Pavilion, also in Flushing Meadows. The first of these was held on Friday, July 11th. It featured the Grateful Dead and Joe Cocker, and it was quite simply fantastic. If the management continues to do the right things, rock at the Pavilion could become an institution. For the sake of the music and the culture—and for the sake of Queens—I hope it will.



Dear Shirley—
I HATE you. Here are my reasons.

I rode to Flushing on a chartered bus that M.F.E. had hired to lure the skeptical press to the outlands. The bus driver got lost, and we took a little tour of Corona (coming within eight blocks of my old junior high school). Then, to make up for his lapse, he began to speed. It was no use—we were late anyway. But by this time the bus had become part of the adventure. It was the Who's Magic Bus, the Magical Mystery Tour Bus. We jounced along eating brownies and shouting instructions to the driver. At the Pavilion, it soon became evident that the rest of the crowd shared our expansive mood. They kept coming in, thousands of happy kids—almost five thousand by the end of the evening. The Pavilion was large enough to accommodate everyone without strain. The ground level served as a huge round dance floor; on the balcony there were tables and chairs, the food concession (the main culinary attraction was tacos, a beautiful idea, though the reality was mediocre), and a nice view of the park. The atmosphere was totally relaxed. As in the San Francisco ballrooms, people were free to dance, crowd in front of the stage, sit in a corner, wander around, eat, or do whatever else impulse dictated. There were no intrusive guards or cops.

The music was great. Joe Cocker and his band did an excellent hard-rock set that included a spectacular rendition of "Let's Go Get Stoned"—redundant advice for most of the audience, which sang along enthusiastically. During the break between sets, someone backstage had the good sense to put on "Beggars Banquet," and a large core of spectators got up to dance to the Stones. Nothing like that had happened at a rock concert—in San Francisco or anywhere else—for a long, long time. Later, when the Dead were about to come on, there was some squabbling between a solid bloc of dancers who stood in the middle of the floor—and insisted moralistically that everyone else do the same—and the people sitting behind them, who complained that they were cutting off the view. After a few minutes of edgy exchange, Bob Weir came onstage and announced, as the Dead do whenever they can, "The management of this place told us you can get up and dance if you want to, so why don't you get up and dance?" That did it. The dancers won; the sitters got up. They were probably glad they did. The Dead proceeded to perform for over two hours. They played a lot of new material (notably "Don't Murder Me," a witty country-western song), some standards (including Otis Redding's "Hard to Handle," with Pig Pen doing a pretty fair vocal), and several cuts from their new album, "Aoxomoxoa," Warner Brothers-Seven Arts 1790 (my favorite was "Mountains of the Moon"). Through it all, Jerry Garcia, in his red polo shirt, beamed at us. It was the season of love all over again.

The Dead were the perfect group to launch this latest and best exercise in the nostalgia that has been hitting the rock community lately. Dancing. The summer of love. *Queens.* We still need that ambience, those memories. It's not enough to stare reverently at Eric Clapton's nimble fingers. I only wish the admission price could be lower. Three dollars is reasonable compared to what city places charge, and you get more for your money; still, it's not exactly proletarian.

I DIDN'T appreciate just how good the Pavilion concert was until the following night, when I attended the Madison Square Garden début of Blind Faith, the new Eric Clapton-Ginger Baker-Stevie Winwood combine. (The group is rounded out by a relative unknown—bassist and electric violinist Rick Grech.) The best part of the evening was that it was short, although this irritated me, theoretically, as one more example of the promoters' indifferent greed. For the prices the kids paid (the cheapest seats were four dollars), they deserved at least half an hour more of music. They also deserved, and didn't get, adequate sound, an alternative to the atrocity of the revolving stage, and an environment that was not conspicuously hostile and policed. Clapton played well, as usual, but Winwood's voice did not come through, and, as for Baker, his show-offy drumming just makes me nervous. In spite of the shoddy production, the audience was ecstatic. Hundreds of teen-agers rushed the stage, screaming like Beatlemaniacs. I don't understand it. I'm sure the Emperor has no clothes, but there must be an aesthetic of nakedness I'm not getting.

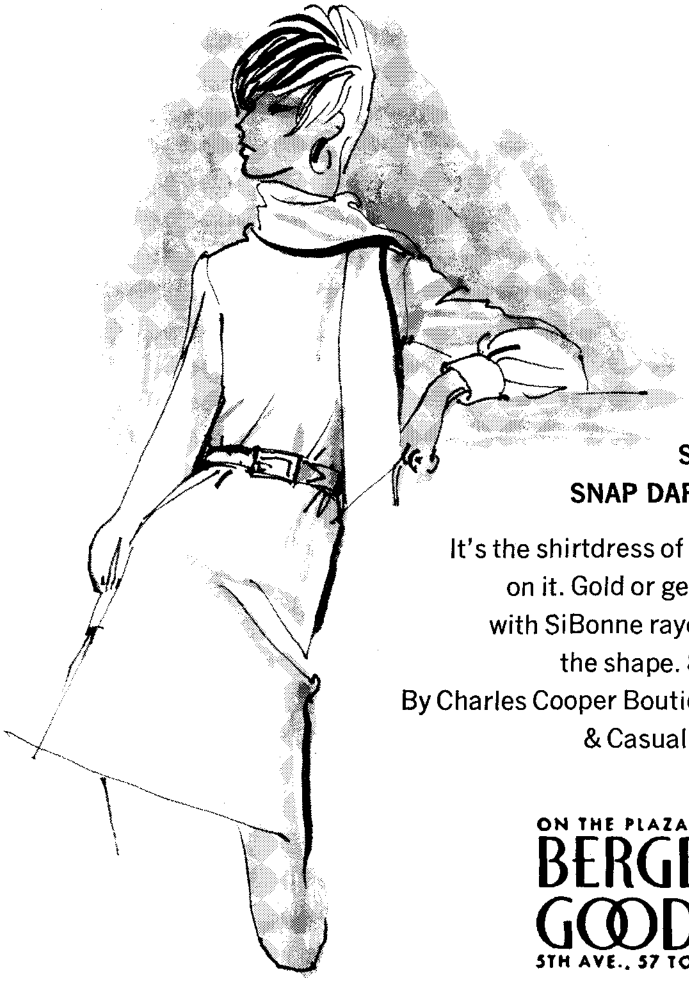
IN my last column, I neglected to mention that the Who's "Tommy" is a two-record set—an hour and a quarter of music. I tend to forget this, because the opera is so together and goes so fast. —ELLEN WILLIS

•

"I know what I want to do but can't do it," moans Nicklaus, a two-time winner, who has been better than 16th in only one of his last eight tournaments. He is hooking and slicing all over the place.

The voluble Trevino, who turned the 1968 championship into a $1 million bonanza, says he's mentally ready and warns, "I think I can win it again," while Masters champion George Archer, the 6-6 California cowboy, contends, "I wasn't ready when I came here but I've snapped out of it." Boros has stomach problems.—*Indianapolis Star.*

So much for Boros.



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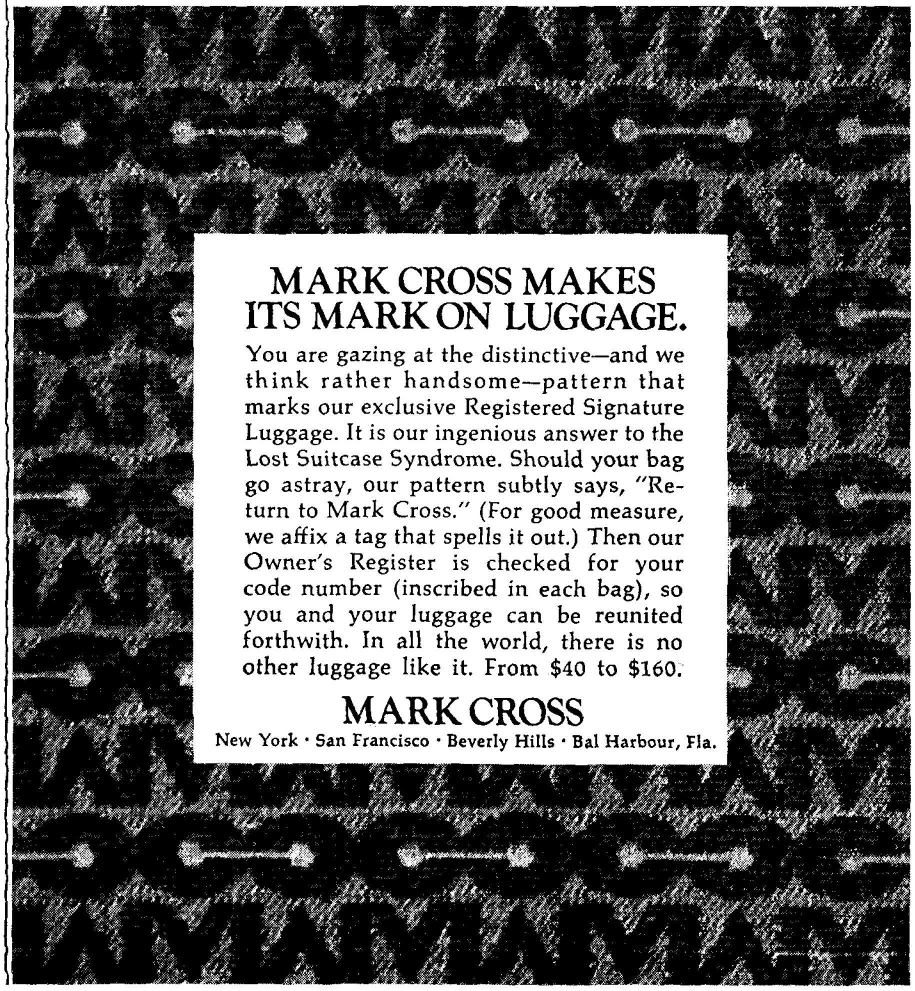

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THE RACE TRACK

Arkansas Traveller

IT'S all very well to say that Nodouble's victory in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday was his reward for perseverance (it was his seventh try this season for a six-figure jackpot, and the third in which he clicked, and he was never worse than second in the others), but I thought it was a performance that just about put him at the top of the list of older horses in training. Ever since he won the Santa Anita Handicap in March, he has had to give big weight in most of his races. A week before the Brooklyn, he gave fourteen pounds to an up-and-coming colt named Figonero in the Hollywood Gold Cup and was beaten by a length. In the Brooklyn, he gave seven pounds to Verbatim, who is at the top of his form, and it was a two-horse tussle for the entire mile and a quarter. Though this was Verbatim's third outing in three Saturdays, he stepped right along with Nodouble, who did the quarter in 0:23⅕, the half in 0:46⅘, six furlongs in 1:10⅗, the mile in 1:35⅗, and the full route in 2:00⅖ over a track still damp from the flash flood the night before. It was only at the end that Nodouble drew away by open daylight. Dike, out of the picture until he was about a furlong from home, took third money from Mr. Brogann, who was getting nineteen pounds from the winner.

Bred by Gene Goff at his Verna Lea farm, near Fayetteville, Arkansas, Nodouble is a workmanlike, strongly made chestnut four-year-old by an Australian horse, Noholme II, out of Abla-Jay, whose father was Double Jay. Nodouble didn't do much at two, but last year, at three, he won the Arkansas Derby, was second to Forward Pass in the American Derby at Chicago, and stunned the Long Island racing world by beating Damascus in the Michigan Mile and an Eighth in Detroit. Recently, someone called him the Arkansas Traveller. He could be. This spring, he was flown from California to Florida for the Gulfstream Park Handicap, in which he gave seventeen pounds to Court Recess, who beat him by a nose. He returned to Hollywood Park to win the Californian, came to Aqueduct a couple of weeks later for a go with Arts and Letters in the Metropolitan and was second again, and then went back to Hollywood for the Gold Cup. Now Bert Sonnier, his trainer, who used to ride in quarter-horse races, has sent him to Saratoga to wait for the Whitney Stakes there a week from Saturday. Altogether, he's run up a bit of mileage, and $332,050 in prize money this year.

BY the way, Verbatim is a principal in as celebrated a case, in my opinion, as that Dancer's Image-Kentucky Derby thing. As you probably know, on July 5th he led from start to finish in the Independence Handicap at Liberty Bell Park, near Philadelphia, winning from Gleaming Sword, Jaikyl, and three others. Four days later, Jim Conway, who trains him for Max Gluck, was officially informed that chemical tests made immediately after the race showed that the colt had traces of an analgesic known as indomethacin, a medication similar to Butazolidin, in his system when he ran. He was disqualified for it, and first money was passed on to Gleaming Sword. Curiously, no other punitive action was taken at the time by the Liberty Bell stewards. Usually, the offending trainer is set down for sixty days then and there, and the horse in question may be grounded. But since no suspensions were announced, the stewards at Monmouth permitted Verbatim to run in the Amory L. Haskell Handicap on July 12th. And he did run, winning by five lengths from San Roque, who nosed Chompion out of second place. In that one, Mr. Right had none of the zip that marked his victory in the Suburban, and wound up fifth. Last week, Conway testified at a hearing that he had never given indomethacin to any of his horses—in fact, had never had any in his barn. Dr. M. J. Gerard, the stable's vet, declared he had never given the horse any, and so did the man who rubs down Verbatim. Nevertheless, chemical tests had shown "positive," and, two days before the Brooklyn, Conway was set down for thirty days. He has no notion how the thing could have happened; nor would I hazard a guess. Colonel Martingale, who has always regarded Verbatim as a smart cookie, doubts if he is sharp enough to have found some of the stuff around the race track and helped himself to a spot of it.

HAIL TO PATSY is still a bridesmaid. After finishing second three times behind Shuvee, she went down to Jersey last weekend and came in a dozen lengths behind Gallant Bloom in the Monmouth Oaks. Around the Horn was third. Process Shot, who doesn't seem to be as good as she was last year, tired after going about half a mile, and finished fourth. It was the third straight stakes victory this season for Gallant Bloom. The expectation is that she will meet Shuvee in the Delaware Oaks this weekend. You pick it.

A RACE I'd have liked to see and didn't, thanks to a wandering virus looking for lodging, was the Hollywood Gold Cup. It's the big midsummer event for the older horses out there, and has been won by such topnotchers as Seabiscuit, Noor, and Citation, and won three times by Native Diver, who is something of an idol. Besides, Hollywood Park is one of this department's favorite tracks, and Jim Stewart, who runs it, puts up a good show. They say the race this year was a thriller, with Figonero, as I said earlier on, winning in a whirlwind finish. A four-year-old bred in Argentina, he was imported by Clement Hirsch, a Los Angeles businessman, who I'd say hit the jackpot when he gave $80,000 for him. First money in the Gold Cup was $102,100, and the colt earned $33,250 in the American Handicap on the Fourth of July.

TO pick up a few loose ends, Gleaming Light made every post a winning one in the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct, lasting just long enough to beat that gadabout Jay Ray by a head. And, as in the previous stakes races for two-year-olds, the Great American produced a new winner—the Hickory Tree Stable's Hagley, who won from Terlago, with Irish Castle third. Two claims of foul were lodged in this race—it was a very hot afternoon—and both were disallowed. The Big A closes this weekend; then hey for Saratoga!

—AUDAX MINOR

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Although Prince Charles is temperamentally more like his mother than his father, it is Prince Philip who has had the most decisive influence on the boy's uprising.—*The Times.*

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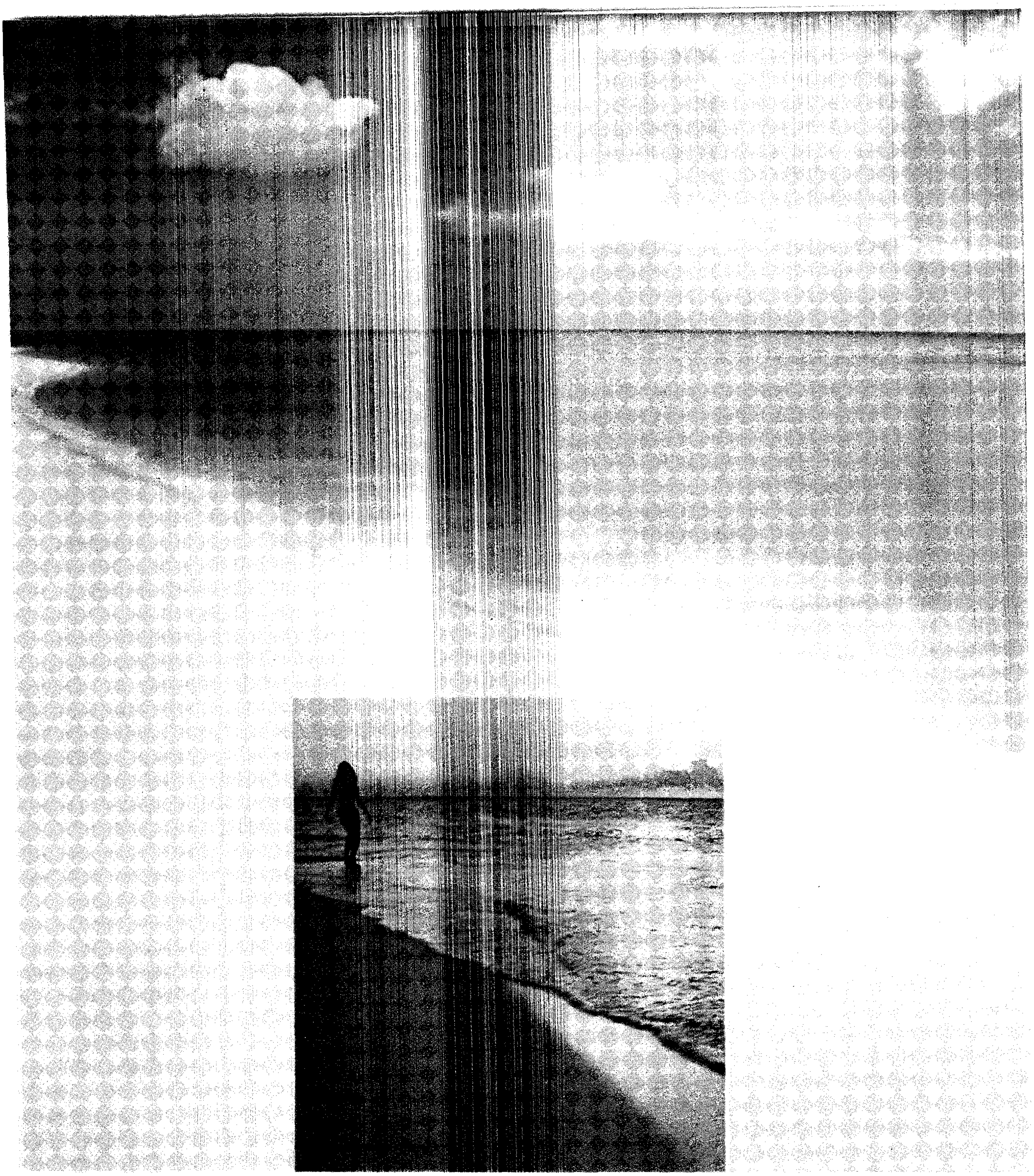

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LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

JULY 21

AFTER the launch of Apollo 11 at Cape Kennedy last week, several thousand people who had been at the Cape checked into hotels in the vicinity of the Manned Spaceflight Center, in Houston. One of the arrivals was Dr. Harold C. Urey, the elder statesman among selenologists, who had gone from here to the Cape early last week. The launch, he said, had more than lived up to his expectations. "The V.I.P. bleachers were so far away that we didn't hear the noise until the base of the rocket had reached the top of the tower," he said on his return. "Then there was this enormous light, and the rocket goes up and up, and then it goes through the first skiff of clouds, and then through the second skiff of clouds, and then you see a puff of smoke—the first burnout—and then the rocket disappears. The precision! The accuracy! If only a fraction of this precision and accuracy spins off into industry, it will pay for the whole space program." David Reed, the Flight Dynamics Officer, who for months had been practicing the flight in simulations, and who was sitting in the front row of the Mission Control Room in Houston after liftoff, said that the reason he knew the launch was the real thing and not another simulation was that everything was going so well.

The activity at Houston is a lot quieter than at the Cape—it is difficult to have a discreetly unobtrusive launch of a Saturn V—for here at the Space Center almost everything happens within the smooth, white, windowless Mission Control Center, which from the outside looks like a block of acoustical tile, and is about as noisy as one. About the only people allowed inside are the flight engineers, who wear yellow, green, or red badges. As I walked around the Space Center in the days after launch, it was difficult to tell that anything at all out of the ordinary was going on. Practically the only sign of activity was in the visitors' area behind Building 1, where more than the usual number of tourists were poking around what looked like a country fair. Loudspeakers blared like barkers from a couple of flag-decked trailers containing exhibits of rockets, and in the center of a lawn was a festive-looking tent that might have contained prize cattle. In the center of the tent was the Apollo 9 spacecraft (its bottom still burned from the heat of reëntry), in which Colonel James A. McDivitt, Colonel David R. Scott, and Russell L. Schweickart had orbited the earth in March. The spacecraft—a duplicate of the one that the Apollo 11 astronauts were riding to the moon—looked uncomfortable and fragile. The press, about a thousand strong, had moved into Building 1, where rows of long tables had been set up for reporters, and booths lined the walls for networks around the world—Channel 11, Argentina; Channel 4, Peru; XHTV, Mexico; Televisión Española; BRT, Brussels; N.R.K., Norway; O.R.T.F., France; and the B.B.C., England. It was easy to tell the newsmen, many of whom wore pastel shirts and had long hair, from the Space Center engineers, who dressed in plain white shirts and had crewcuts.

Most of the engineers were not actively involved in the mission, though they were eager to see whether the flight would have any bearing on their work. Mr. R. Freese—an engineer who could have been a newspaperman, for he was wearing natty checked slacks—said to me, as he was leaving the cafeteria at the Space Center, that he was working that day on a mathematical technique for figuring which combination of the tiny jets that are spotted around a spacecraft would be the most efficient for facing the spacecraft in different directions, and he was hoping to get more information from the experience of the Apollo 11 astronauts. Mr. Fred Koons, a muscular-looking engineer who is working on plans for an orbiting space station, said he was especially interested in observing how easily the Apollo 11 astronauts carried equipment from the command module into the lunar module, for this would have a bearing on how easy it would be to maneuver inside a big space station, where men would live for several months at a time. A third young engineer, Marlo Krisberg, who managed to look harried even behind a pair of dark glasses, said he was slightly anxious, because he was the procurement officer for some vacuum pumps that hadn't been delivered yet; they were to be used to pump the air out of vacuum chambers at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory and had to be in place and pumping before the samples arrived from the moon.

ON Thursday morning, high among the treetops in a forest at the far end of the Space Center, where a solar observatory stands on tall piers, Mrs. Beulah Kilpatrick, a young lady wearing a pink dress and matching sneakers, sat watching a television set that showed a picture of the sun—a live

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transmission from a small white telescope protruding through a dome above her head. She said she thought the observatory was the prettiest spot at the Space Center. Outside, a sea of green leaves stretched toward the tall Administration Building, and sometimes in the morning, she said, she could see squirrels and, far below, deer. While Mrs. Kilpatrick talked, she kept one eye on the television screen; she was looking, she said, for signs of solar flares, which could conceivably shower radiation on the Apollo 11 spacecraft, now almost a hundred thousand miles away. She added that for the past month or so the sun had been very quiet.

Far below Mrs. Kilpatrick, in a field just behind the trees, was a round white polyethylene dome inside which a radio telescope was aimed at the sun. In an adjacent white building, Mr. Lee Crocker, a big, hearty engineer, sat writing at his desk and occasionally glancing at three charts upon which automatic pens were squiggling in red ink. The red lines were quite uniform. Mr. Crocker said that he could sometimes beat Mrs. Kilpatrick to the punch in the event of a solar flare, because his radio telescope looked at—or listened to—three different levels of the sun: corona, surface, and interior. If there *was* a flare, a buzzer would go off and he would immediately get on his teletype machine to fire a message to Mission Control.

WHEN the sun goes down in Houston (Mrs. Kilpatrick and Mr. Crocker turn it over to observers in Boulder, Colorado), a third telescope at the Space Center swings into action. It is in a small observatory on the roof of Building 16, where the Guidance and Control engineers have their offices, and here, on Thursday night, about a dozen off-duty engineers gathered to see if they could see the Apollo 11 spacecraft itself, which by then was over a hundred and fifty thousand miles away. A crescent moon was low on the horizon over Houston, to the west. (Looking back, the astronauts would see an almost full earth—in contrast to the earth's view of the sliver of moon.) At the Space Center, all the street lights had come on—hundreds of white globes, like miniature moons. Inside the observatory dome, an optical engineer, Andrew Saulietis, was aiming the telescope at a point where a computer had told him the spacecraft should be—about five moon diameters above the moon and slightly to the left. Below him, another engineer was fiddling with some dials on a television set, for the spacecraft, if they found it, would show up on closed-circuit TV, which had the advantage of intensifying the image. (With so many electronics engineers around the Space Center, nobody looking at the sun or the stars ever has to squint through a telescope.) As Saulietis tried to find the spacecraft, which was at that time rotating once every twenty minutes, so that facets on its surface made it appear to blink continually, he explained that being able to spot it would have some scientific value. Not only would he be able to check on the spacecraft trajectory but also it might at some future time be possible to zero in on the spacecraft with a laser beam, which the astronauts could use for navigation. Saulietis was having difficulty finding the spacecraft—he liberally denounced the murk over Houston—and for a long time all that the engineers perched around the telescope had to look at on the television screens was lots of bright flashes and an occasional star. At last, Saulietis, who was looking through the eyepiece of the telescope, called down, "I have a flashing light source!" It was hard to make out the spacecraft—a tiny dot of light—because the television screen constantly blipped confusing electronic specks. As a check, Saulietis watched to see if his dot would move across the screen—which, if it was indeed the spacecraft, would take half an hour. However, an engineer who was looking out the slit in the dome announced that the moon had disappeared into a bank of clouds, and shortly the spacecraft—or the *presumed* spacecraft—did, too.

UNTIL Apollo 11, only six men had been around the moon and back, and one of them, Colonel William A. Anders—a short, wiry man with a lean face and brown crew-cut hair, who flew on the Apollo 8 mission last December with Colonel Frank Borman and Captain James A. Lovell, Jr.—is currently among the backup astronauts for Apollo 11. He has been dividing his time between the Mission Control Room and his own office. On Friday, I went to call on him. Walking down a corridor in the astronauts' office building is a little like walking hastily through a museum, for a visitor inspects the names on the doors as he would the labels in an exhibition hall. One sign by an open door read "Mr. Russell L. Schweickart," and inside was the astronaut himself, sitting rigidly at his desk in shirtsleeves, his red head slightly bent over a book. In Mr. Neil A. Armstrong's office, unopened mail was piled high, and on a blackboard in Colonel Edwin E. Aldrin's office someone—the Colonel, presumably—had drawn a circle with a line through it, representing either the earth or the moon, though it wasn't clear which. Farther along was Colonel Anders' roomy and bright office, and I went in. The first thing I asked Colonel Anders was what kind of experiences the Apollo 11 astronauts—who just then were seventy-five thousand miles from the moon—would be having in the next few days. Anders, who was wearing a white shirt with olive stripes, an olive-and-yellow tie, and olive pants, said the men would not have any sense of falling rapidly, because the moon's disc (if they could see it at all, which Anders, Borman, and Lovell could not during their approach) would not be getting noticeably bigger. Their motion would be imperceptible until they burned their rocket for lunar-orbit insertion (which they did Saturday afternoon at about two-twenty), and then they would feel a pressure equivalent to the earth's gravity pushing them into their seats and would simultaneously both hear and feel a slight rumble as the rocket fired, slowing the craft down. As they skimmed around the airless moon, everything would look equally clear, however distant, and accordingly they would have no sense of speed, because they wouldn't be able to judge how far they were above the ground. Describing his own sensations above the lunar surface, Anders said, "We felt as if we were just ambling along." The countryside—"gray with just a whiff of brown," he said—unrolled beneath them at a leisurely pace. To him, the most forbidding-looking part of the moon was the entire back side, all of which, he said, "looked plastered and beat up, as if it had been hit time and time again." The prettiest sight, he said, was "Copernicus in the moonlight"—a statement he quickly corrected to "Copernicus in the earthlight." His favorite spot on the moon was a crater that he and his fellow-crewmen named for Wernher von Braun. "It was a nice, well-formed crater, and we thought Wernher would like it," he said. During TEI, or "trans-earth insertion," which is the rocket burn that propels a spacecraft out of lunar orbit

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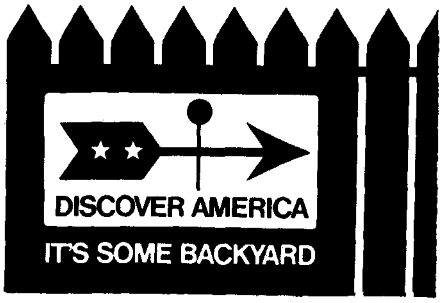

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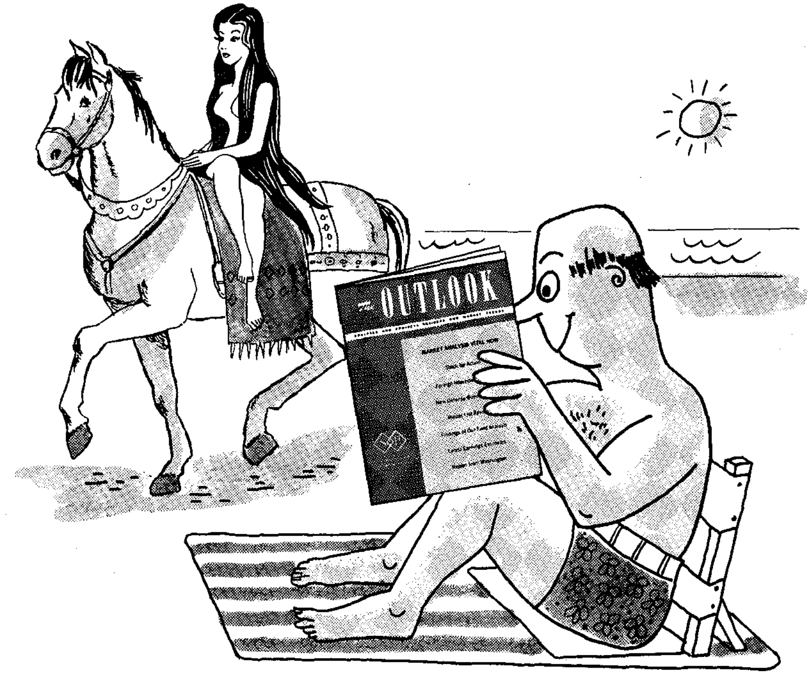
and back to earth, the crew feel a much bigger jolt than they do during the lunar-orbit-insertion burn, because their craft is lighter, owing to the consumption of fuel. "The earth looks awfully small from out there, and during TEI I remember hoping we'd hit it," Anders said. The trip home, he went on to say, is "frankly a little boring"—until reëntry.

ON Sunday afternoon, after the lunar module had touched down on the moon, the only way a visitor could tell that anything out of the ordinary was going on at the Space Center was that suddenly, at a little after three o'clock, many people started pinning buttons on their lapels that read "Lunar Contact." Outside the Public Affairs Building, a number of demonstrators sat around a full-size mockup of the LM displaying signs that read "Texas—Big on Hunger" and "Good Luck from the Hungry Children of Houston." The demonstrators refused to leave at five o'clock, when the Space Center closes to visitors, and they lingered on during a thunderstorm, from which a few of them took refuge beneath the LM. On the roof of a nearby building, a radio dish was aimed at the moon, which was behind a thundercloud, and as the evening progressed the dish tilted farther and farther to the west.

A little after eight, I joined Dr. Urey and his wife, a gray-haired lady in a blue dress, who had already turned on their television set and were waiting for Neil Armstrong to come out of the LM. Mrs. Urey set a bowl of green grapes on the table in front of the television set, and explained quickly that they came from Arizona, not California. Dr. Urey, who has had a number of ideas about what the moon is like, was obviously settling back to enjoy the evening; he said that he wasn't particularly anxious about any of his theories, because he had good reasons for them even if they should prove wrong. But he added that he hoped they were right. Dr. Urey has been one of the impact selenologists, who believe in a relatively cold moon, though one that may have had a certain amount of volcanic activity, and recently he has inclined toward the view that the flat *maria* such as the one the astronauts were on were sediments deposited by oceans long since dried up. Vulcanists, on the other hand, have believed that the same ground was made up of lava or ash flows. The astronauts lowered the pressure inside the LM, and as the television camera was turned on and Armstrong came down the ladder and stepped onto the moon, Dr. Urey sat forward in his chair and remained absolutely still. He seemed pleased when Armstrong described the moon's surface as primarily gray (a color Dr. Urey had opted for against brown), covered with fine particles, and sticky. Stickiness, he said in a hurried aside, was a characteristic of small particles in vacuums. Moments later, however, when Armstrong, gathering the contingency sample, said that he saw vesiculations—bubbles of a sort—in some rocks, Dr. Urey seemed downcast; vesiculations, he explained, are characteristic of pumice, and pumice is a lava—a relatively frothy one. When Colonel Aldrin came out of the LM and Armstrong took the television camera some thirty feet away in order to record a panoramic view of the countryside, Dr. Urey said that it was beautiful in the manner of an Arctic wasteland, and, indeed, the two astronauts, in their heavy suits, did look like old photographs of Admiral Peary at the North Pole. They moved as though the ground were slippery (as it would be at the Pole)—a characteristic that Dr. Urey and others had thought likely. In fact, except for the vesiculations, nothing surprised Dr. Urey. A minute later, he expressed surprise over a report of Armstrong's that many of the rocks littering the ground were standing on edge. This bothered Dr. Urey, because rocks that had been ejected from craters during their formation shouldn't be standing up on the surface but should be buried beneath it. He wondered aloud whether this phenomenon might not suggest some sort of erosion that had removed the fine particles from around the rocks. Dr. Urey quite evidently couldn't wait to get his hands on some of those rocks, and he expressed a particular desire for a large angular one in the foreground of the television screen, which he hoped the astronauts would bring back. (They didn't.) As Armstrong and Aldrin erected the American flag, jumped around to test their mobility, and photographed each other, Dr. Urey said impatiently, "Oh, hurry up and get the samples!" Shortly afterward, Armstrong, who had got back to business (as Dr. Urey saw it) and was again reporting on the ground beneath his feet, remarked that the rocks he had

first described as vesiculated no longer appeared that way. Dr. Urey said almost gleefully, "No pumice! The astronauts haven't seen pumice after all! The astronauts know very well what pumice looks like, yet they're not reporting any pumice!" He beamed at Armstrong, who was now saying that he thought the little holes in the rocks might have been made by impacting micrometeorites. As time was running out and the astronauts were behind schedule, Dr. Urey began to worry that they wouldn't have time to take any underground core samples. He was anxious about the core samples because if there had once been oceans on the moon, they might show layers of sediment. As the astronauts were hurrying to pack up and get back into the LM, Dr. Urey said, "Don't forget Geiss's experiment!" (Dr. Johannes Geiss, whose solar-wind experiment with a silvery foil the astronauts were to bring back with them, was once a post-doctoral fellow of Dr. Urey's, and an old friend.) Dr. Urey sat on the edge of his chair during the last-minute scramble on the moon, though he leaned back again in evident dismay when Armstrong, who was gathering a final batch of rocks, suddenly used the word "vesiculation" again. Dr. Urey said that he was quite confused now about whether Armstrong had really seen vesiculations. "I'm inclined to think that he was in a hurry the two times he used the word," he said. "The time he corrected himself was probably his more considered opinion." After the astronauts were safely back in the LM, Dr. Urey—clearly impressed with the operation—said everything had gone so smoothly and predictably that he didn't know much more about the moon than he had known before. "When they come back with the samples, we'll have some real answers," he said.

LESS than twenty-four hours after the splashdown, all samples of rock and dust that the astronauts may have brought back from the moon, together with their photographic film, will arrive in Houston, having been flown from the carrier U.S.S. Hornet on two separate planes. (The astronauts won't arrive for three more days, because the silvery Mobile Quarantine Facility—the room in which they will be isolated—is too big to be flown off the carrier; it will have to go by sea to Hawaii, and then by cargo plane to Texas.) Because the astronauts and everything they had with them on the moon are presumed to be germ-ridden until they are proved otherwise, the



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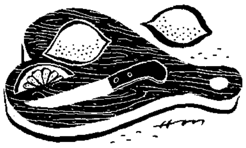
samples will be taken immediately to the Space Center's Lunar Receiving Laboratory, or L.R.L.—a low-lying concrete building that looks like a bunker, except that it has windows. Here, the astronauts will finish out their twenty-one days of quarantine. The windows of their quarters have just been covered with a layer of high-strength Plexiglas, in case someone tries to throw a rock through them. The air pressure in the quarantine quarters is kept lower than the pressure outside, so that any leak will be inward, and air exhausted to the outside is filtered, burned, and refiltered, so that the building will breathe germs on no one. In the section of the L.R.L. where geologists will unpack the containers—called rock boxes—the work will be done inside a complex chamber with a vacuum similar to the moon's. Nearby is an area devoted to biological laboratories: one for virology, one for bacteriology, and several for experiments involving different classes of animals and plants—such as algae, cockroaches, fish, quail, and mice—which will be exposed to the samples. These two scientific areas are in semi-quarantine; that is, no unauthorized person is allowed in, but the hundred-odd people who work there will be able to go home at night after showers and complete changes of clothes. Inside, they will wear hospital whites, and in the event of what one of them ominously calls "a major spill" from the more rigid quarantine section they are all prepared to go and bunk in with the astronauts. Because most of the scientists and technicians at the L.R.L. have been working up to this moment for three or four years, there has been an air of high anticipation there for some weeks now. No one seriously believes that the astronauts will bring back any diseases from the moon (though all agree that the precautions are essential), so the air of anticipation is sometimes quite festive. Indeed, the receptionist at the L.R.L.—the one at the door for earthly visitors (visitors from the moon come in through a side entrance)—is selling rings, cufflinks, and tie clasps that have the letters "L.R.L." and a command module mounted on what looks like a very ordinary rock.

Almost as soon as the rock boxes are opened in the vacuum chamber, Dr. Gerald R. Taylor, a brown-haired young biologist, will pick up a selection of rocks and dirt and take it back to his own laboratory, where he will grind it into suitable form to attempt to make cultures of any microscopic organisms that may be present, and also to expose the L.R.L.'s menagerie of test animals to the material—an operation that Dr. Taylor calls "challenging" the animal with the sample, and that may mean sprinkling some lunar dust on its food, although most of the challenging will be done by inoculation. Dr. Taylor said recently that when he first squints through his microscope at the sample—probably late Friday—he will have absolutely no expectations about what he is going to find. Space biologists, who call themselves exobiologists, because they are concerned with the biology of extraterrestrial life—the only scientific field, they will tell you, that as yet has no subject matter—spend a good deal of time discouraging any speculation that they may have some subject matter shortly. In this they are quite different from the geologists, who have been in a state of high excitement for some time. Dr. Taylor says laconically, "You see, the geologists already know that there is a moon, and they know that the astronauts are going to come back with a bucket of stuff for them to look at. We don't have that assurance." In fact, Dr. Walter W. Kemmerer, Dr. Taylor's superior, has worked himself into a state of mind in which he can say that if the samples—and the moon—should prove to be totally devoid of life he wouldn't be disappointed or surprised at all. One might think that Dr. Kemmerer protests too much, considering that he helps administer an eight-million-dollar laboratory largely devoted to the detection of life from space. Dr. Taylor, for his part, confesses, with a certain amount of wistfulness, that he would be glad to find *any* form of extraterrestrial life—even an uncivilized microbe from the moon. He distinguishes carefully between replicative life and life that may be in some sort of suspended state, such as spores, which can exist for aeons in an alien environment, becoming active when the situation improves. Because of the extreme conditions on the moon, Dr. Taylor thinks that the latter type of life is rather more likely. "One way to preserve some micro-organisms is to cool them, dry them, and put them in a vacuum—three conditions that remind me very much of the lunar surface," he says. "If there should be a moon bug that actually lives and replicates there, it would be fascinating to see how it functions. Everything we know lives on or in water, or has water in it, and exists within narrow limits of temperature, and depends on a certain few gases. I'd be terribly interested to know how a moon bug *does* it."

The other men who work on the ground-up samples will proceed very cautiously. Before the samples are allowed to challenge any mice or quail, it will first have to be determined whether they contain any poisonous substance (as opposed to micro-organisms) that might kill the animals. Later, the lunar material will be injected into germ-free mice. Elsewhere, technicians will culture the samples to see if anything in them will grow. Dr. Kemmerer feels certain that the technicians *will* find micro-organisms growing on the samples, but that these, after causing a momentary ripple of excitement, will be identified as terrestrial varieties deposited by one of the astronauts while collecting the material on the moon. A catalogue has been made of all the microflora and other organisms that the astronauts are likely to have taken with them to the moon. Even if a genuine lunar organism doesn't turn up on the astronauts' return, Dr. Taylor will have plenty of material for research, for he says that since he helped compile the catalogue, he is in a good position to study the effects that space will have had upon the astronauts' micro-organisms. These stowaways from earth could be the only subject matter that exobiologists will have for some time. In the event a micro-organism that can't be matched with one from earth does turn up, the exobiologists' first job, Dr. Taylor says, will be to see if they can kill it. "Even if it isn't harmful to the mice or the quail or anything else in the laboratories, we will have to be able to kill it, because if we let it out we may find that it will kill, say, all the oak trees in the world."



SHORTLY after the spacecraft is put aboard the Hornet, John K. Hirasaki, an engineer who will be quarantined with the astronauts inside the Mobile Quarantine Facility, will go, by way of a polyethylene tunnel, from the M.Q.F. into the spacecraft, where he will retrieve, among other items, all the film that the astronauts have shot on the moon. There will be 16-mm. motion-picture film, 35-mm. film from a stereoscopic camera, and—most important, perhaps—70-mm. film from a Hasselblad camera that the astronauts used for snapshots. (The majority of the pictures that the public will see will probably be from the Hasselblad.) Hirasaki will carry the films, which will be presumed to be contaminated with germs from the moon, back through

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the polyethylene tunnel and, inside the M.Q.F. once again, will carefully pack them into two sets of double bags. Next, he will put the double bags in a decontamination chamber, where they will sit for fifteen minutes in a powerful solution of sodium hypochlorite. Then a technician will open the decontamination chamber from the outside, retrieve the two double bags, and put them into insulated containers, which he will hand over to two pilots. Each pilot will fly his container to the Johnston Island Air Force base, where the containers will be transferred to long-range planes for Houston. At the L.R.L., a photographic chemist will put the films into an autoclave, where they will soak in lethal ethylene-oxide gas for sixteen hours. Soaking along with them, as a control, will be some dummy rolls of film impregnated with earthly spores. When, as one photographer at the Space Center puts it, "we have a complete kill" of the spores, the films will be turned over to a group of men, under armed guard, called the prime pickup team, who, after they have signed for the films, will drive them about three hundred yards to Building 8, where the darkroom is. There will be guards in and around Building 8, which no one may enter unless his name is on an access list. Earlier, the water lines in and around the building will have been sealed and tagged, to insure that nobody tampers with them—perhaps injecting some fluid that might ruin the film during developing—and before the developing process gets under way maintenance men will check to make sure that no one is interfering with the power lines leading to the building. To make sure that no one enters the darkroom while the film is exposed, the door has an electrical lock. "If anyone walks in here when the film is open, I will personally knock his block off," Richard W. Underwood, who is in charge of developing the film, says. Actually, the darkroom doesn't need to be dark, because the film is developed automatically in a big, lightproof machine. Underwood can set the machine to compensate for all kinds of quirks that may arise during photography in space; once, when a nervous astronaut told Underwood that his camera settings in space had been off by eight f: stops, Underwood and his staff coaxed perfect pictures from the underexposed film, though it took him a week to figure out how to do it.

During missions, Underwood sits in one of the Mission Support rooms, ready to advise the astronauts on their camera settings, though he claims that his advice usually takes the form of telling them not to forget to remove their lens caps. Actually, he says, the astronauts handle cameras very well, and sometimes remarkably. Last March, during the Apollo 9 flight, Russell Schweickart, fully suited during a space-walk, radioed down to Underwood that he thought his camera's shutter speed felt a little too slow. When Underwood checked the camera later, he found that although it was set for 1/250 second (the correct setting), it was actually taking pictures at 1/125. "How Schweickart was able to sense that split-second discrepancy through his space gloves I'll never know," Underwood says.

Scientists are in doubt about the true color of the moon, so they will be particularly interested in photographs of the LM on the moon; its unambiguous colors—black, bronze, and silver, plus the red, white, and blue of the American flag—will provide known factors to judge the other colors by. Underwood and another photographic expert at the Space Center—John W. Holland, Jr., the head of the Technical Laboratory Branch—both say that color film cannot distinguish accurately between the browns and the grays that astronauts have variously reported seeing on the moon; indeed, the developing machine can print any of the pictures either way. In order to solve the problem, Underwood has made a chart of photographs of the entire moon, of a lunar crater, and of a lunar landscape, each one reproduced in the six shades of brown or gray that were selected by the six astronauts who have previously circled the moon. Underwood expects the Apollo 11 astronauts to have checked the photographs that match what they see. Since the quality of the pictures has been improving with each flight, both Underwood and Holland expect the Apollo 11 photographs to be the best yet. However, Dr. Ted H. Foss, the chief of the Geology Branch at the Space Center, who will be among the first to use the pictures for research, cautions against expecting too much. "On this trip, it's a little as if we asked the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk to make a complete photo reconnaissance of North Carolina," he says. —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

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> 5:55 p.m. KPOJ—Buckaroo Press. Guest is Jean-Jac-Hall. Stravinsky's Symphony discusses "Peptic Ulcer Problems."
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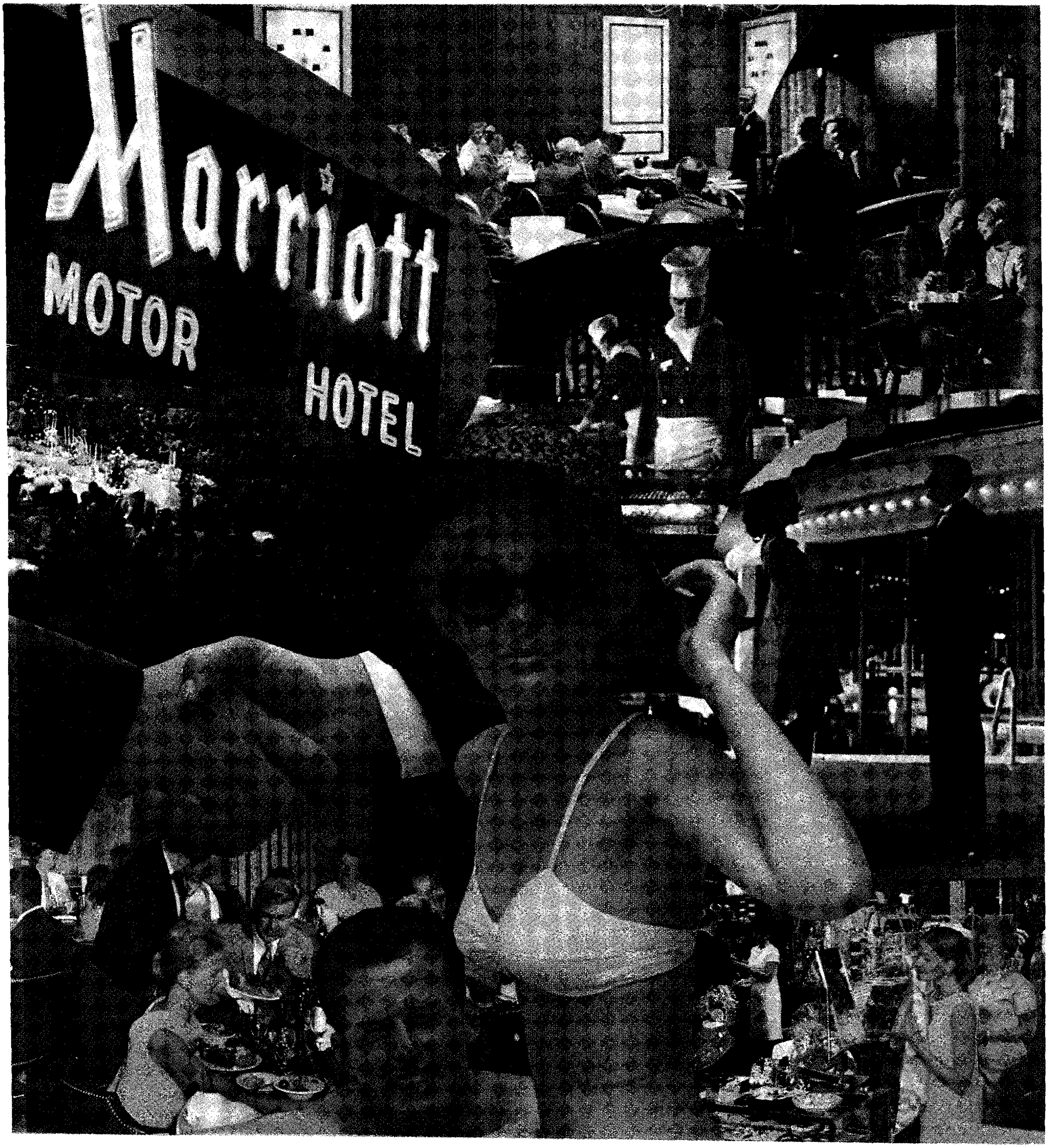

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